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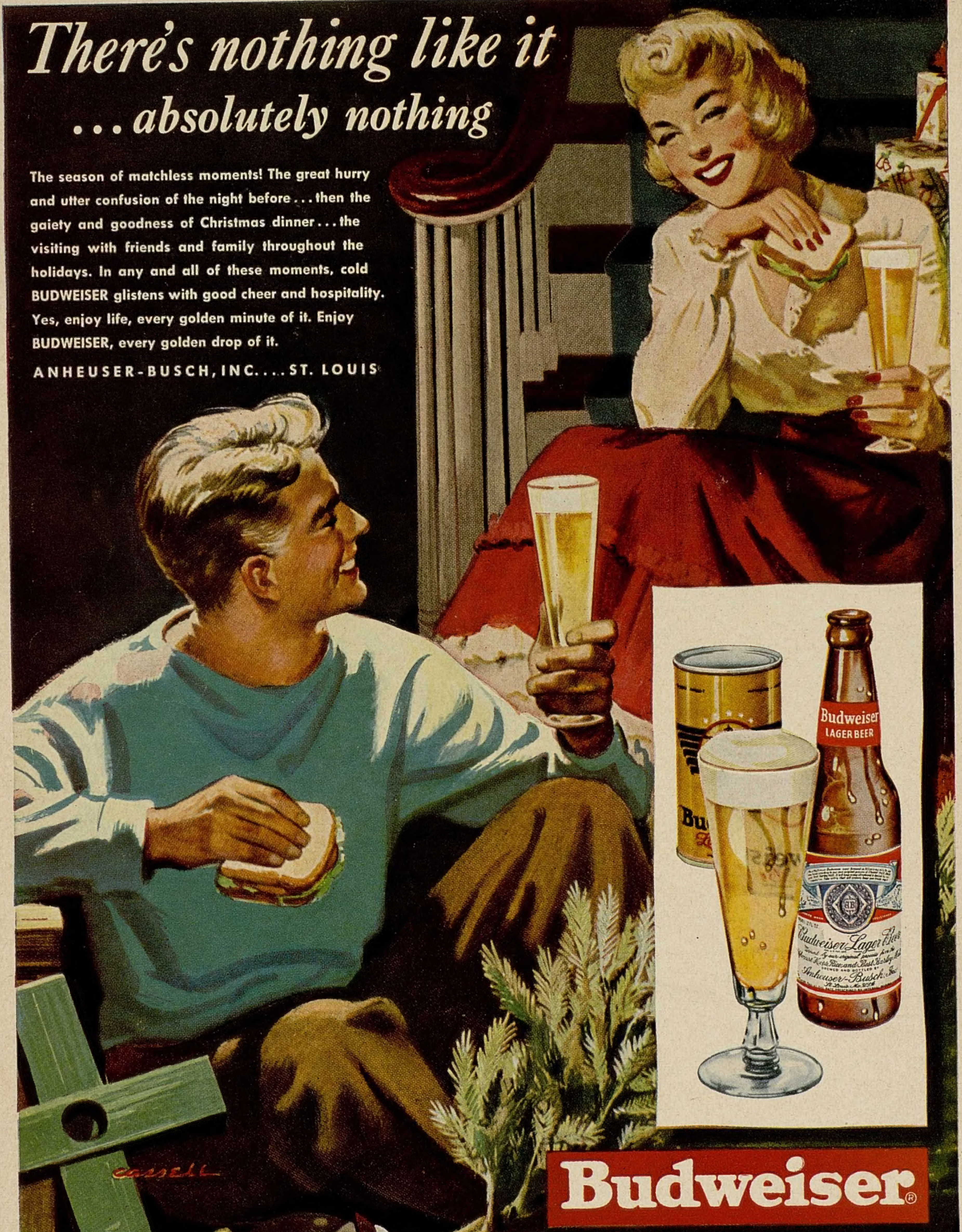

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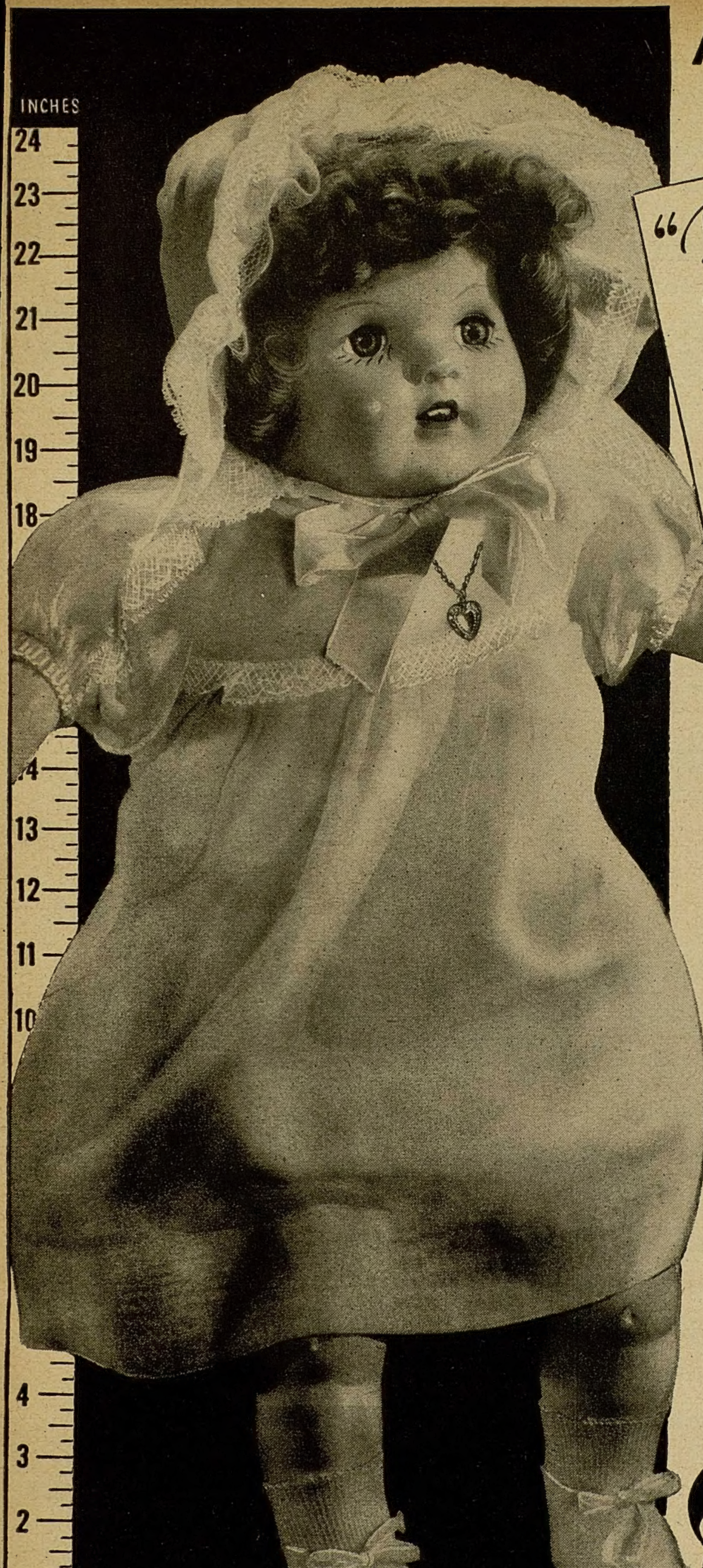

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MIRACLE SKIN DOLL

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GIVEN! Beautiful Gold-Finish Heart-Shaped Locket Necklace

SHE'S LIFE-SIZE!

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"*Baby Blue Eyes*" is 2 feet tall. Her real-looking curls are thick mohair. She has rosy cheeks, cute Cupid's bow mouth and real eyelashes that close in sleep over big, beautiful blue eyes. Arms, legs and head are movable so she can sit up and assume many lifelike poses. Bend her and she cries! And she's all dressed up in a six-piece wardrobe.

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REAL MOHAIR CURLS! And real eyelashes, too! Eyes close in sleep when "Baby Blue Eyes" lies down. And the cutest plump little face you ever saw, perfectly framed in chic organdy bonnet with lace, tulle and satin trim!

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She cries

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Liberty

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VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

The Zoo Few Knew

ROANOKE, VA.—I have read with interest Zoo Without Visitors, by Stephen Bruce Booke (October). I judge that Mr. Average Reader, like myself, did not know until he read this that such a method is used for bringing animals into the United States. To kill a whole herd because one animal is sick seems drastic, but it is better than to let some disease spread. The caretakers must be unsung heroes. I should say visitors would not be allowed!—*Grace Imogen Gish.*

Dog Fight

CAMBRIDGE, MD.—To settle an argument in our family, would you please tell me the breed of dog on your October, 1949, cover?—*Doris W. Holmes.*

We asked the Art Editor and he only growled. But the vote around the water cooler is: beagle.—VOX POP EDITOR.

Bull Session

DURANGO, MEXICO—There are some errors in The Lasso (October).

Fighting bulls are never trained. They have the fighting instinct in their blood. They're only tested to find out whether they're good or not.

Nobody is fool enough, at least in Spanish or Mexican *estancias* (farms where bulls for bullfight rings are raised), to try to recapture a stray bull with pitchforks. It's like trying to hunt a rhinoceros with a slingshot. It is plain suicide, because you will make him madder. Fighting bulls do not even pay any attention to a toreador's sword or a picador's sharp-pointed *pica*. To recapture a strayed bull, men never go unmounted, and the only way to accomplish it is with the use of tame steers or bulls, called in Spanish, *cabestros,* to lead them away.—*J. E. Berumen.*

Appetizer

CALDWELL, N. J.—I read your Picnic as You Go in a summer issue. Mr. Dalrymple took me back at least 35 years to the time when my mother used to make elderberry flower waffles. I, too, love frog legs. We lived near a pond and we used to go out in a boat at night with a light and pick the frogs out of the water. A night's catch averaged about five pounds.

I often steamed clams, but seaweed wasn't always handy. Layers of wet paper do the trick too. People who never had corn on the cob, crabs, clams, fish, done up like that are sure missing plenty.—*Mrs. Millard Burris.*

We Do Get Around

WIESBADEN, GERMANY—I noted in Liberty (Vox Pop, September) that only a few states failed to respond to Ruth Bowers' Cockeyed Crossword Puzzle query. You can see that I am a long way from home, but I have enjoyed the great pleasure of working several Cockeyed Puzzles. I have been in Germany for three and a half years and have not missed many copies of Liberty.—*Corinne D. Sykes.*

No Cream Cows? Pshaw!

CHILTON, WIS.—In reference to Will Some Cow Settle This? (Vox Pop, October), Mr. Hawk is correct in saying that on the average it takes 9.77 quarts of milk to make one pound of butter. When you milk the cow, you get milk, not cream. Mr. Larkin is correct only in saying that we churn the milk to make butter.—*H. S. Arthur.*

Attention, Men!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—On these nice cold days, that sweltering we did a few months ago is all forgotten. But those days will be back next summer, brothers, and we'll stage our annual groaning contest about the clothes we have to wear. The girls are way out ahead of us there; they've got even the cities conditioned to seeing them in shorts and slacks and a little of this and less than that. Let's get together and work up a campaign for Sensible Summer Ensembles for Men. We've got all the long winter evenings ahead to get it rolling.—*A Sufferer.*

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CRIMP CUT
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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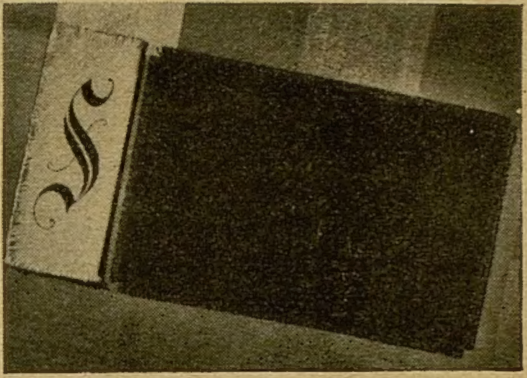
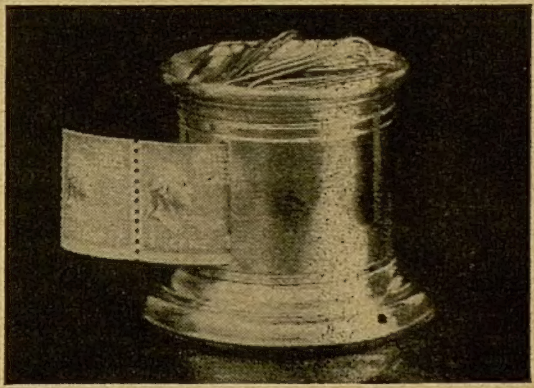
Liberty shops

Want to save time and temper, avoid exasperating crowds, choose from a selection of quality merchandise? Do your shopping in front of the fire, when you shop by mail, through these columns

By EILEEN BURKE

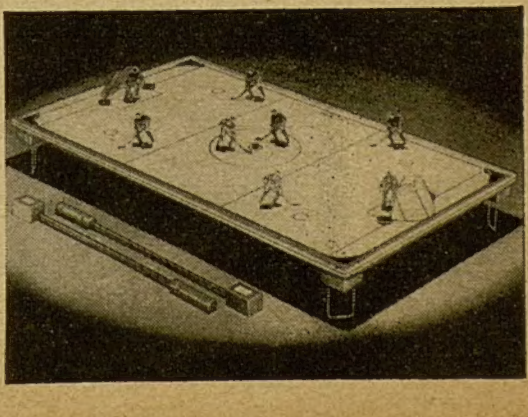


Distinctive initials and generous size of both mat and napkin (18 by 12 inches) lift this dinner and luncheon set out of the ordinary run. Woven of fine vat-dyed cotton, with non-ravel fringed edges, the mats are sure to launder dependably. Available in Sierra green, chartreuse, yellow, blue, or tan. Indicate the initial desired—and ask for free gift catalogue. Wilson's Drive 25, Los Gatos, Calif.; $6 ppd.



A stunning desk holder will cure the "just can't keep stamps" habit. Standing 2 inches high, this one keeps a coil of stamps in ready condition. A saucerlike lid, to hold clips or such, lifts out, while a felt pad on the bottom protects the desk. Polished brass, lacquered to stay bright, or handsome silver plate. Northmore's, Box 755 L, Highland Park, Ill.; brass, $3.50; silver plate, $7.50, including tax; ppd.

A stormy day isn't half so dreary if you face the weather in this flattering raincoat. There's a graceful sweep to the full skirt and a jaunty air to the attached hood. Made of 4-gauge vinyl plastic with a metallic sheen—not the transparent, flimsy stuff you may have seen—with seams taped and sewed. Small, medium, large sizes; silver gray, blue, green, or tan. Haddon Hall, 808 Hazel Ave., Deerfield, Ill.; $2.23 ppd.



Children from 6 to 60 should be fascinated with this ice-hockey game. Maneuvering magnetic mallets under a 12-by-20½-inch board, opponents skate their players around the field, just as on a real rink. Players and goal cages are red, white, and blue plastic; frame of board is wood, and its legs are metal. Two or 4 can play. Remotrol Co., 34 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; $3.75; 2 extra mallets, 75 cents; ppd.

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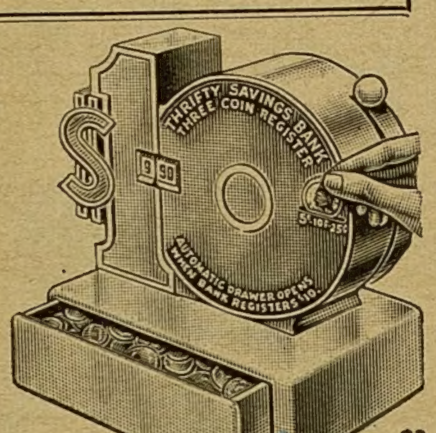

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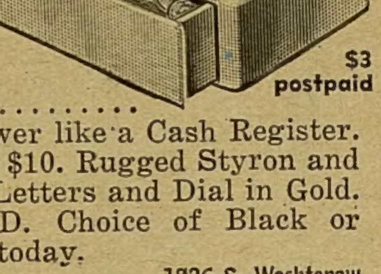

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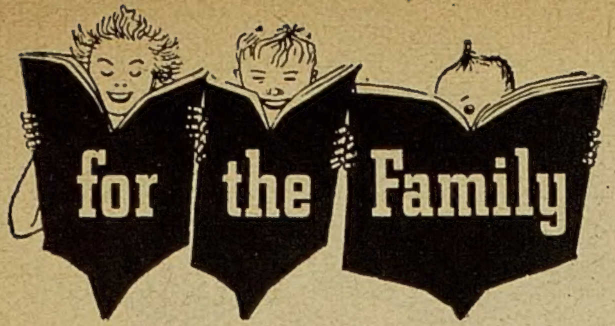
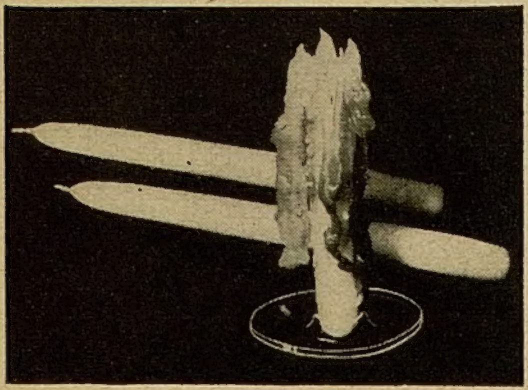
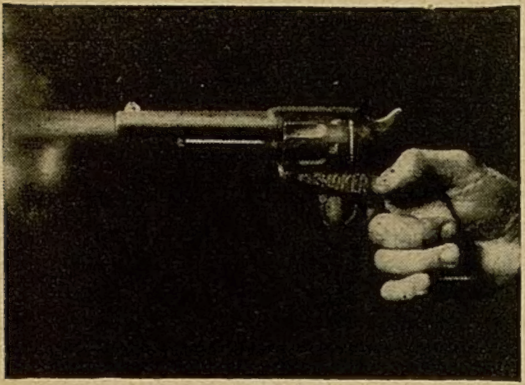


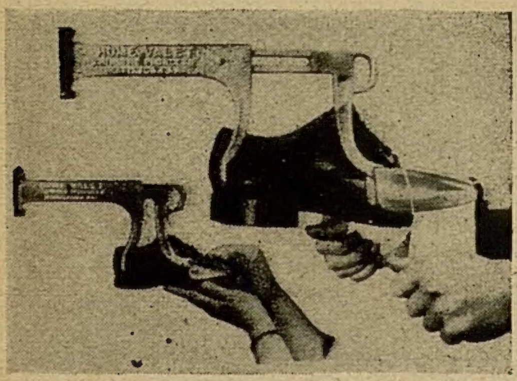
for the Family



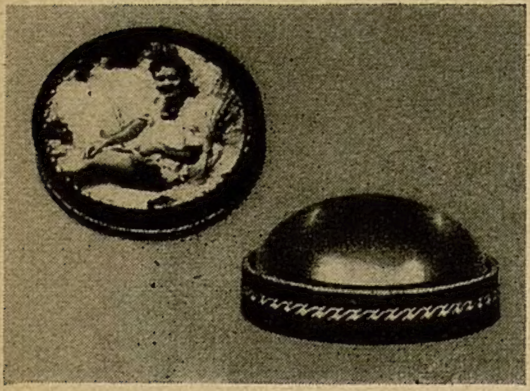
Impress friends when you burn these 10-inch Colordrip candles on holiday mantel or table, or consider them as a just-right gift for the hostess or neighbor whom you want to remember. Their paper-white stems are deceiving—once lighted, the candles drip bright colors. Burn a short time in a bottle for rumpus-room decorations. Miles Kimball Co., 190 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wis.; set of 3, $1 ppd.



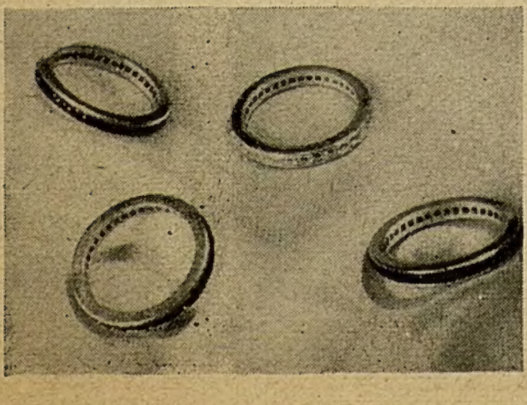
Authentic model of a .45 frontier gun to delight small boys in a cowboy-and-Indian mood. Cast from heavy zinc alloy, with pearl-colored handle, it's 11 inches long. Every time the trigger is pulled, harmless magnesium-carbonate powder puffs out realistically. Loaded for 5,000 shots; another 5,000 shots also supplied. Product Engineering Co., 4707-E. S. E. 17th Ave., Portland 2, Ore.; $1.95 ppd.



This Home Valet may fascinate Junior so much that he'll volunteer to do a professional shoe-shining job for the family. The Valet has a demountable cast-aluminum wall bracket, with 2 interchangeable toe plates, adjustable to fit all shoes—men's, women's, children's. Attached to the wall at a convenient height, it grips shoes firmly while you rub briskly. Crimmins Products, Norristown 40, Pa.; $2.50 ppd.



For parents—the handsome Photoweight, combination paperweight and snapshot holder. A tooled-leather case encircles a clear heavy convex glass. Insert your choice snap under glass to add depth—changing the picture takes only a few seconds. Or use it to show off medals, coins, or small specimens. Red, green, wine, or brown; 3 inches in diameter. London Gifts, 10 E. 23d St., New York, N.Y.; $2.50 ppd.



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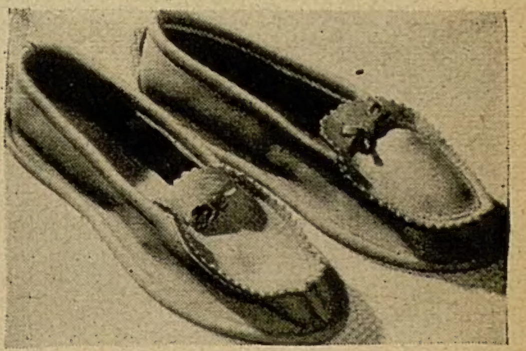

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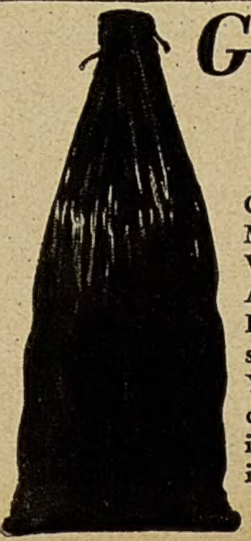

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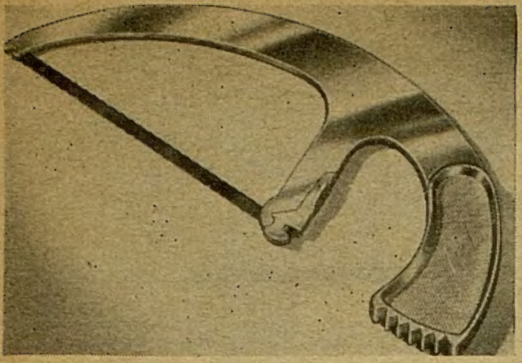

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To Your Child
And His Life

Every time you say D— or H— you pay a fine. This box collects the fine—scale of charges on back. Beautifully constructed—made of Solid Blocks, Polished Birch. Fun for office desk. Can be opened when full. $1.50 ppd.

LONDON GIFTS
10 East 23rd St., N. Y. C.

HOW YOU CAN SAVE FOOD & MONEY WITH HANDI-BAGS

More than 150,000 enthusiastic housewives are using this convenient way to keep foods fresh, tasty at low cost—with plastic Handi-Bags. They keep lettuce, vegetables crisp—bread, pastry, fresh and moist for more than a week. Wonderful for meat, cheese, fish too. Can be used over and over, will not crack. Set of six bags $1.75 value for only $1.00 includes:
1—14"x21" bag for turkeys, roasts & clip
1—14"x18" bag for fruit, vegetables & clip
1—8½"x18" bag for celery, bread & clip
1—8½"x15" bag for cheese, fish & clip
2—8½"x12" bags for butter, chops & 2 clips
Enjoy economy of foods kept fresh in space saving Handi-Bags right away. Send $1.00 for each set today. We ship immediately prepaid. Money back guarantee. No C.O.D.

6 Bags $1. A·M·G Handi-Bags

A.M.G. PRODUCTS CO.
P.O. Box 717L, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

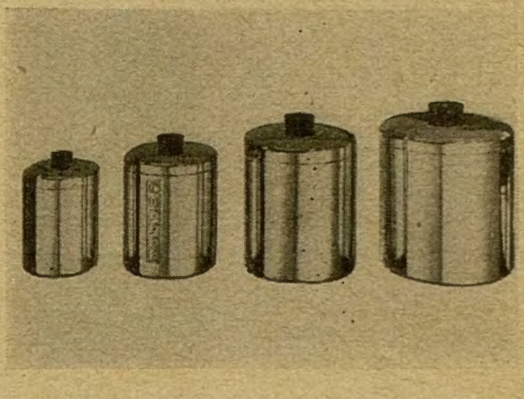
Liberty shops

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

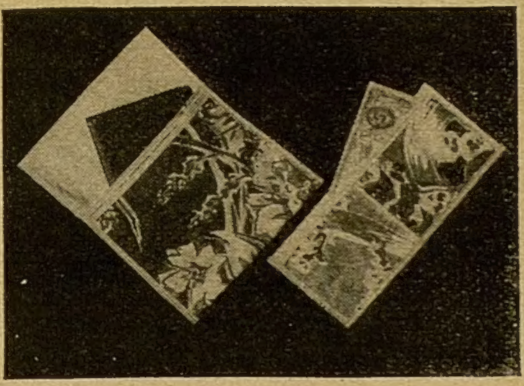
The charcoal-broiled steak season lasts throughout the year if you have Whistl'n Pig Barbecue Sauce or Charcosalt on hand. The sauce adds a tangy barbecue flavor to your oven-cooked or top-of-stove meats, while the Charcosalt, shaken on like salt before cooking, gives meat a cooked-in-the-open flavor. Both packed in 8-oz. bottles. Whistl'n Pig, Portland 5, Ore.; sauce, $1 Charcosalt, $1.50; ppd.

WHISTL'N PIG
WHISTL'N PIG
CHARCOSALT

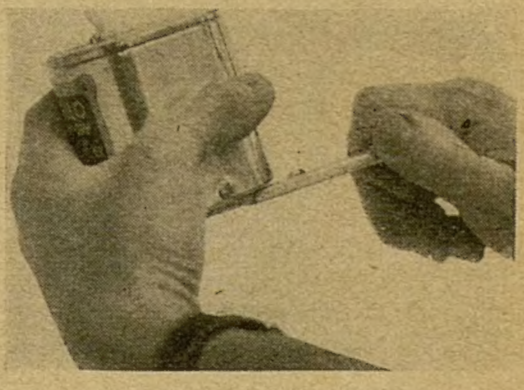
A Kromex canister set is bound to give an extra zip to your kitchen. Four graduated containers, for tea, coffee, sugar, and flour, are 4 to 7 inches in diameter, 6 to 8 inches high. Since they're heavy-gauge aluminum with plastic knobs, their good looks will last as long as the canisters. Covers fit snugly. They all add up to extra kitchen convenience. Norman's, 416 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.; $4.95 a set ppd.



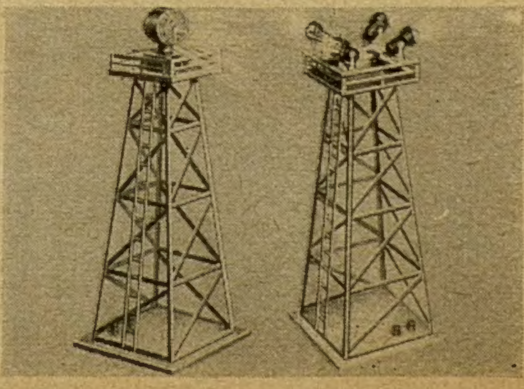
Purse organizers—a cosmetic case and billfold to hold the odds and ends that clutter up feminine purses (not that 10-dollar bills are odds and ends). Or use the cosmetic case in your suitcase for a damp washcloth or small toiletries. Plastic; in clear film with colored binding, or in prints with gray, wine, or green background. Protective Covers, 1618 Fourth Ave., New Kensington, Pa.; both for $1 ppd.



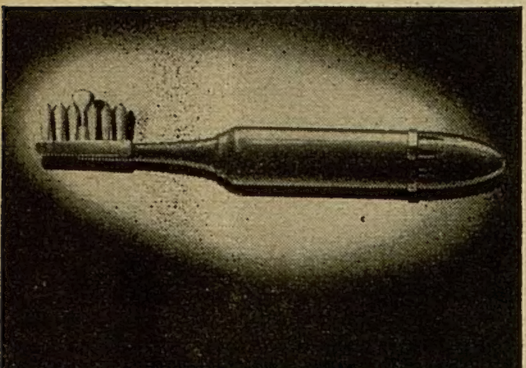
Top shaving comfort and blade economy are promised to the man who receives this Abrasivestrop hollow-honing razor-blade sharpener. It not only renews the life of worn-down blades, but perfects the wedge-shaped edge of new ones and gives them a keen concave edge. The pulls and scrapes a dull blade inflicts on tender skin are thus eliminated. Bello Gifts, Gardner 88, Mass.; $4.95 ppd.



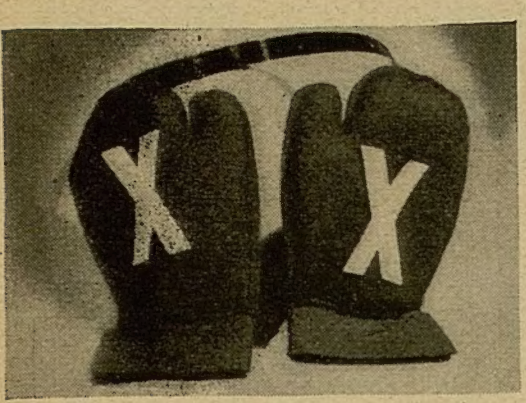
Best thing about your son's electric train—from his point of view—is that you can always add to it. Tops in the 1949 Lionel catalogue are a rotary beacon with revolving searchlight, and a floodlight tower with 4 swivel spotlights. Both are latticework steel, with ladder and platform; are easily wired to his present set. Madison Hardware, 105 E. 23d St., New York, N. Y.; beacon, $2.95; tower, $3.95; ppd.



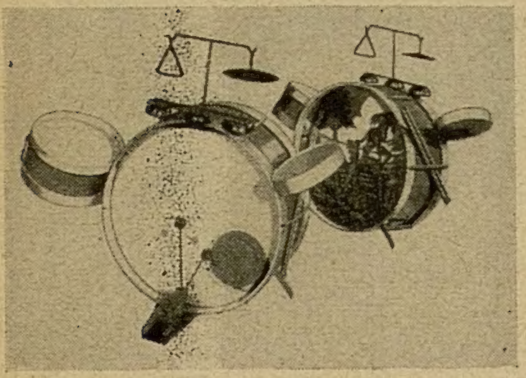
for the Family



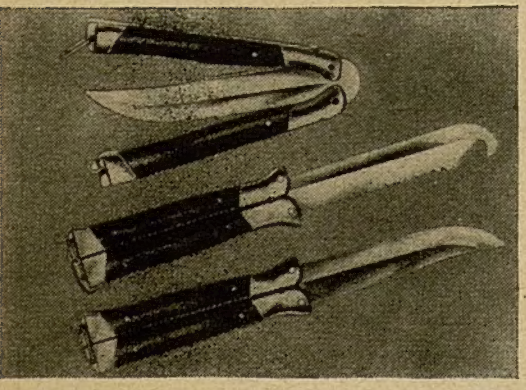
All-in-one toothbrush falls in the "Why-hasn't-this-happened-before?" class. A plunger releases ammoniated toothpaste (stored in the handle), spreads it on the nylon bristles; and a neat cap screws on over the bristles. Give the Jetbrush to friends who carry a brush everywhere. Green, blue, or red. With 3 months' supply of paste. Jetbrush, 64 E. Magnolia, Burbank, Calif.; $3 ppd.



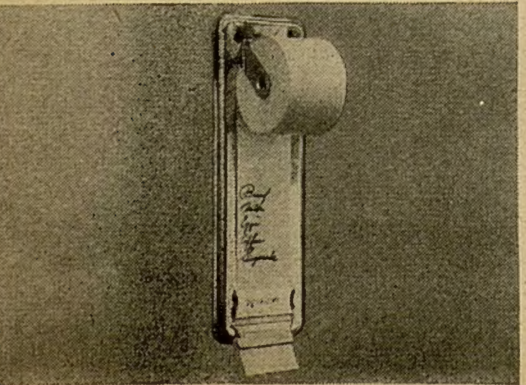
Your youngster won't complain about tingly ears if you protect him with this pair of intriguing ear muffs. Adults who go in for winter sports such as skiing or skating will appreciate them too. The muffs are designed to resemble mittens, measuring about 5 inches across; and are made up in wool felt in green or red. The headband is spring steel. Carla Jill Studios, Northport, L. I., N. Y.; $1.50 ppd.



Brace yourself for noise—and also for family fun—if you gladden the heart of your small boy with this trap-drum set. You may discover you're harboring a musician. The set includes a big 16-inch bass drum, 8-inch snare drum, 6-inch tom-tom drum, foot pedal, crash cymbals, foot-pedal cymbal, three gong bells, triangle, bell, spurs, sticks. Carleton House, 3312 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.; $6.55 ppd.



For sportsmen—the Saf T Sheath knife. Its clever plastic and aluminum handle, with safety catch, divides and folds over the blade to form a perfect sheath, protecting both user and blade. The woodsman's model has a keen-edged tool-steel blade; the fisherman's, in addition, a serrated edge with cutter. Five inches closed; 8½ open. Waltco Products, Dept. L 912, 2300 W. 49th St., Chicago, Ill.; each $2.95 ppd.



Efficiency picks up remarkably with a "Jot 'Em Down." Write down your shopping list, calls to be made, chores for each member of the family—the act of writing helps you remember. The polished aluminum bracket is about 4 by 12 inches, and can be hung on the wall. Comes with screws, pencil and paper. Refill with adding-machine paper. The Rural Peddlar, Putnam Valley, New York; $2 ppd.

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South Bend Model 59 Split Bamboo Fly Rod, choice of 7½, 8½ or 9 ft. length, with extra tip and case, PLUS Shakespeare Model 1837 Automatic Fly Reel, free stripping, silent wind, capacity 80 yds. "G" line.
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Safe For Children—Sporting Accuracy for Adults. New, improved model. Elastic propelled 65 shot repeater. Sights adjustable for windage and elevation—5 to 10 shot groups of less than ½ inch at 20 to 25 feet. Durable steel and plastic construction. Complete with steel and paper targets and extra propulsion units. Generous supply of BB's included. Weight 3¼ lbs.

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Marksman Air Pistol. Looks and Feels like U. S. Army 45 Auto. Accurate and Powerful. Shoots 177 caliber pellets, darts and BB's. Generous supply included. Specially Priced................... $4.95

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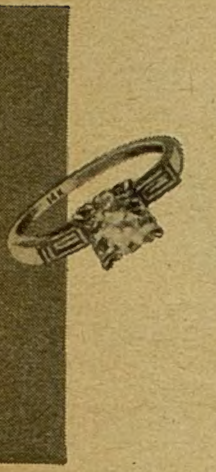

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(Ring shown actual size). Attractively gift-boxed. Specially priced, only **$19.75** Incl. Fed. Tax and postage.

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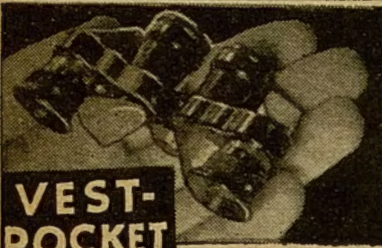

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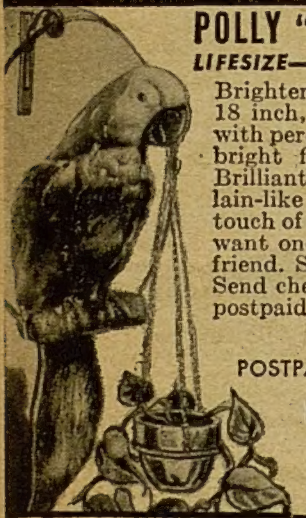

POLLY "PLANTER" PARROT

LIFESIZE—GORGEOUSLY COLORED

Brighten up your home with this 18 inch, lifesize Polly—complete with perch, mounting bracket and bright finish copper plant bowl. Brilliantly colored. Glazed porcelain-like finish. Gives an added touch of color to any room. You'll want one for yourself—one for a friend. Safe delivery guaranteed. Send check or money order. Sent postpaid in U.S.A. Two for $9.25.

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A Whole Tool-shop in one hand. Grinds Drills Engraves Polishes Routs, Cuts Sands, Saws Carves

Here's smooth, controlled power at your fingertips to make costume jewelry, train and plane models, puppets, to tool leather, initial tumblers, internally carve plastics, etc. Perfectly balanced. 7-bar armature. 25,000 r.p.m. AC or DC. Wt. 12 oz.

Order today postpaid on money-back guarantee or write for free catalog. Chicago Wheel & Mfg. Co., 1101 W. Monroe St., Dept. L, Chicago 7, Ill.

Liberty shops

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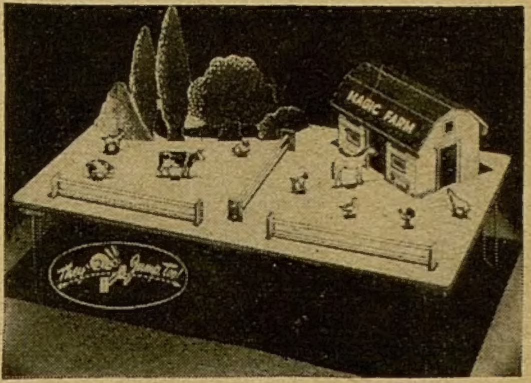
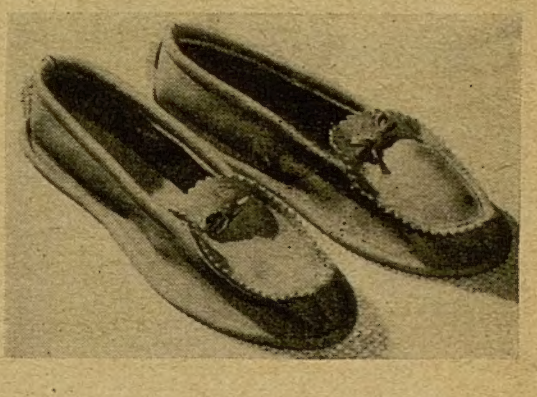
Joe Meier's
QUICK-TREAT
WELSH
RAREBIT

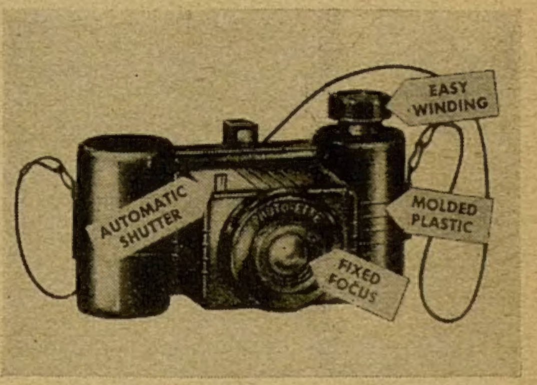
A few cans of Quick-Treat Welsh Rarebit in the cupboard readies you for unexpected guests these winter evenings. Prepared with delicious aged Cheddar cheese, it guarantees an appetizing dish every time. If you like yours spiced, add beer or ale. Try it, too, for grilled sandwiches, or in au gratin dishes. Joe Meier Food Products, Dept. X, Wantagh, L. I., N. Y.; two 8½-oz. cans, $1 ppd.



City-bred kids will "oh" and "ah" at the sight and sound of a Magic Farmyard. With a magnetic unit in his hand, a youngster can guide the 9 plastic animals around the farmyard, jump them over the fence, and lead them into the red-roofed barn—all with animal sound effects. The green meadow is 12 by 20½ inches. Remotrol Co., 34 W. 37th St., New York, N.Y. $4.25; or without sound, $3.25; ppd.



Complete comfort for the lucky ones who find these soft-soled moccasins under their tree. Made of durable, washable deer skin, the only leather that breathes, these slippers are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than other leather slippers. Natural color, for men and women. Send shoe size or an outline of your foot. Thurlow Glove Co., 100 N. E. Union Ave., Portland, Ore.; $6.95 ppd.



A miniature camera all their own is the answer when younger members of the family show interest in your expensive model. The Photoette, molded of black plastic, actually takes 1½-by-¼-inch pictures. The focus is fixed, so a child need only click the automatic shutter. A carrying cord lends a professional air. M. C. Flynn, Inc., 43-Y E. 59th St., New York 22, N. Y.; $1.50 ppd.

TING-A-DOODLE!

Banquet Bell—at your service!

Add an amusing and useful note to your dinner table with this cocky little rooster preening on a chrome finished brass bell — balancing two silvery topped glass salt & peppers. Pass the salt and ring for the next course. Decorative for the knick-knack shelf also. *Only* **$1.00** *ppd.*

CUCKOO CLOCK

The Cuckoo Clock is back again, and this one happily sounds off every 15 minutes. It's cute as can be, delights the whole family, and makes one of the cheeriest gifts ever! It's 10" high, hand carved. Runs on a weight pendulum, and is wound by a pull chain. Imported from the Black Forest. *Only* **$9.95** *ppd.*

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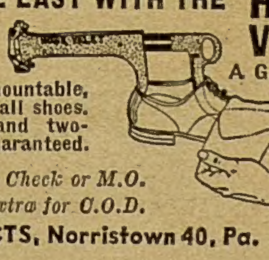

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Fits on the wall, elbow high, all the family will like it. Strong aluminum, demountable, with 2 toe plates to fit all shoes. Excellent for whites and two-tones. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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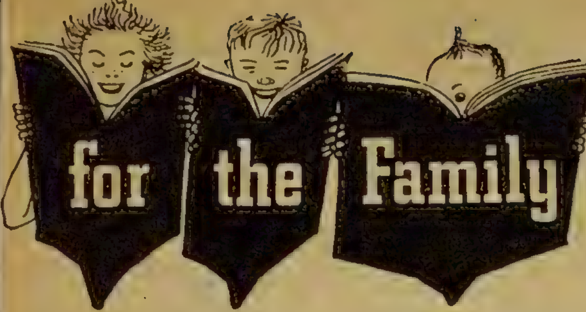
CORN HOLDERS

A GIFT for the smart hostess—or for yourself. Unusual. Each handle a perfect miniature ear of corn. All-metal, non-tarnishing SILVAKROME finish. Send $1.75 for gift box of 8 (C.O.D. plus postage), 2 boxes $3.50, 3 for $5.00.

• **BELLO GIFTS** • Gardner 88, Massachusetts •

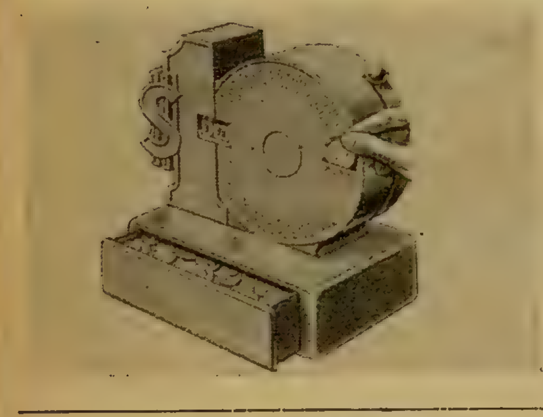


for the Family

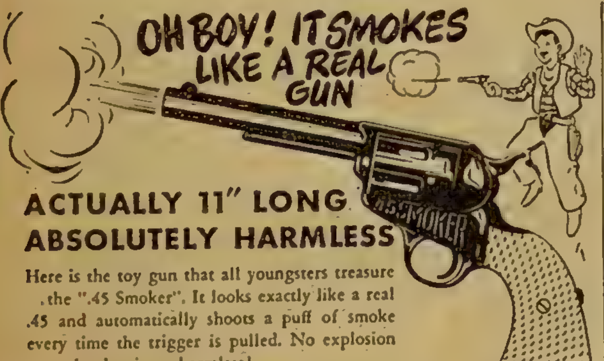
Genuine meerschaum at the price of an ordinary brier pipe—quite a bargain! Small pieces of imported meerschaum, specially treated, are fashioned into this mellow pipe, with cloudy-yellow Catalin stem and aluminum screw to strengthen the pipe. Bulldog shape illustrated; also available in Dublin, billiard, apple, or bent shapes. Wally Frank, Dept. L, 150 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.; $2.88 ppd.

Hoops are back—not as cumbersome skirts but as toys. The tinkling of a Jingle Hoop's bells and the flashing of its multicolor beads will keep children (and some adults) amused for hours. The wooden hoop is red, yellow, or blue, with stick in contrasting color. Beads are strung on a flexible cord. Bren Linda, Dept. LB, 545 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; 22-inch diameter, $2, or 28-inch, $2.25; ppd.

Storage problems? Solve them for yourself or friends with a single flourish. Here are 15 extra-strong plastic Handi-Bags with metal closing clips, ranging in size from a big 26-by-45-inch bag for suits or blankets down to a set of refrigerator bags. They hold linens, sweaters, gloves; will prevent damage by dirt, moths, or mildew. A.M.G. Products, Dept. 106, Box 717, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.; $2.95 a set, ppd.



Start the New Year in thrifty fashion with a home savings bank, and then start planning that vacation trip. This plastic-and-metal bank registers nickels, dimes, and quarters, totals up deposits—and when there's $10, the cash drawer opens automatically. Holds $50 in coins. Maroon or black finish with gold trim; 6¾ by 7 inches. Rapaport Bros., 1826 S. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago 8, Ill.; $3 ppd.


OH BOY! IT SMOKES LIKE A REAL GUN
45 SMOKER

ACTUALLY 11" LONG
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

Here is the toy gun that all youngsters treasure . the ".45 Smoker". It looks exactly like a real .45 and automatically shoots a puff of smoke every time the trigger is pulled. No explosion ...no loud noise...harmless!

In stores everywhere or send check or money order to manufacturer.

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Whistl'n Pig

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Gives that delicious barbecue flavor to your roasts, hamburger, steaks . . . any kind of meat. A tempting, tantalizing new taste that adds zest to everyday meals. Order your Whistl'n Pig Barbecue Sauce right now,
8 Oz. . . . . $1.00 ppd.

. . . and CHARCOSALT

This new seasoning imparts a delightful "outdoor flavor" to your kitchen-cooked meats. Sprinkle Charcosalt on any meat before cooking . . . you'll relish its distinctive charcoal-broiled flavor. Use Charcosalt when cooking indoors or out and savor the flavor of meat at its best. 8 Oz. . . . . . . $1.50 ppd.

WHISTL'N PIG
PORTLAND 5, OREGON
Nationally famous for Glorified Ham 'n Eggs
"From Pan to Mouth"

Pull-Apart Key Chain 59¢

No need to cut ignition to get other keys. Car-Mac has two chrome-finish metal chains, coupled with a quick pull-apart device that slips together again in a jiffy. No. GM3355. Only 59¢ postpaid.

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Sea-Shell Doll Lamp
Hand Made · Hand Decorated
Lights-up beautifully!

Only $1.98 COMPLETE WITH BULB, CORD & PLUG

- Made of Sea-Shells
- Light Glows Through

Send No Money

This beautiful Sea-Shell Doll Lamp is ideal for Living Room, Children's Room, or as Nite-Light. Delicately hand decorated in red and white. Wonderful Party Prize or Birthday Gift. Only $1.98, plus C.O.D. postage charges. Send $1.98; we pay postage. *Money Back Guarantee if not delighted.*

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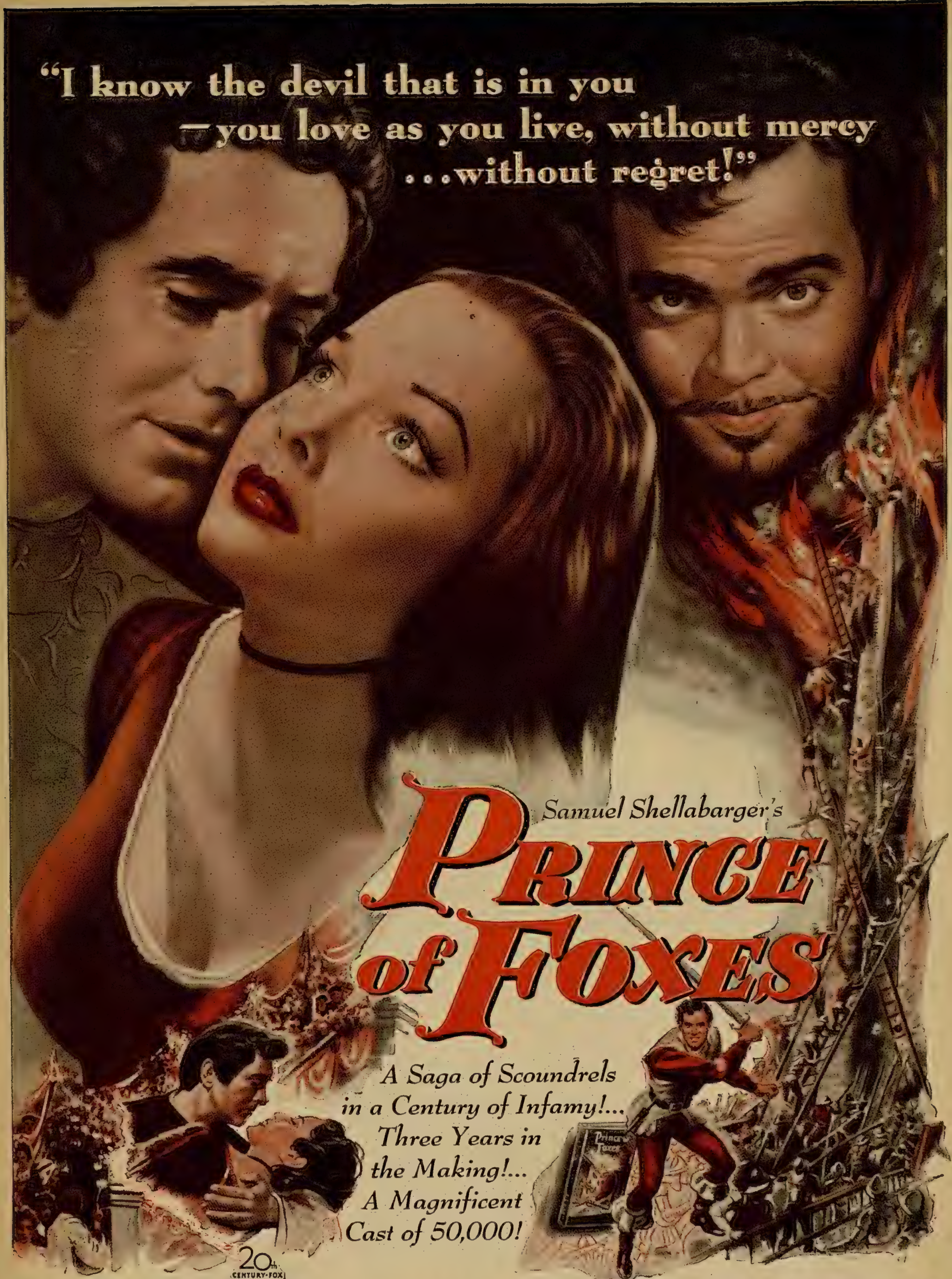

"I know the devil that is in you
—you love as you live, without mercy
...without regret!"

Samuel Shellabarger's

PRINCE of FOXES

*A Saga of Scoundrels
in a Century of Infamy!...
Three Years in
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A Magnificent
Cast of 50,000!*

20th CENTURY-FOX

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DIRECTED BY **HENRY KING** ◆ PRODUCED BY **SOL C. SIEGEL**

SCREEN PLAY BY MILTON KRIMS ◆ FROM THE NOVEL BY SAMUEL SHELLABARGER

IT'S A GALA HOLIDAY OF ENTERTAINMENT! ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN HE WILL PLAY IT!

OL. 26, NO. 12. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Liberty ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ DECEMBER 1949

U. S. Site to Launch 5,000-Mile Guided Missiles

Hurtled into the air in Florida, screaming jet bombs will be able to pinpoint targets in Europe smaller than the Pentagon Building!

By ALLEN CHELLAS and PAT TUCKER

READING TIME 23 MINUTES Along a barren stretch of the Florida coast the United States is building its biggest defense project—a long-range proving ground for guided missiles. *Long range* means up to and including 5,000 miles. That distance brings into stark reality the nightmarish dream of intercontinental warfare.

Soon, from this Atlantic seaboard site, less than an hour's drive south of Daytona Beach, tremendous crewless missiles will soar 550 miles out over the Atlantic at speeds up to 2,500 miles per hour. From this same site, within the foreseeable future, the United States will fire its greatest weapon—the guided missile that screams through the ionosphere at 6,000 mph.

The proving ground will answer the critical question: Which missile will be deadliest in any given set of circumstances? Perhaps the high-arching rocket to saturate an area within 500 miles; perhaps the ram-jet to nail a vital target thousands of miles distant.

The site is Cape Canaveral, a mere hangnail on the Florida thumb, chosen by the nation's top war and defense planners as the best spot for perfecting the most devilish weapon within man's comprehension.

Only scientific coolness and military calculation would have chosen the paradoxical Florida site. The missiles will thunder aloft from concrete launching pads scattered among the marshes, sand dunes, and palmettoes of the now peaceful beach.

Already workmen are painting, cleaning, and unshuttering the empty navy buildings at the inactivated Banana River Naval Air Station. An economy-minded military, in the midst of spending millions, consciously chose the Florida site partly because the near-by deserted air base would provide base facilities for technicians and administrative personnel. A paved military highway cuts straight through the Florida scrub oak and underbrush from Cocoa Beach to the launching site, and foundations will soon be laid for the launching pads and blockhouses.

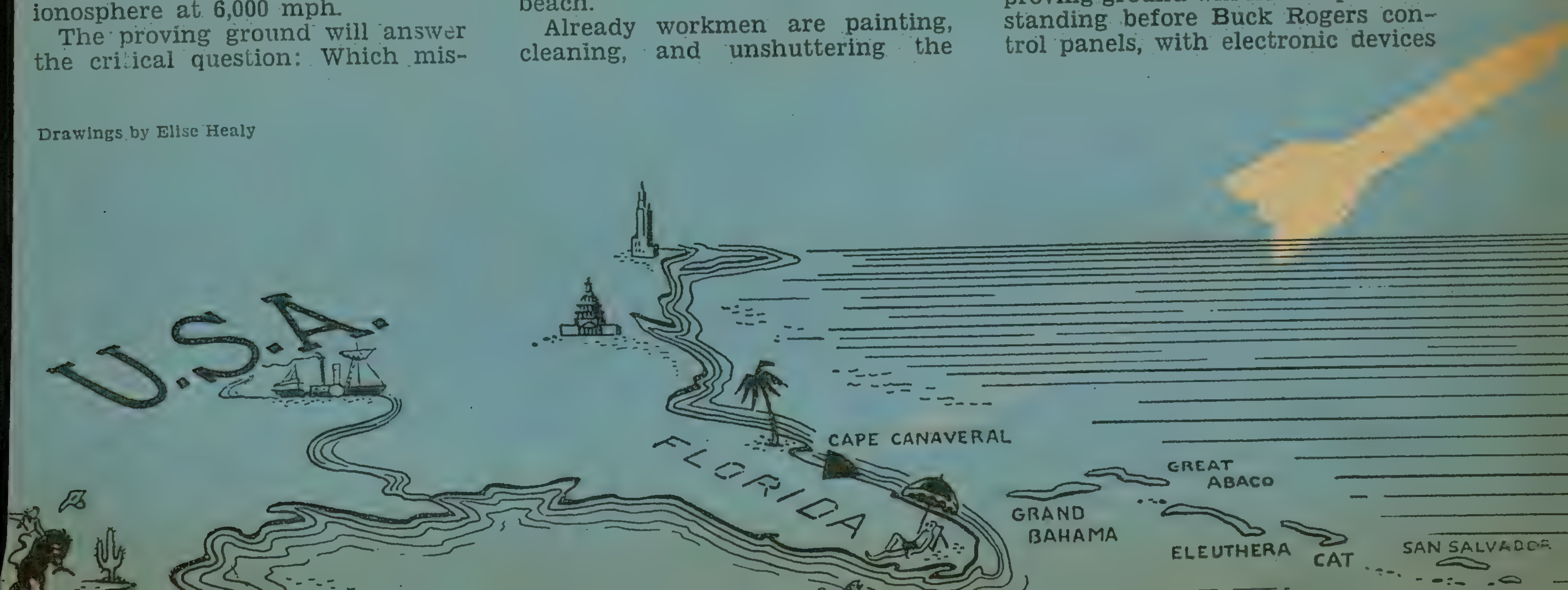
Here, where once the only sounds were the patient lapping of surf on fine white sands, the shrill cry of sandpiper and heron, the hoarse shout of a "cracker" fisherman, the nation's top-drawer experts may determine not only the survival of the United States but of the world.

Here will be perfected the weapon to abolish with appalling finality man-made boundaries, the weapon to carry death and destruction to any point in the world.

Here, in the opinion of Dr. Karl Compton, one of the nation's greatest scientists, may be perfected the weapon to end wars—a weapon so lethal, so total, that fear of retaliation alone will forever ban its use.

As guided missiles go into assembly-line production (America's real "secret" weapon), the giant Florida proving ground will house operators standing before Buck Rogers control panels, with electronic devices

Drawings by Elise Healy



that allow a lone white-coated scientist to explode in a split fraction of a second the most terrifying weapon in the world—the supersonic missile.

Results of thousands of guided-missile projects, involving every major university and industrial physics laboratory in the country, as well as military experimental stations, come to a head on this strip of Florida beach.

The Cape Canaveral project is nobody's pet. Plans were begun under the late Secretary Forrestal; his successor, Louis Johnson, has already made it clear that they will be carried out. No one individual or government department can claim credit for the proving ground. Says Secretary Johnson emphatically: "It is required by *all* services, and it will be operated by *all* services."

At 6,000 miles an hour—out of sight and out of hearing—missiles will hurdle the Bahama Islands and the steamship lanes

As a matter of fact, long before the White House or the Pentagon bore down on unification, the Army, the Navy, and the Air Forces were harnessing their research, often their efforts, constantly trading their most secret data. The field of guided missiles is too broad or, more properly, too high, for any one branch to monopolize. Necessity, it appears, can also be the mother of unification.

By mutual agreement executive responsibility was given to the Air Forces.

At the joint proving ground the missiles will fly far above commercial shipping lanes, arching high over the air lanes along the eastern coast. As they whistle downrange in flight over the Bahama Islands to the southeast, they will be watched and tended as intently as any incubator baby. For, in a sense, the American guided missile is the incubator baby of our national defense. Engineers, physicists, and aerodynamics experts, posted strategically along the first 500 miles of the course and at the impact areas, will record each missile's behavior every fraction of a second until it smashes into the sea. Even then, navy ships, lying to in lonely stretches of the Atlantic, will seek to retrieve the scattered bits for intensive autopsy.

Military experts and scientists declare flatly that the joint long-range proving ground is vital to national defense. To date, the Congress, often criticized for penny-wisdom in peacetime, has shown appreciation of the incubator baby. When the planners, fumbling their way into the unknown, knew enough to know what facilities they would need to learn more, they signaled Congress that they had made the "quantum jump"—scientific slang for new invention or discovery as opposed to development of already known devices. Now they needed to make a huge capital outlay for new tools to explore their discoveries. Congress responded.

Of the nation's half-billion-dollar appropriation for development of new weapons, a whopping 20 per cent is earmarked for guided missiles. And Congress has already indicated that if the current $75-million budget for Cape Canaveral proves inadequate, it is willing to up the ante to $200 million.

Even nickel-nursing Congressmen must be haunted by the bitter defeated words of General Walther Dornberger, Nazi V-2 chief: "In addition to coping with the technical difficulties, I had to overcome the lack of confidence . . . of influential officials of the Reich. In 1939 the priority of the project was lowered, and a considerable number of my men were drafted. . . . If I had had full support from the beginning, the V-2 could have been used one and a half to two years sooner." On so thin a thread hung victory or defeat.

No bugaboo of half-hearted cooperation confronts the man in charge of the Florida proving ground. He's Brigadier General William Lloyd Richardson, trim, 48-year-old Air Force veteran.

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Richardson knows guided missiles; he was on the receiving end in London and in Antwerp, where he directed the defense of the Belgian port against V-1s and V-2s. Although he probably knows as much about guided missiles as any American, and is, besides, a graduate of the Army's Advanced Gunnery Course on ballistics, General Richardson is known, affectionately and respectfully, around the Pentagon as the "unexpert expert." This casts no reflection on the General's competence. It simply means that the field of guided missiles is so new a military venture that, as the Office of National Defense says, "much must be done from a bare beginning." The Office adds succinctly: "The armed forces of the United States have no groups or individuals with extensive backgrounds in the field of guided missiles."

Richardson puts in a full day and a full week in a plainly furnished office tucked away in an inner circle of Washington's Pentagon labyrinth. He works at his uncluttered

desk, flanked on the left by a Rand McNally globe, which he spins casually to trace a hypothetical 5,000-mile flight of one of his "birds" (the familiar term for guided missiles); and on the right by a wall plaque citing his "ability to dig foxholes in a steel deck," demonstrated at the first rocket launching aboard a ship during "Operation Sandy."

To the layman anxious to learn something of guided missiles and of his personal chances of survival in a push-button war, General Richardson talks matter-of-factly and patiently, often prefacing his conversation with the quiet reminder that "There is still no defense against the V-2, once it is in flight." Visitors usually get the impact of this phrase minutes later, when the General, with subdued enthusiasm, is sketching on a pad of paper the flight of a rocket or a ram-jet.

Metaphorically, Richardson's association with the Canaveral baby started with his rocket experience under Nazi fire. He participated in the U. S. missile's prenatal phase, and now, like any expectant father, anxiously awaits the day of delivery—from a launching pad at Cape Canaveral.

Richardson is concerned, too, about the costs. "I'm a taxpayer myself," he reminds you. "I don't want to see one unnecessary penny spent on the proving ground."

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As a matter of fact, our whole guided-missile program is based on economic considerations—the belief that some time in the future national defense can be provided with guided missiles at less cost than with present conventional weapons. The conventional bomb or shell is aimed at the target but cannot be controlled in flight. If the aim is poor (as it frequently is), a miss results. The guided missile, on the other hand, can be controlled after launching, hence its accuracy is greatly increased and fewer missiles would be required for pin-pointing the target. For example, one radio-controlled bomb is estimated to be at least as effective as ten conventional bombs on a small target. While the one radio-controlled bomb does cost more than one conventional bomb, it does not cost as much as ten conventional bombs. There are other savings in prospect, too. The "crew" of a guided missile is back at the launching point. If this point can be kept beyond reach of the enemy, combat crew losses are avoided.

Behind the decision to pour the taxpayers' millions into the project on the remote Florida cape lies stark necessity and two years of painstaking planning and surveying that took our top experts as far north as Alaska, south to Mexico, and on what was virtually a 48-state tour.

The tour was no leisurely junket. The German V-2s and V-1s had staggered American weapon experts, not only by their ghastly performance but even more by their implications.

Even in late 1945 the United States found itself with missiles that had outgrown their range pants. The longest instrumented range available today is the combination of the Air Forces' Holloman Field and the adjacent Army's White Sands proving ground, near Alamogorda, New Mexico.

Together they afford a testing area of only 135 miles—obsolescent as the first German rocket that soared across the English Channel.

Cape Canaveral project picks up where the German V-2 stopped, when New York was pin-pointed as "Target Number One"

The Navy's Point Mugu range, firing out into the Pacific, is occasionally subject to bad weather, and has no islands distant enough to be useful in long-range testing. General Muir Fairchild, Vice-Chief of Staff, has been on record for some time: "Missiles with ranges up to 500 miles will be ready for testing in 1949."

The Joint Chiefs of Staff put out the directive: "Find a site for a long-range proving ground for all the services."

In June of 1947 the Research and Development Board unanimously agreed that the quiet Florida cape was the place. For one thing, the climate permits year-round operations. The area is comparatively isolated. It's protected on the east by the Atlantic Ocean and by the sparkling waters of the wide Banana River on the west. And everywhere, crocodile-haunted swamps or high snake-infested sand dunes threaten trespassers.

Further, the Cape Canaveral area is practically uninhabited and undeveloped, making land acquisition relatively easy and inexpensive.

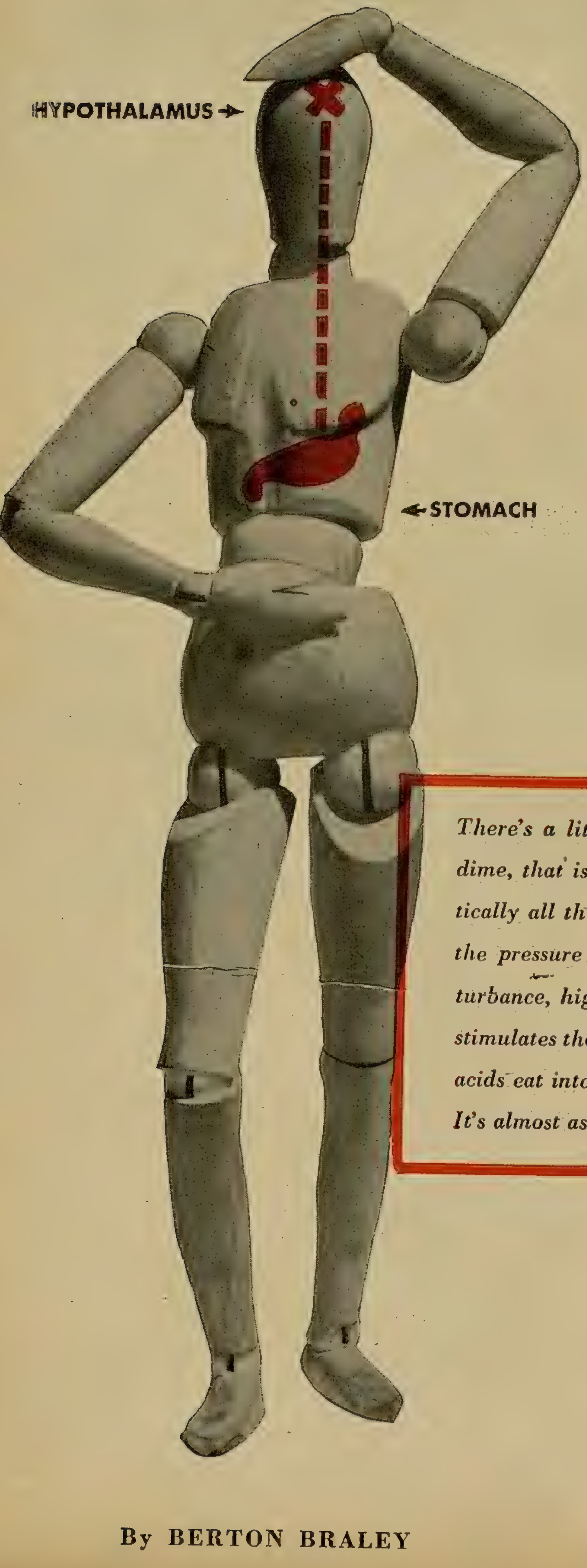
The "population transfer" referred to by the military will hardly clog the highways of Florida with displaced persons. The entire 12,000-acre safety zone contains only 38 buildings, including a small hotel, a shrimp dock, and the lighthouse at Cape Canaveral.

Eventually the area will teem with soldiers, sailors, airmen, scientists, and their families. Quarters on the post will house a portion of the permanent population of 2,750 military and 1,500 civilians. Churches, movies, PXes, bowling alleys, officer and noncom clubs—all the necessities of an isolated military base—are being reopened or built.

Soldiers already there regard the post as a dream station. The young corporal on guard duty at the main gate of the Banana River base looks across the paved military road to

(Continued on page 47)

EUROPE
RUSSIA
HEALY



So you

well, don't worry! you relax

By BERTON BRALEY

READING TIME 11 MINUTES "Yes," said the stomach specialist, "you've got an ulcer. So don't worry."

"Whaddyuh mean, don't worry?" exclaimed the patient. "You tell me I've got a serious disease and then say I shouldn't worry."

"Ulcers aren't a very serious disease," responded the doctor, "though they're not funny, either. But the chief cause of them is tension, stress, and worry—and when you've worried yourself into ulcers, worrying makes them worse. We've found that the most important factor in ulcer treatment is getting the patient relaxed and unfearful.

> *There's a little area in the brain, about the size of a dime, that is called the hypothalamus. It controls practically all the involuntary functions of the body. Under the pressure of mental stress and strain, emotional disturbance, high nervous tension, and/or worry, this area stimulates the stomach into an oversecretion of acids. The acids eat into the stomach lining and you have an ulcer. It's almost as direct as that.*

"Maybe it'll help you to know that 95 per cent of ulcers respond to medical treatment; and out of the five per cent of patients requiring surgery, 95 per cent recover. So the odds are you'll get well by medical treatment; also, if you have to be operated on—which is unlikely in your case—you'll live many long and ulcerless years. Altogether it's 97½ to one that your ulcer won't kill you. Pretty big odds in your favor, so—don't worry."

That is, in a general way, what

have ulcers?

it's 97½ to 1 they won't kill you, and if you probably can get rid of them

a good doctor will tell any of the four million people in the United States who have stomach or duodenal ulcers. And while four million ulcer patients are a lot—more than there were ten years ago or last year—you have only one chance in 35 of being ulcer-afflicted, and only one chance in 2,500 of dying from one.

Despite the statistics showing the increase in ulcers, at a recent meeting of the Life Insurance Medical Directors of America, there was pretty general agreement that though ulcers are too prevalent, the situation is not alarming. Since these directors are the general health advisers for 75 million life-insurance policyholders, their restrained optimism is reassuring.

But would the Life Insurance Medical Directors pass you, *cum* ulcer, for insurance?

If you have a currently active ulcer, probably not. But if you do as the doctor tells you, the chances are excellent that you won't have an ulcer after a month or so, and then you'll be as good a risk as anybody.

The ulcer prospect, therefore, isn't dismal, and there are no grounds for aggravating it by worry. Which would do just that.

For, unlike a good many popular ideas about medicine, the popular idea that ulcers generally originate in worry, stress, strain, and emotional disturbances is largely substantiated by the medical profession.

There's a little area in the brain, about the size of a dime, that is called the hypothalamus. It controls virtually all the involuntary functions of the body. Under the pressure of mental stress and strain, emotional disturbance, high nervous tension and/or worry, this area stimulates the stomach into an oversecretion of acids. The acids eat into the stomach lining and you have an ulcer. It's almost as direct as that.

There are other factors—too much smoking, too much alcohol, too much heavy and rich food, irregularity as to meals and sleep—and, on the other hand, too little food—for starvation gives the acids nothing to digest but the stomach.

The common cold, sinus trouble, influenza, pneumonia intensify the tendency toward ulcer. And sometimes ulcers seem to run in families, though they are definitely not hereditary.

Yet these other causes, in the opinion of a majority of physicians, stem from worry, or are contributory to it.

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It might logically be assumed, since mental strain looms so large in the ulcer situation, that the Better Minds would furnish the highest percentage of cases. But wide clinical experience now shows that in proportion to numbers, there are apparently just as many worriers—and therefore ulcer sufferers—among truckmen as teachers, as many among ditch diggers as directors, and an equitable distribution among waiters, lawyers, politicians, and street cleaners.

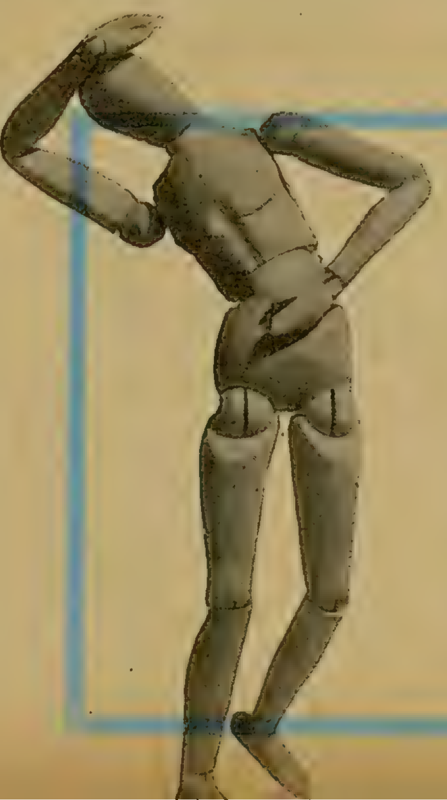
Do doctors have them? But definitely, and perhaps at a higher percentage than the patients they have to worry over. The ulcer is no respecter of persons.

Yet it does deal inequitably with the sexes. So far as stomach ulcers are concerned, about as many women suffer with them as men, but duodenal ulcers—those of the intestinal tract—afflict the men at a rate of ten to one over the women.

This again supports the worry theory. For men as a rule are the adventurers, the drivers, the gamblers, subject to the heavier responsibilities and the larger risks.

Still further support for the worry theory is that very few stout people seem to acquire ulcers, and that easygoing phlegmatic individuals generally don't develop the disease. It's the Cassiuses with their lean and hungry looks, and not the Falstaffs, that worry most and have the most ulcers to worry about.

The doctors have found that you are most unlikely to acquire ulcers before you are 20; most likely to have them between 30 and 50; and that after 60 the chances are that you have either outlived them or won't have any. (*Cont. on page 66*)



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The Two Youngest Angels

A beautiful fantasy of Heaven's first Christmas

By FREDERIC K. BROWN

READING TIME 15 MINUTES Aser and Zaddi were not only the youngest of all the angels, but they were also the loneliest. For almost an entire day they had been flying around together, hand in hand. Yet not once had they been stopped to be told what cute dimples they had, nor how shiny black were Zaddi's curls, nor how crispy were Aser's golden ones. Not once had any of the older angels wanted to tell them a story. No angel had shouted to them how nice and chummy they looked flying along together. They had gone almost an entire day without a single angel having wanted to sew a new decoration to their robes. Nobody had wanted them to stop and take a taste of candied pomegranate, and not a single angel had invited them to go out to a distant cloud field on a picnic.

Instead, the other angels whizzed this way and they whizzed that way. They came and they went. Then they came and went again. After which it seemed to Aser and Zaddi that they kept doing it over and over again. It left Aser and Zaddi very dizzy. They had never seen such an outburst of new activity.

They came across the Singing Ones of the Heavenly Hosts so busy trying out a new song that they saw nothing but their sheets of music, and it was the same with the players on the long and short trumpets, the harps, and the psalteries. So that when little Zaddi and Aser shrilled out their friendly "Hello," the music drowned out their silvery little voices. Or, if they were heard, the musicians probably thought it was the music and not Zaddi and Aser.

The only angel who seemed to have any time for them at all was the Assistant Announcer, and he waved them away. As a matter of fact he was waving for them to come and see him, for he had something to tell them. But Aser and Zaddi thought he was waving them away, and that was that.

So away they flew to a very far-away cloud.

They sat on the cloud, away from all the other angels, and if there had been any tears in heaven, some of them would have squeezed out of the little angels' eyes. They both felt so very lonesome.

"We're no use any more," lamented Aser in a choked-up voice.

Zaddi nodded his head so that the shiny black curls danced.

"They never ask us to sing," sighed Aser.

"Nor to play on a trumpet nor anythin'," mourned Zaddi. "Nor to give notices."

"Nor anythin'," sighed Aser.

Zaddi rested his dimpled chin on his chubby fists and did some thinking. Then his dark eyes brightened.

"I know!" he shouted gaily. "Come on, Aser."

"What?" asked Aser.

"I got a way how to praise the Lord God the others don't know of. You'll see. Come on. We'll show 'em if we are too little!"

He took the hand of little Aser and flew with her past the miles upon miles of gardens in which the other angels tended the flowers. He flew until the two of them arrived on the other side of a range of lonely-looking mountains of white glistening marble. Away on the other side of these mountains Zaddi flew with Aser into a wide valley in which grew miles upon miles of white, red, blue, and yellow flowers.

There wasn't an angel in sight anywhere to look after or smell or admire all these flowers. Not even a single bee was around to enjoy their honey. There was not a single bird to be seen to fly around and sing its songs at the sight of all these wild flowers.

"And how do you think the Lord God feels," said Zaddi, when they had landed, "with nobody round to smell and love all these flowers of His?"

"I know!" shouted Aser, and she felt so happy at what she knew that she would have danced, only in doing so her feet would have crushed some of the flowers. "We'll make the Lord God happy by liking and smelling all these flowers."

"All the flowers," nodded Zaddi.

"Every white one. Every red one. Every blue one. Every yellow one."

"And any other colors, too," agreed Zaddi.

Little Zaddi chose all the white and red ones, leaving Aser all the blue and yellow ones. If they came across any other colors, they were to close their eyes and point in the direction of the flowers they wanted to admire.

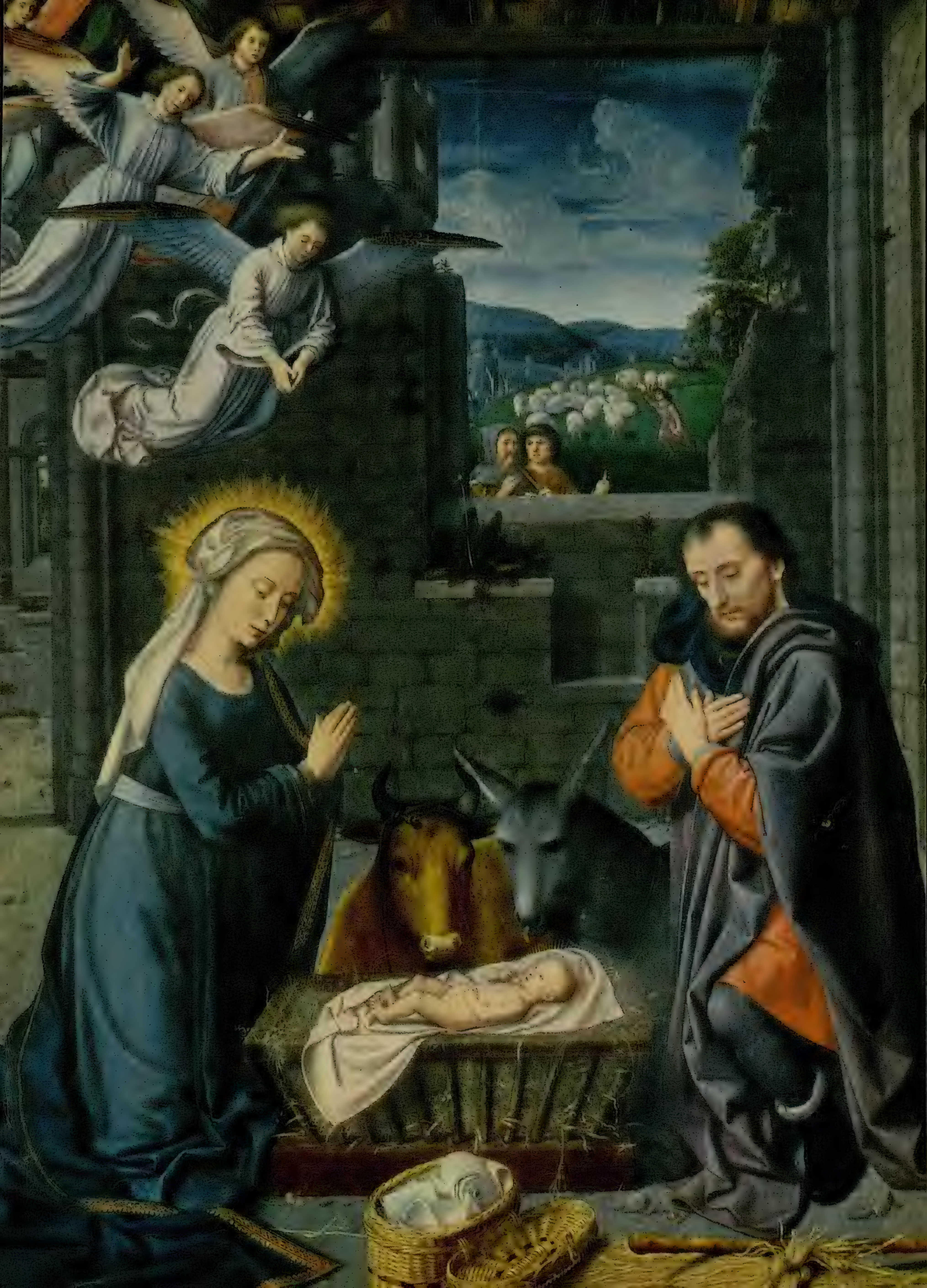
So they started in to please the Lord God by smelling and admiring the flowers.

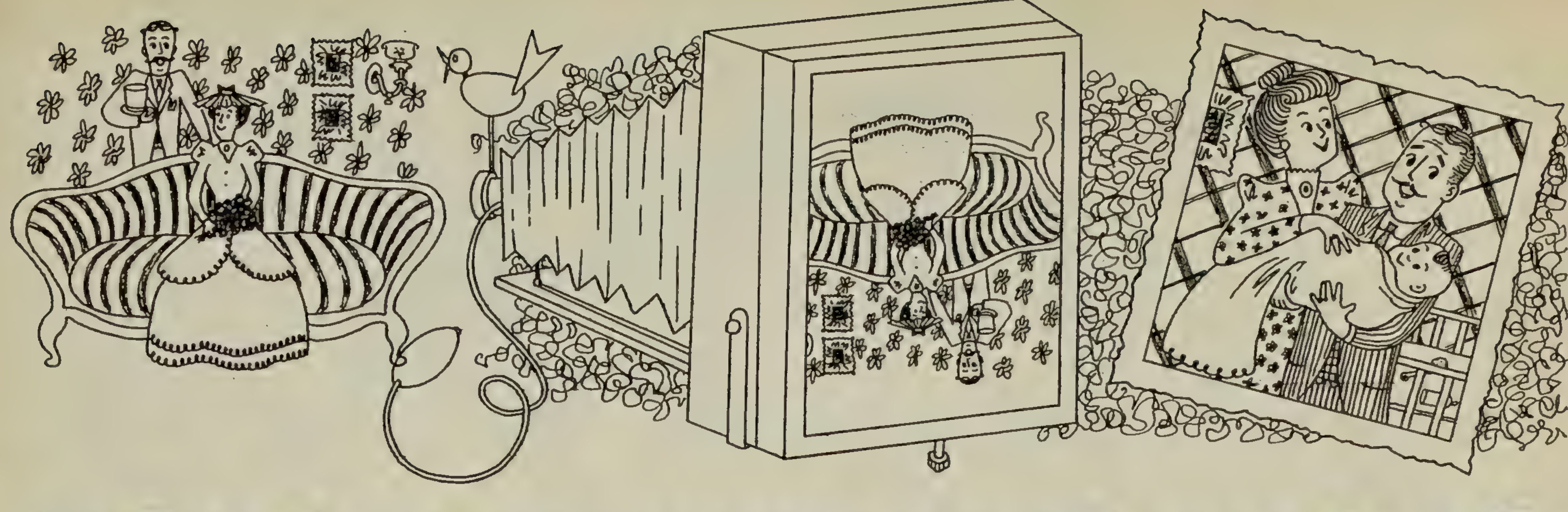
"It's the nicest flower ever," Aser would say and give a loud sniff so that the Lord God would be sure to hear it.

Zaddi did the same. *(Continued on page 64)*

The Nativity, With Donors and Patron Saints

At right: The Nativity, from the three-panel painting by Gerard David, Flemish painter, is from the Jules S. Bache Collection now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. At the upper left, angels are approaching to adore the Child. David, who was active before 1484, seems to have followed Pseudo-Bonaventura's story of Jesus' birth in showing the ox and the ass close to the manger, warming the naked baby with their breath. The other panels of this famous painting depict in the left wing the donor protected by St. Jerome. In the right wing, the donatrix is shown guarded by St. Vincent.





what you can get out of

PHYSICALLY, MENTALLY, EMOTIONALLY

By RUTH MILLER

READING TIME 12 MINUTES Marriage, like a job, is what you make it. It can be a four-star success or a dismal flop. If you work reasonably hard at the job of being married and staying married, you can have mental and physical health plus a ripe old age. But that triple reward is only one of the many things you can get out of marriage. To explain how marriage is often closely linked to job security, for example, let us take a look at what happened to Ed, a bachelor of 53.

It had never been necessary for Ed to assume any of the responsibilities shouldered by many bachelors and spinsters. He had never had to care for aging parents, for example, nor subsidize the education of younger brothers and sisters. The substantial salary he earned as one of the purchasing agents of a large corporation, for which he had worked for 33 years, made it possible for him to afford an attractive apartment, a smart convertible, and a boat which "slept four."

Regarded as a good catch, he could have married any one of the dozen women to whom he had made love over the years. Ed had "nothing against marriage," as he often said, but sex was essentially a game to him, a "matter," as Dr. Leon J. Saul, professor of clinical psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, puts it, "of play and pleasure but never a proper part of the adult function of mating."

At 53, Ed had apparently mastered the art of eating his cake and having it too. He was looking forward to retiring on a pension at 65, and a happy, if self-centered, old age.

Then into the snug harbor of his job security swept an economic wave called "disinflation." The company for which Ed worked began to tighten its payroll at the first hint of an economic squeeze. Ed, because of his years of service, was retired on half-pension.

No one held his hand or broke it to him gently. He was simply told one day, when he was happily getting ready to start on his annual carefree three-week vacation, "Might as well clean out your desk, Ed. You're not coming back. We're retiring you on half-pension. You see, you're the only one in the department who isn't married, and as we have orders to cut down, and someone has to go . . ." and his boss shrugged. To Ed, who had never lost a job, never faced even a minor crisis, this was disaster.

He cleaned out his desk and went home to his expensive apartment. He called a few of his friends. They were politely sympathetic, but not one of them, Ed realized suddenly, really gave a damn that he had been shelved at 53, with very little likelihood of getting another job in a declining employment market. A few of them even shied away from him a little, as if afraid he might ask some favor of them.

Facing reality for the first time in his life, the cold fact that he belonged to no one and no one belonged to him to whom either he or his job mattered, Ed couldn't take it. He went to pieces.

Seriously ill for six weeks, he lost 30 pounds and changed from a spruce, personable man who looked ten years younger than his age to one who seemed a sick 70. Ed was paying the penalty of being what Dr. Saul calls "half a person."

No one over 30, whether single, married, or divorced, needs to be told what Dr. Saul meant by the phrase, "half a person." He knows. Cut off from the richest experiences life has to offer, the unmarried cannot develop the qualities that make for an emotionally complete and secure person, no matter how brilliant or successful he may be otherwise. He cannot get from life, on any level, as much as he can if he—or she—is married.

Take the economic level. A man with 30 years' experience in hiring men and women for a large corporation, to whom I told Ed's story, said, "Naturally, when business is slow and we have to cut down, we'll let the single man go first. Unless, of course, he's something of a genius in his line, and those are very rare. Fewer people are hurt that way. A married man has not only himself and his wife, but usually two or three children, to support. And don't think we don't take the human element into consideration. We do. In a way," and he smiled, "I suppose you might call marriage, particularly a stable marriage, good job insurance."

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Other employers and personnel directors went even further. They made no bones about the value they placed on married employees.

"Not only will we keep them on the job when the going gets rough," one plant manager snapped, "but we prefer married men and women as employees. There's less absenteeism among married workers for one thing, and more ability to get along, to give and take on the job. Not that we don't have unmarried employees. We do. And they're the ones who give us most of our personnel headaches."

The value of marriage, not only as job insurance in times of economic stress, but as a factor in getting ahead, is proved by statistics.

Drawing by Norman Graber

marriage

—IN EVERY WAY—THE MARRIED MAN AND WOMAN HAVE MUCH THE BEST OF IT

According to the Bureau of the Census, "Married men living with their wives," not only "showed clearly the largest proportion in the labor force and a relatively small proportion unemployed," but "the proportion of employed men engaged in occupations requiring more training and yielding more income was highest among married men living with their wives." In addition, "Married men, in general, have a higher education and economic level than do other men. Those living with their wives had the highest level of educational attainment in each age group of men 25 years old and over in 1947."

Along with job security and economic advancement, another thing you can get out of marriage, particularly a stable marriage, is the background it gives the individual, the psychological and social support it gives a man. Take Fred Blake.

Fred had been married 12 years and had three children. Asked about his marriage, Fred said, "I've got no kick coming. Molly has been good to me and I've tried to do my best for her."

Molly agreed with him. "Fred," she said, "is no Clark Gable, but he's mighty comfortable to live with."

When Fred was 36, he was offered a better job in a distant town. It was too good, he and Molly decided, for him to pass up. It meant, however, that Molly must stay behind in order to sell the house and allow the children to finish their school year. But this did not seem too bad to either of them at the time.

When Fred arrived on the new job, he expected to be able to shake down into it in no time. Part of his work entailed meeting people and getting in their good graces, but as this was nothing new in his experience, he anticipated no difficulty.

But as the weeks went by, he found that he wasn't getting anywhere. Fred couldn't understand it. Either the men he had to meet were unusually tough characters or he was losing his touch, and he couldn't decide which.

One man, whose good will was extremely important not only to Fred but to his company, proved to be particularly illusive.

Fred tried every approach and none of them worked. If, he thought, I could only get that guy to relax and be human. Now, if I were only home . . . Suddenly a big grin spread over Fred's homely face.

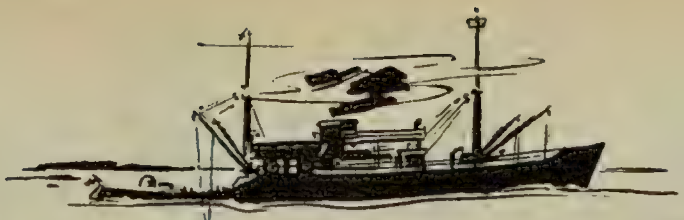
Ten minutes later his startled wife received a long-distance telephone call. "Pack your duds," Fred told her, "and hop the next plane. Park the kids with Aunt Bertha. Get the storage people to pack the damn furniture ready to ship when we send the word. Let the agent sell the house in his own good sweet time. No, I'm not crazy. I need you here," and told her why. "I'm just no damn good on this job without you," he said. "For Pete's sake, what are you bawling about? You knew it all the time, didn't you?"

After Fred finished talking with Molly, he made a number of phone calls. One was to his elusive contact. When the man answered, Fred did not talk business. Instead he said he was trying to get a lead on a place to live—some place near a good school and in the right neighborhood for kids. He knew it was an imposition, but—

When Fred hung up the phone, he not only had a lead on three good houses, one for rent and two for sale, all at a price he could afford, but he knew that the man whose good will was so important to his company no longer was illusive but co-operative and interested in anything Fred might do.

(Continued on page 63)

More single persons commit suicide than do the married. Heart disease, tuberculosis, pneumonia, and stomach ulcers hit the unmarried with far greater frequency than they do those protected by wedlock. Married persons have half as many fatal accidents as do the unmarried. If you are a spinster, your chances of dying of cancer of the breast are two-thirds greater than if you were married.



DEEP SALVAGE

By H. VERNOR DIXON

A gripping story of love and crime—and the peril that stalked a diver at sea and ashore

PART 1

READING TIME 35 MINUTES We were standing in the gloomy interior of the Donnelly pier shed on San Francisco's Embarcadero. Diving gear was strung along the walls and salvage equipment was stowed neatly in bulky lockers and on heavy benches. Red Donnelly's trawler was in the water alongside the pier. It was a rugged-looking boat, yet spick and span, a lot like Red had been. Staring out the window at the boat was like looking at a dead man.

I turned away from the window and faced Pete, temporary watchman of the pier and equipment. "Weren't you out with Red when he was killed?"

Pete nodded and shifted a quid of tobacco from one lean jaw to the other. "I sure was, Mr. Bradley. We was diving on the Vega wreck."

"What was your function?"

"Function?" He scratched his head, squinted at me, and then smiled. "Oh, I was oiler and rigger. Red never had big crews. There was only five of us besides him."

"Where are the others?"

"All gone. When Red died, it left us all without jobs, so the men scattered. I don't think you'd be able to find any of 'em."

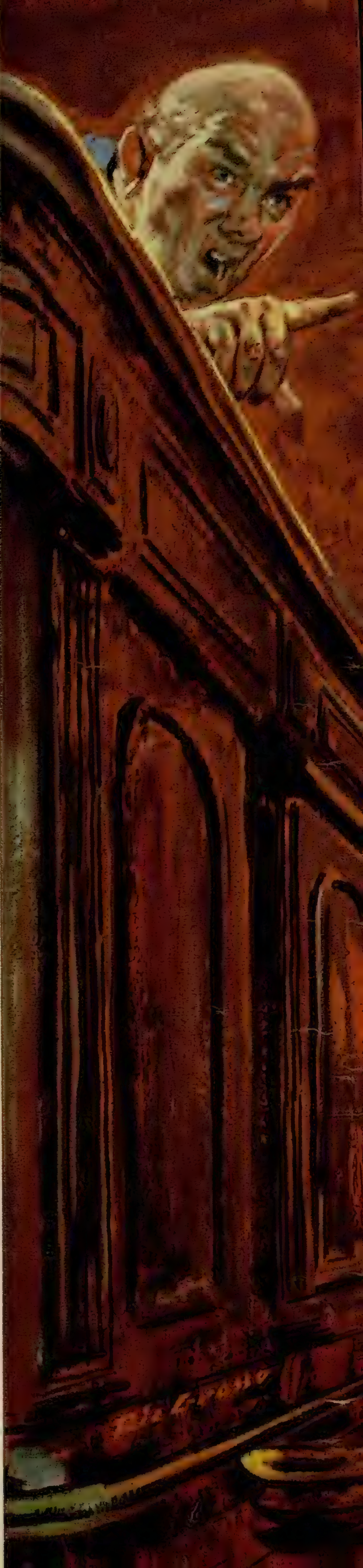
"What makes you think I'd care to look?"

Pete said shrewdly, "Look, Mr. Bradley. You didn't fly from New Orleans to San Francisco for nothing. You and Red was friends. All of us knew that. He talked about you a lot. Said you were the best deep-sea diver and salvage master in the business."

"Funny," I said. "I've always claimed the same thing about him. That's why I'm here. I don't understand a man like Red getting the bends. What was the coroner's verdict?"

"Caisson disease. That's the bends. Anyway, I was there when it happened." He pointed to a diving suit hanging on the wall and said, "That's the one he was wearing when it (*Continued on page* 74)

Illustrated by Ric Grasso



"Next thing I knew, he was flat on his back and the big guy run out."

RUBIES—three dollars a carat

By ALBERT K. LEVINE and BERNARD SIMON

READING TIME 5 MINUTES If you've got enough folding money, you can buy your wife a sparkling six-carat ruby ring for about $5,000. But if you're short of cash, you can duck around the corner to the nearest credit jeweler and probably purchase the same exquisite ruby—or at least an exact *synthetic* facsimile of it—for, say, $49.98. Your missus will never be able to tell the difference. Fact is, there are only a handful of gem experts who can.

And a synthetic gem is not a paste copy cut from colored glass. It is identical to a genuine stone in both composition and brilliance. The disparity in their respective values is due to the fact that synthetics can be manufactured in a matter of hours and for a trifling cost, whereas it takes Nature several million years to crystallize the real thing.

The jeweler's loupe—that monocle-like magnifying instrument—will not appraise the minute differences between a synthetic and a genuine gem. Because they have the same chemical and physical properties, are equal in strength and durability, and are almost alike in their internal crystal structure, the ordinary tests of hardness, density, or refractive index won't do the trick either. It requires an expert equipped with a stereoscopic microscope, a refractometer, an absorption spectroscope, and a half dozen more delicate instruments to consistently distinguish between them. Often the differences are so slight only X-rays will reveal them.

Best way to tell the man-made gem from its natural brother, explain the experts, is to select the one marred by flaws. These tiny imperfections do not come from a machine, but are the mistakes of nature. Hence the imperfect stone is the genuine!

The fact that most persons haphazardly lump synthetics with imitation jewelry is a financial irritant to producers of the synthesized item. A synthetic ruby or blue sapphire, for instance, will outwear a genuine topaz, aquamarine, emerald, garnet. It has, in fact, a longer lifetime than any natural gem, with the lone exception of the sturdy diamond.

Yet, in contrast with the prevailing market price of from one to several thousand dollars per carat for an uncut genuine Oriental ruby (exact price determined by size and color), a synthesized version of the same rough stone can be had at a production cost of less than three cents a carat.

Prior to 1942 the French, Germans, and Swiss produced all of the world's supply of synthetic stones, from 750,000 to 1,000,000 carats a day, three-fourths of which was directed to industrial use. Prior to the war the United States, biggest customer for synthetics, had no synthetic gem industry of its own. When the war shut off imports, Linde Air Products Company, a New York firm specializing in the manufacture of gases, developed a domestic industry that broke the wartime bottleneck. Now Linde remains the largest commercial producer in the country. Eighty per cent of its current output is sold to the ornamental jewelry trade.

The basic material needed to synthesize a ruby or sapphire is aluminum oxide, one of the most plentiful compounds in the earth's crust. A few cents' worth of extremely pure alumina (99.99-per-cent purity is not enough) can be contrived into an 850-carat gem, the largest single unit yet made. The process for doing this is no more than a highly accelerated mechanical version of the natural evolution of precious stones. The impalpable powder is ignited to a white-heat temperature of 4,500 degrees Fahrenheit, after which the molten mass is solidified by slow cooling. The entire procedure takes four to five hours and the result is a carrot-shaped lump, called a boule, that is a perfect match for the brightest jewel. If a pinch of titanium oxide is added to the original chemical, the product will

(*Continued on page* 47)

2

Basic material needed to synthesize a ruby or sapphire is aluminum oxide. The process is no more than a stepped-up mechanical version of the natural evolution of precious stones. (1) The powder is ignited to 4,500 degrees Fahrenheit and then the molten mass is solidified by slow cooling. The entire process is accomplished in five hours and the result is a carrot-shaped lump called a boule (2) that measures about two inches. These rough stones (3) are sold to cutters. (4) Here are the steps from a rough stone to one that can be used as a setting for a ring.

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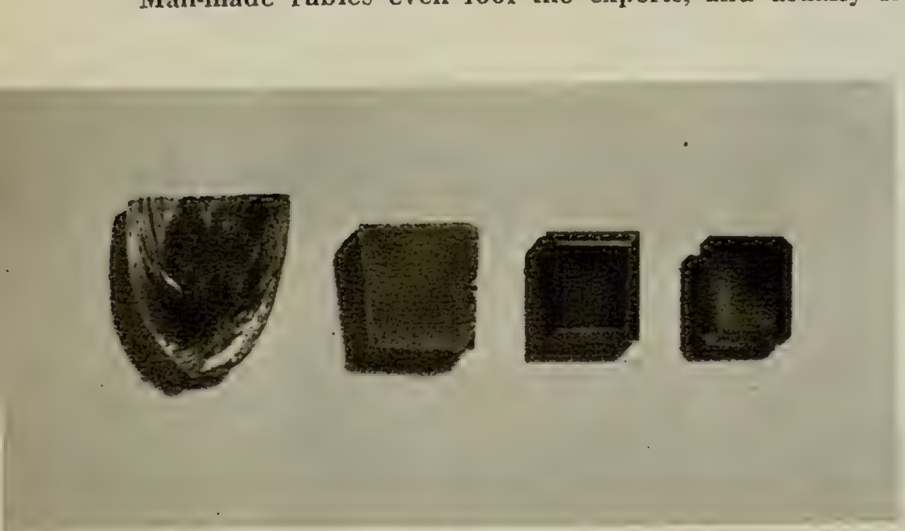
Man-made rubies even fool the experts, and usually it is the imperfect stone that is genuine. The stone on the left is synthetic.



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the amazing story of how men of science make synthetic gems so perfect that even the experts are fooled

Photos courtesy Linde Air Products Company

The magic of Vincent O'Toole

By *CYNTHIA HOPE and FRANCES ANCKER*

It took time and heartache, but the spell it cast brought him love at last

Liberty SHORT SHORT • • • READING TIME 7 MINUTES

Vincent the Great got off the bus at Twelfth Street in the dripping rain. He set down his suitcase, still packed with his magician's cloak, top hat, and the wand he used when demonstrating Wilmer's Remarkable Hair Tonic. And for a moment, while the rain poured down his neck, he stood in the gusty night just gazing along Fifth Avenue toward Washington Arch at the twinkling lights of the city.

Then he sighed, picked up his suitcase again, and started west toward Angelo's Bar and Grill. He told himself that the sudden twinge of nostalgia he felt was due to the fact he was back in New York again, after all the long months on the road. It had nothing to do with Connie. That was over.

He put Connie firmly out of mind. She came firmly back again in all her blonde and rounded glory, and the memory of her walked with him along Twelfth Street in the chilly October night.

She'd been selling plush bunnies and cigarettes in the Blue Camellia the first night Vincent saw her. He'd never believed in love at first sight, but it had happened to both of them—in the smoky gloom of the Blue Camellia where he made magic and Connie sold cigarettes.

They were together every night after that—coffee at Angelo's, slow walks along Twelfth Street, shared dreams and kisses and laughter.

Connie kept on selling cigarettes, but after a few weeks Vincent's magic act was canceled. And that's when the trouble began.

"Look, Vince," she used to plead. "Why don't you get yourself a regular job, instead of pounding the city streets all day, hunting bookings that never show up?"

He'd tried to explain how he felt about magic—that week when he was laid off; then two weeks later, when he was still looking for work; then three months after that, when he and Connie never laughed any more and quarreled most always.

"I'm a magician, Connie." It was all he could think of to say, and it never had sounded like much, there at Angelo's in the gray hours of the morning. For the trouble was that he not only dreamed of becoming a great magician. It was even deeper than that. He could never give up magic because, somewhere inside him, he'd always believed in things you couldn't see.

But none of that would have made sense to Connie. She wanted a home. She wanted kids. And he couldn't afford either. It got so they couldn't get on together, and they couldn't stay apart. He knew where they were heading, even before it happened. But he didn't know, until Connie turned up with another man's ring, that his dreams had been all for her.

He'd been making steady money for a year now, traveling for Wilmer's Hair Tonic—doing a little magic to draw his crowd, then demonstrating the product. All along he'd known that his work would bring him back to New York, and now that it had, he wished he was the kind who simply could walk into the Blue Camellia, say hello to Connie and wish her the best of luck, even if she was already married to the fellow who had given her the topaz ring.

Just a few steps would take him across the street to the Blue Camellia. But the thought of walking in there turned him hollow inside. He took one backward glance at the blue sign, then walked down the three wooden steps into Angelo's Bar and Grill.

Inside Angelo's, nothing seemed to have changed since that night when he and Connie had crossed the street for their first cup of coffee here.

When he saw Vincent, Angelo flung up his arms and ran out from behind the bar. His three brothers-in-law abandoned their boccie game, and Mama Angelo billowed in from the kitchen, calling a greeting.

Vincent didn't ask about Connie. He just got out the magic cards he'd brought Angelo—because, second only to his endless jokes, Angelo loved magic.

In the dusty mirror above the bar, Vincent watched his reflected self. He didn't look like a magician. His red hair and pleasant face always worked against him. Once, in desperation, he almost bought a black wig and small mustache. But he'd decided against it for two reasons: (*a*) the wig and mustache together would have run to two hundred dollars; and (*b*) he didn't have the two hundred.

No, he didn't look like a magician, and yet, because he believed that there was such a thing as real magic, he could often cast his own small-time spell.

Absently he set his suitcase on a bar stool and took out his top hat and cloak. The Angelos stood watching him in silent admiration. And the handful of early customers gazed at him with mild curiosity as he hooked on his cloak, then pulled his top hat low to shadow his eyes.

With a flourish he spread the cards before him, saying mumbled words under his breath to heighten the mood of enchantment.

Through Angelo's plate-glass window Vincent could see the Blue Camellia's neon flower wink on again after its brief darkness, and he closed his eyes and thought hard about Connie.

He was sending a message across the street for her to please come over and say hello, even if her husband came with her and he had to shake his hand and smile at him and offer congratulations.

When he opened his eyes again, he was almost sure she would come. For the power of a thought wave seemed no more farfetched to Vincent than that of radio or television—which, after all, must also come through thin air.

He was making the deck of cards rise straight in the air when Connie really did walk in. He knew her footsteps even before he looked up and saw her.

She was standing perfectly still, staring at him out of wide, startled eyes, with her lips half parted.

For a moment they just went on looking at each other, while Vincent's cards slipped down from their conical apex and went spilling all over the floor.

And then Connie put out her hands to him, and Vincent saw she still was wearing the ring.

Her gaze followed his own to the glinting yellow stone and she gave a little sighing laugh. "It doesn't belong there any more," she said. "I told him it was no use waiting. He left town and I had a card from him somewhere in the West, saying he'd married another girl. He never told me where to send the ring."

She struggled with the ring—then pulled it off and dropped it into her handbag. Vincent was glad to see she was trembling, because he was too, and that made things easier for him.

"Let's sit over there," he said uncertainly. "At our old table."

"O.K.," she said. "Sure."

The Angelos had managed, somehow, to disappear, and the little group at the bar who'd been watching Vincent's magic already had turned back to their drinks.

Vincent lifted Angelo's sleeping cat off the chair and sat down close to Connie.

"Tell me about yourself, Vince," she urged, and he felt her hand lightly touch his arm.

"Oh, there's not much to tell," he said. After all the long months, after all the waiting and wanting and needing; the lonely hotel rooms, where he sat on a single bed and thought about Connie; coffee by himself in strange restaurants from New York to St. Louis to Seattle—after all those long months, what was there to say?

"How about you?" he said at last. "That's what I want to know."

"How about me?" Absently she moved the dripping umbrella that had been making a little wet pool between them. She put it on a chair. It fell off and Vincent stooped and put it back again. "I'm still selling cigarettes and bunnies," she said, "and are you still pulling them out of hats?"

The lights were very dim there at the back of the restaurant. Vincent turned Connie's face toward him and put his arms around her and kissed her the way he wanted to, which was for a long, long time. At last he remembered what it was she'd been saying and picked up the conversation where it had broken off. "My magic—that's what you were talking about," he said, feeling a little dizzy. "It's pretty good. It brought you here tonight."

She looked at him, troubled. "It brought me here tonight?"

"Yes. I sent you a message"—he waved his hand—"by thought transference—across the street to the Blue Camellia. I told you to please come over—with or without your husband—just to let me see you anyway—"

She was laughing, but the tears stood in her eyes. "Oh, Vincent—I've come here every night! Every single night since you left town last year—just hoping you might drop by."

"Then my magic didn't do it?"

"I guess it did, after all," she said at last. Her lips were very close to his, and her eyes, her round blue eyes, were suddenly very serious. "I never could get over the magic of Vincent O'Toole."

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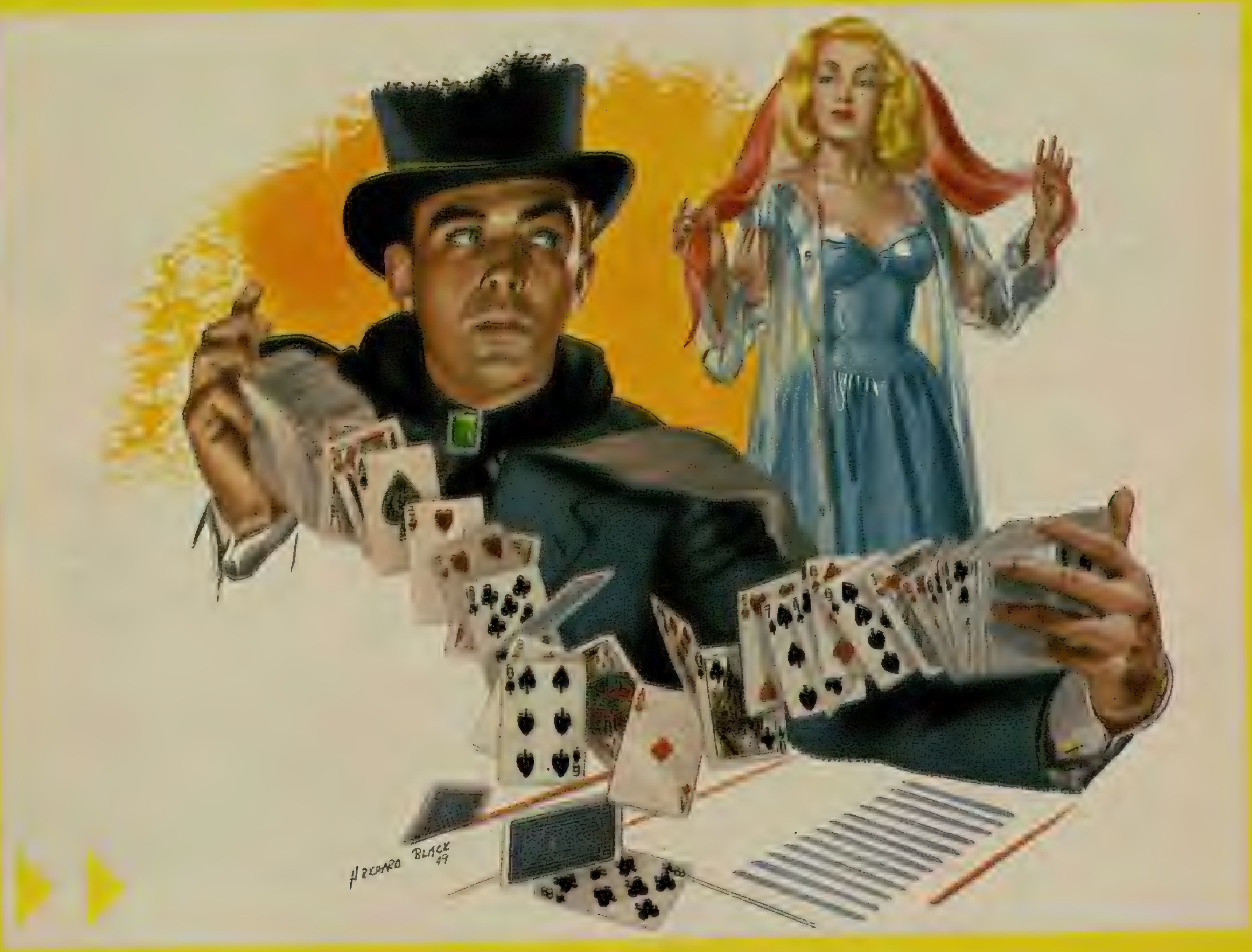


Illustrated by H. Richard Black

"It's Wonderful to Grow Old"

says Gloria Swanson, now at the half-century mark, and proceeds to tell Elizabeth Wilson how life can be fun at fifty

READING TIME 8 MINUTES Almost a decade ago Gloria Swanson wrote an article for Liberty titled Youth and Beauty After Forty. When she returned to Hollywood this past summer, after an absence of eight years, she was asked, "Well, what about fifty?"

"Fifty," replied Gloria, who had just turned that milestone last March, "can be wonderful."

To say that life for a woman of 50 can be wonderful is sticking one's neck out pretty far in a town where most females would rather commit murder than reveal their correct ages (few movie stars ever get beyond 29). So it was suggested that maybe Miss Swanson would like to stick her neck out even further and give with a little more information about why life is so wonderful at the half-century mark.

She set down her views in a series of memos that were written at odd moments during the filming of a new Brackett and Wilder picture called Sunset Boulevard. Miss Swanson plays a fading actress who is slightly unbalanced and who lives in the past. Gloria Swanson is none of these things, and as for living in the past, she is too busy with the present to go on any nostalgic binges.

Gloria Swanson, with unwrinkled face, saucy turned-up nose, and big blue eyes, could easily lop off 15 years if she had a mind to. She has the same trim figure and the same youthful sparkle that she had in the 1920s when De Mille was providing black-marble bathtubs for the life and loves of Gloria Swanson, then a reigning movie queen. But she's quick to tell you that many people look on her as a female Methuselah and "eligible for a rocking chair next to Whistler's mother."

In her first memo to this reporter from Paramount's studio, she wrote:

"Now I am going to write on a very delicate subject. That subject is 'Oh, Gloria, you look so young!' I realize it is loaded with dynamite. Even so, I have the temerity to tackle it.

"A great many people swear I am years older than fifty. My only answer is to refer them to my birth certificate. I might add that I don't blame them for thinking as they do, because I have been connected with the moving-picture industry for so many years. The fact is that I started at fifteen. That, too, is a matter of record.

"I don't believe I have much, if any, false pride, and I admit that I probably look young for being a grandmother of three wonderful children. But I hasten to reply to any cattish remarks. I really haven't had my face lifted, nor have I undergone any expensive facial treatment.

"Someone said to me recently that I must spend a fortune in beauty parlors. Now, I haven't a thing against beauty parlors, but I happen to be one of those women who temperamentally can't stand sitting for hours for shampoos, waves, facials, and the like. Nor do I have the time. As for facials, I just don't have them—that's all.

Gloria Swanson and her daughter, Michelle Bridgit Farmer, 17. Actress Swanson has three children and three grandchildren.

Miss Swanson likes to tell about the taxi driver who recently told her he hadn't seen her for 20 years and "you don't look a day older." She finds swimming is one way to help fend off age.

Gloria Swanson at 50 has the same shapely figure that wowed 'em in the '20s when she was the reigning movie queen.

Photos by Mal. Bulloch

Gloria, who spurns facials, also insists she never had her face lifted. Here she and Michelle display their musicianship.

"But let's get along to a more important point. This is probably best expressed by a little story. I was working my heart out on a new television program and there were not enough hours in the day. There never are for me. I had been up since early morning, but between one thing and another I hadn't even had time to eat breakfast. Finally, at eleven thirty, I swallowed a cup of tea, put on my hat and coat, and dashed out to jump in a taxi with half a slice of toast still in my hand. With a 'Get me to the studio—but quickly,' I fell back in the seat to catch my breath. The taxi driver just stared at me.

" 'Ye gods, Miss Swanson,' he said, 'I haven't seen you for twenty years, and you don't look a day older. How do you do it?'

"I pushed the piece of toast at him. 'Do you see that?' I panted. 'That's my breakfast. I keep going so fast that age just can't catch up with me.' "

There's something in what she says. She has been married and divorced five (*Continued on page* 63)

the egyptians played it

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

a story of cupid and an old, old game

LIBERTY SILVER JUBILEE STORY

READING TIME 36 MINUTES "Come right in, Mr. Waring, and have a seat," the doctor invited and waved him toward a chair. "I have all your reports here now. The X-rays confirmed my first opinion. The diagnosis is clearly indicated."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Waring uneasily.

"Oh, you've got a duodenal ulcer," he announced in a tone of triumph. He sounded like a man who had been right on the market.

"What's-s-s—er—what's that?" stammered Mr. Waring.

"It's an abrasion at the bottom of your stomach. Here, look at this X-ray."

Mr. Waring swallowed quickly and shook his head. He would just as soon have looked into the seventh pit of Dante's Inferno.

"Is it er—er—er—serious?"

"Serious? I should say so! Haven't you been feeling serious?"

"Yes. Very. Is it er—will it be er—er—fatal?"

"Probably not. Anyway, not immediately, if you will do as I tell you."

"You can cure it?"

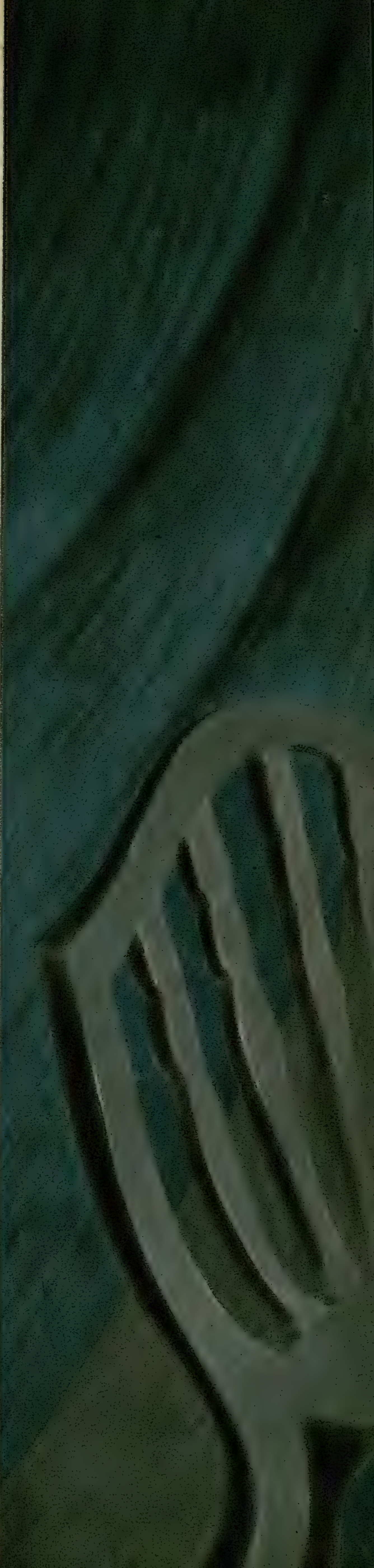
"About eighty-five per cent of cases readily yield to treatment. You're only forty and have a good constitution. Your chances are better than the average."

"What do you do for it?"

"Well, I shall put you on a diet and give you certain alkalis and bromides. You must abstain from smoking and under no circumstances touch any form of alcohol. You should avoid rich or highly seasoned foods and live an even, regular life with no strain or excitement. Just a simple regimen."

(*Continued on page 67*)

mr. waring sat down in a trance. how long had this sort of thing been going on?



ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

Santa Claus Maker

YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING FROM JOLLY SAINT NICK TO A NEANDERTHAL MAN IN THIS WORLD-RENOWNED FACTORY — AND IF YOU DON'T, THEY'LL MAKE IT

Harold Messmore with one of the Statues of Liberty made by his firm for bond rallies.

Messmore makes Santas such as this one that laugh and shake their fat stomachs.

This mechanical horse is one of the company's smaller creations. The papier-mâché prehistoric monsters run to such proportions it takes nearly a score of motors to keep their "innards" operating.

By MARGOT PATTERSON

READING TIME 9 MINUTES

George Harold Messmore had just moved his factory for the seventh time, this time to the building on upper Park Avenue in Manhattan that once housed the oldest fight arena in New York State. Now that Messmore occupies the place, it looks as if some capricious god had gathered up the tag ends of creation, the rejects of subsequent civilizations, and stored them there as file copies.

A Neanderthal family fraternizes in incongruous intimacy with Mother Goose. Santa Claus rolls a perpetually jovial eye at a bare-bellied dancer. Jenny Lind stands menaced by a gigantic gorilla, while Lincoln the Rail Splitter stares, uncomprehending, at a crew of seasonal figures representing every holiday in the calendar. These and fellow fantastic characters are products of Messmore & Damon, a glorified prop shop.

This dinosaur in Grauman's Hollywood Theater played on the road for nearly a year in a prehistoric musical number. Such truck-size creations snap their mouths and make reptilian noises.

On order, Messmore & Damon will produce animated papier-mâché replicas of any man or beast, and in the 37 years they have been doing business, the company has turned out every conceivable kind. Mainly, however, Mr. Messmore makes dinosaurs.

Almost every day groups of small wide-eyed children peer into the open doorway of this unique factory. "See!" one of them is sure to say to his incredulous companions. "I toldja they make dinosaurs here. Real live ones that move. Gee, looka that one! He's bigger'n a truck!"

Mr. Messmore's 50-foot sauria may not be "real live ones," but they come as close to the McCoy as anything since the Mesozoic Period. Concealing up to 17 motors each, his papier-mâché brontosaurs, trachodons, and tyrannosaurs sweep their heads around, snap their eyes and mouths and, with the aid of small phonographs, make reptilian noises in their throats.

Who buys truck-size monsters? Many of them have been purchased by Hollywood, to appear in motion pictures or to ballyhoo Frank Buck films in theater lobbies. Side shows and carnivals have presented Messmore monsters to their audiences. Department stores order and rent most of the other figures produced by the factory, especially the Santas and Mother Goose people, for store windows. Fraternal orders and lodges often contract for elephants that wiggle their ears, donkeys that balance champagne glasses on their noses, camels that dance, bears that ride bicycles, and other animals that develop any talents their prospective purchasers may desire. Even Uncle Sam has been a customer of Messmore & Damon. During the war the government ordered an army of 10,000 dummy paratroopers for the invasion of France, as well as any number of 20-foot Statues of Liberty for bond rallies.

Messmore and Damon did their part for the war effort with floats for War Bond drives. This one was 50 feet long and 30 feet high, and when used in parades the voice of Hitler shrieked from it.

Daddy of this elaborate family of papier-mâché dolls is G. H. Messmore, the remaining member of the company still called Messmore & Damon.

Mr. Messmore is a short, balding genial man who wears a large diamond stickpin which he fingers. He

Santa Claus Maker

Continued

talks like an old-time pitchman and is given to making up small rhymes and chants about his creations.

Mr. Messmore sometimes plugs in the electric connections of his stored figures just to check their conditions of repair. While he checks the belly dancers, he sings in a husky tenor:

> "See the little lady dancers,
> See the little lady prancers.
> When they step, they step
> out mean;
> They shake themselves like
> gela-teen."

and boasts, with more pride than he wastes on his iridescent dinosaurs, "I made that song up myself."

His former business partner, Joseph Damon, obviously did not share Mr. Messmore's perpetual enthusiasm for oversized toys. "He was a smart man," Mr. Messmore says of Damon, "who saved up his pile and got out of this April Foolish business early.

"The business," Mr. Messmore goes on to explain, "began in 1912, but we really got under way with The World a Million Years Ago." This tabloid title encompassed a display made up of dinosaurs and prehistoric families which was shown in 1933 at the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition. Spectators were carried through the display on a movable ramp to the accompaniment of weird noises from the surrounding animated figures. To use Mr. Messmore's term, "It was one of the boffolas of the Fair."

◆ Seamstresses, papier-mâché molders, woodcarvers, mechanics, artists, metalworkers, and many other artisans are needed to turn out each creature built in the factory. A full corps of researchers explores illustrations and texts before a figure is made. Their work is then transcribed into blueprints and the carpenters take it from there. Clay models in the desired sizes are made to mold the papier-mâché upon. Once molded, figures must be baked in great ovens before assembling can continue. The craftsmen work together creatively and will endeavor to reproduce anything from a full bombing of Tokyo that destroys a model city every few minutes to a diorama of Santa Claus propelled over housetops in a jet plane.

Santas are in great demand. Mr. Messmore makes them laugh and shake their fat stomachs, ride in deer-drawn sleds, or preside over elfin toy shops. One of the standard inventory pieces is a Santa who pours himself a glass of Christmas cheer, drinks it, and laughs. Messmore prefers to merchandise his figures on a rental basis, and such productions are booked at $1,000 to $15,000 a season.

Messmore has always been a property man. After a few hitches with the old Barnum & Bailey circus and other touring shows, he went with the Metropolitan Opera prop crew. Then he decided he wanted to be his own boss. One of his early jobs consisted of making black-and-white silk penguins powered by midgets. Since there were more demands for penguins than there were midgets to walk around inside the costumes, Mr. Messmore soon experimented with mechanical penguins. This was the basis of his entire business.

If orders don't come in fast enough to keep his factory busy, Mr. Messmore sometimes makes things for his own diversion. His travels with the Barnum circus inspired him at one time to reproduce all the famous old Barnum Museum figures, including P. T. himself, Jenny Lind, Tom Thumb, the Bearded Lady, and kootch dancers.

◆ The Barnum Museum show was a standing draw at Coney Island for many summers. In winter it would be booked by department stores at the flat sum of $15,000 plus half the gate. The upkeep on the figures made it worth this much. When the dummy of old P. T. Barnum moved his face saying, "Ladeez and Genelmun," the motion was so violent that the face had to be replaced weekly. Mr. Messmore finally invented a rubbery substance which looked lifelike and wore better than the papier-mâché joints. He looked upon this as his major contribution to show business.

Minnie, the kootch dancer who wiggles her stomach and sways her hips, is jointed with the same rubbery substance, and so are other Messmore & Damon movables. Mr. Messmore has had great success with his show girls. One bevy of papier-mâché dolls known as The Not-Alive Models of the World's 12 Loveliest Girls, a walk-through show of nearly life-sized cuties, used to gross him $2,000 a week during the boardwalk season. This show has appeared under many other names. Another which has been shown under several titles was The Messmore & Damon Medieval Torture Show. This became the Nazis Sterilize Women display when the war began. Good showmanship also changed The World a Million Years Ago to Down Lost River. Under the latter title the show nearly became banned after a mechanic threw the wrong switch, bringing forth such thrashings-about from a glyptodon that several women fainted and one fell into the Lost River.

There is more than fun and fantasy at the dinosaur shop. Since the war, the company has built a $50,000 model locomotive which is being sent around the world to display American machinery. The model weighs two tons and is a quarter the size of a Norfolk & Western locomotive. The boiler and cab sections were constructed in separate pieces which are periodically raised and lowered by a pinion mechanism. When the upper section has risen to a height of 30 inches, there is a 20-second pause while lights flash on to show the locomotive's movable parts in action.

◆ Messmore dreams of producing a Toytown on some New Jersey farm that will have oversized ice-cream cones, toy drums, Wizard of Oz figures, and a complete miniature circus. His plans for this children's wonderland must be squeezed in between the seasonal work. This takes a lot of squeezing. By Memorial Day, Messmore & Damon is working on Halloween figures. Come Halloween, and it's Christmas at the factory. By Christmas, the carpenters are at work on rabbits 22 feet high.

No Messmore figures ever get lost in travel, even if they lose their tags. "The shipping services take one quick look inside the boxes and send our displays back to us," Mr. Messmore explains. Postal authorities also know who Messmore & Damon are. They have forwarded letters addressed simply "Animal Makers, U. S. A."

Papier-mâché figures last for an average of five years before they need to be replaced, but in manufacturing them, several duplicates are made and stored. In a brief trip around the factory storerooms, a customer at Messmore & Damon can usually find just the right display for any holiday or special event. If Messmore & Damon don't have what's needed in stock, the company is more than happy to build it. "We've made monsters that did exist," Mr. Messmore says proudly, "and monsters that didn't exist."

One of his monsters that never existed was the messdamythsaurian. A beast of Messmore & Damon's invention, it was covered with the hides of 400 Mongolian goats and looked more ferocious than a mastodon.

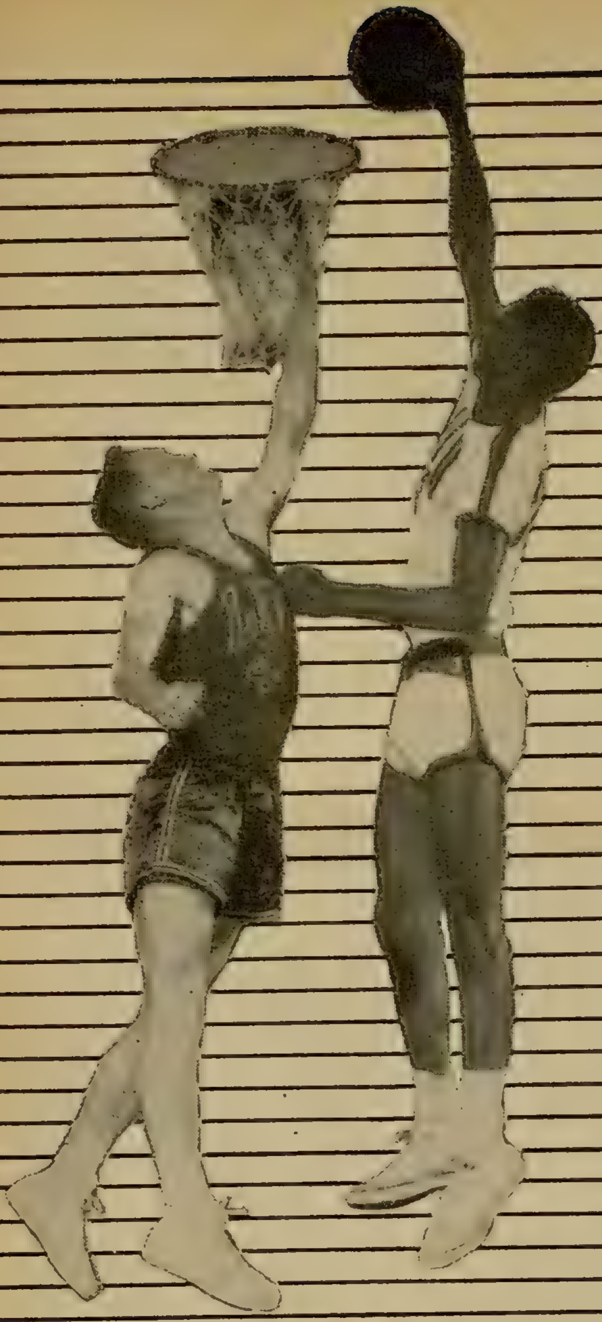
"We'll tackle anything that makes a noise or moves," Messmore guarantees with the property man's assurance.

So far, no one has asked him to make an atomic bomb. ◆ ◆

Liberty pastime

HOW TO BECOME A BASKETBALL STAR

Tall or short, fat or thin, every boy has a chance on the court. CLAIR BEE, famous coach, tells BEN GOULD why and how

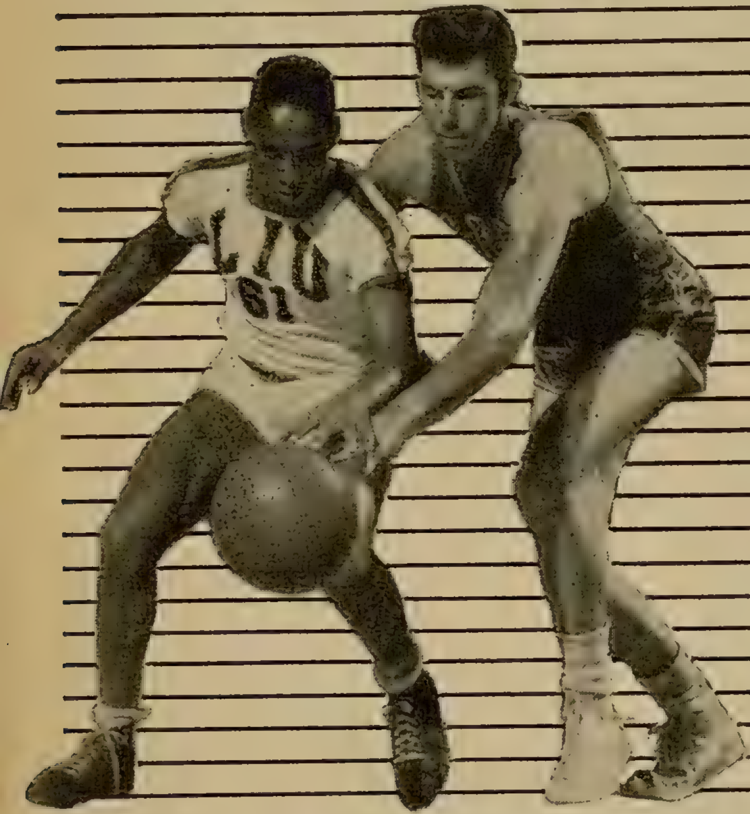


TALL

◆ Is there a teen-age boy in your home who wants to become a basketball star? Is he worried because he is skinny or small? Does he have trouble dribbling the ball? What shots should he master? Can he rebound? Does he know the difference between cutting and screening?

These and other important fundamentals of basketball which concern every beginner are answered by one of the nation's master strategists, Coach Clair Bee of Long Island University, who has turned out championship teams consistently.

Clip and save this article. If you're the "learner," study the photographs carefully. Clair Bee's advice will help a youngster master America's most popular spectator sport quicker and easier.



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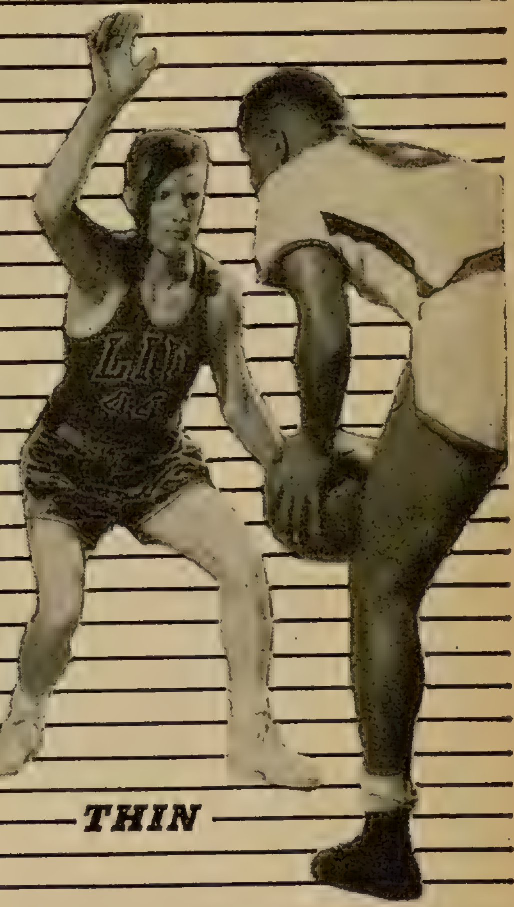
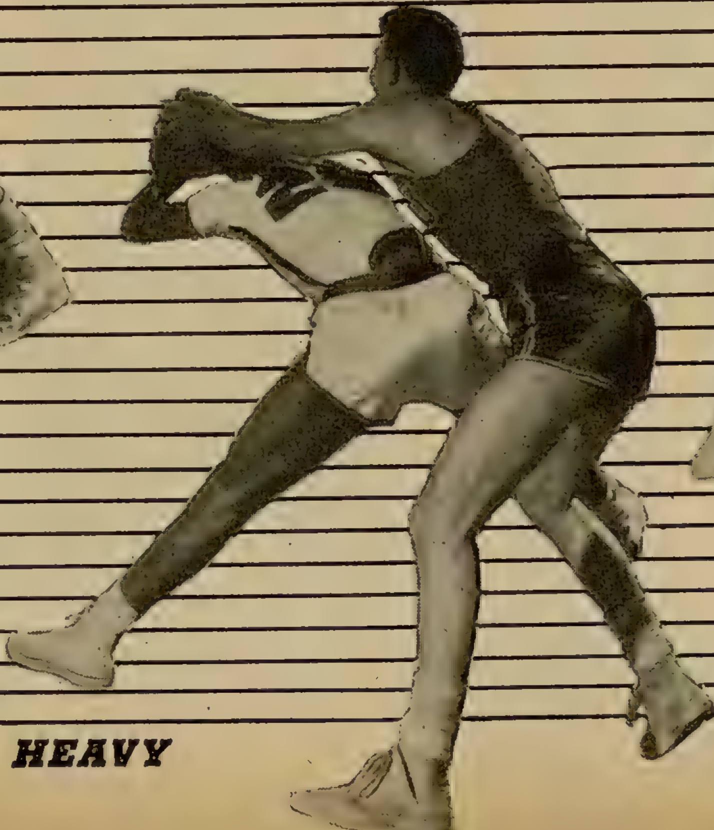


THIN



HEAVY

Photos by George Karger of Pix

THE TALL BOY: His height plus long arms help him get in close for scoring. But regardless of size, there's a spot on the court for every healthy youngster who masters the game's fundamentals.

Q.—Is basketball restricted only to the bigger boys?

A.—Emphatically no. There's a spot in the court for every healthy youngster. Once he masters the fundamentals and begins to excel in one or more of these skills, he's on his way toward stardom.

Q.—Is height the all-important asset?

A.—It never hurts to be tall, but still there are other important factors. The big boy, by getting as close to the basket as possible and making full use of his long arms and legs, can help tremendously of course.

Q.—How about the little fellow?

A.—Since he is built close to the floor, his best bet is to become a crack dribbler, back-court passer, and ball stealer. He must depend on hustle and trickery.

Q.—What if a boy is light and skinny?

A.—He's an ideal prospect. He usually possesses speed galore, contributes a good deal to the scoring attack, and can disorganize the other team's offense by constant motion.

Q.—Where does the fat boy fit in?

A.—This chap can make full use of his weight under the defensive baskets for rebounding and to wear down the opposition. In the front court, as a post for pivot, he is perfect material. But he must become an expert passer to fill this role.

Q.—Must the basketball player have unusually good eyesight?

A.—Look at George Mikan, the country's top professional scorer. He wears glasses on and off the court. All a boy needs is two average good eyes. The rest depends on mastering the skill of shooting from all angles. But this takes many hours of practice. Remember, if you can't shoot, you don't belong in a uniform.

Q.—What are basketball's fundamental skills?

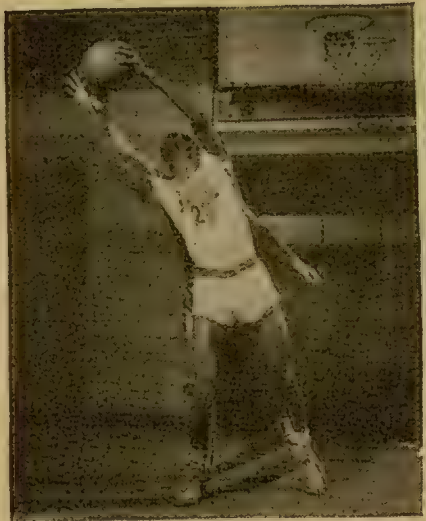
A.—You can't play the game without expert knowledge of dribbling, passing, shooting, guarding, cutting, and screening.

Q.—How does a boy go about becoming a good player?

A.—This may be answered in three ways. First there

THE SHORT BOY: Best bet for him is to become an ace at dribbling, back-court passing and ball stealing. The player on the left is going to get the ball from the big boy by hustle and trickery.

FEINT AND PIVOT SHOT: Faking and feinting shots to throw the opposition off balance depend for their success upon a complete mastery of the fundamental technique of pivoting and shooting. **(1)** Ball is passed to man in white uniform. **(2)** The feint. **(3)** The pivot starts with the back to the basket. The body must spin and turn and the shot **(4)** must be made all in one smooth, harmonizing operation. It is the player with the greatest assortment of shots who is potentially the most difficult man to stop.



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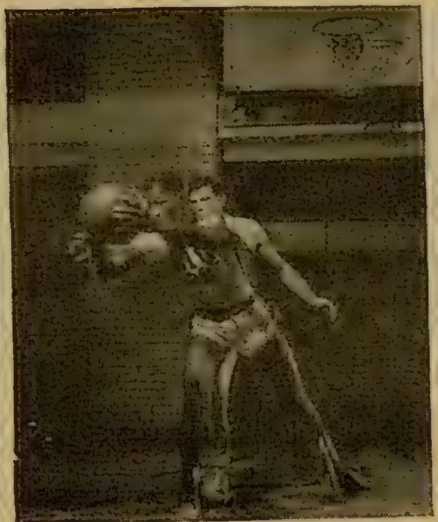

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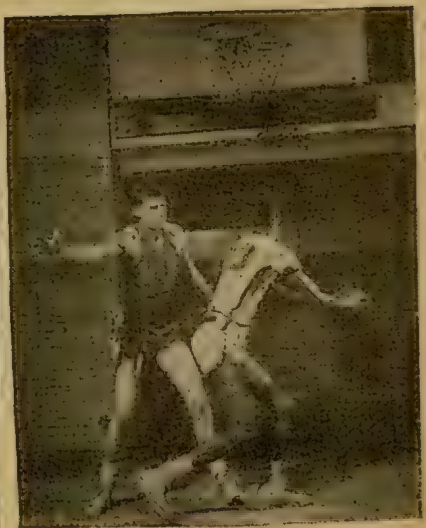

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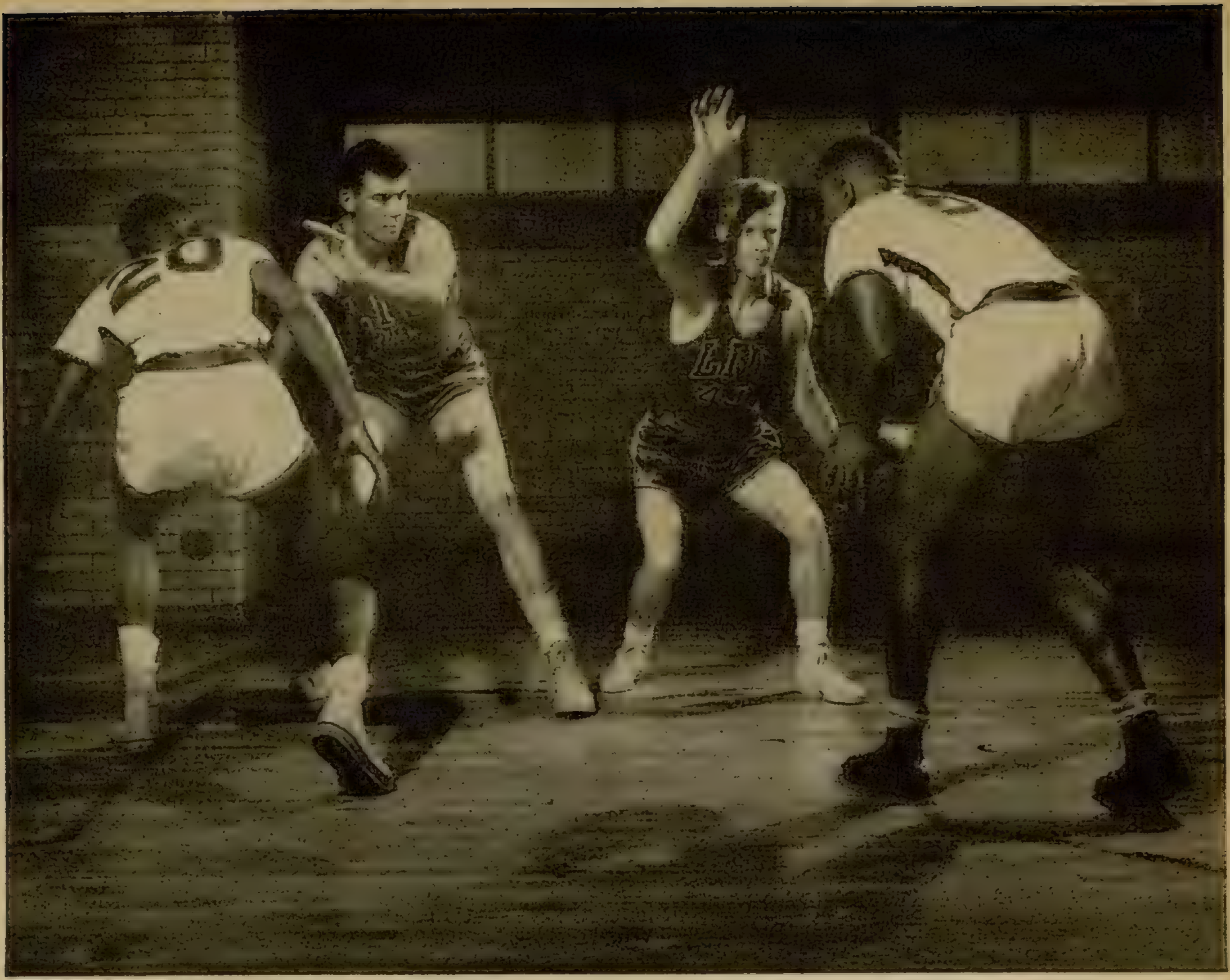
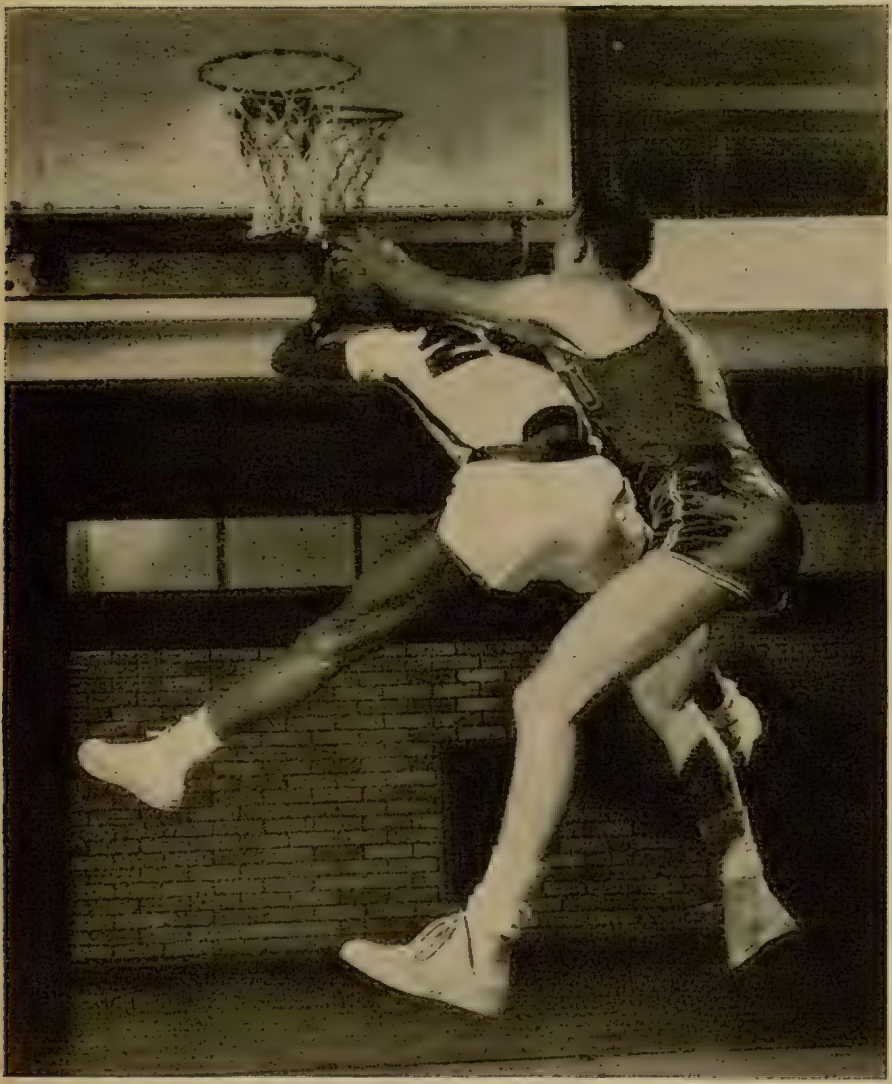


THE THIN BOY: He is an ideal prospect for basketball. He usually has speed and by constant motion he can disorganize the other side's offense. Here is an example of good and bad guarding. Player facing camera at right is guarding correctly, but his teammate (facing the camera) is not.

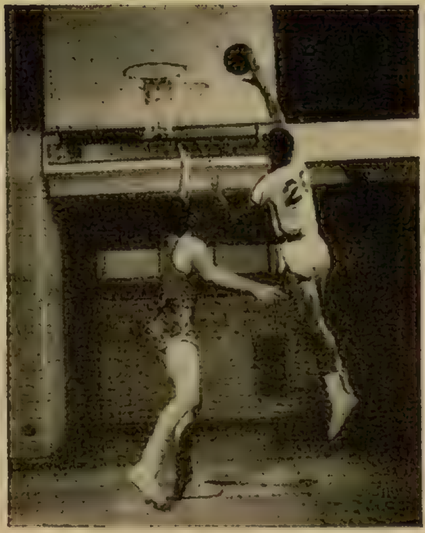
is the matter of training; the boy must get at least nine hours' sleep every night, maintain a healthy diet, and make a habit of being physically and mentally clean and alert.

Secondly, he must learn to co-ordinate his physical muscles with mental faculties. Shadow boxing, bag punching, road work, even rope skipping, all help. Bob Kurland of Olympic fame became a well co-ordinated star by jumping rope all year round. It helped his footwork immensely.

Third, and most important, is ball handling. If you can't pass, you'll spend your whole life on the bench. Expert pass work develops A-1 teamwork, which leads to field goals. And yet it is simple. Just a matter of holding the ball so that only the pads of the fingertips and thumbs touch it; never the palm. Learn to catch the ball by picking it out of the air softly, without fighting or grabbing it. Moving toward the passer is a good aid. Once the beginner knows how to pass the ball, the next step is to learn the various types, such as chest pass,



THE HEAVY BOY can use his weight at the defensive baskets for rebounding and to wear down the foe. If he is an expert passer, he can be very valuable in the front court as a post for pivot.



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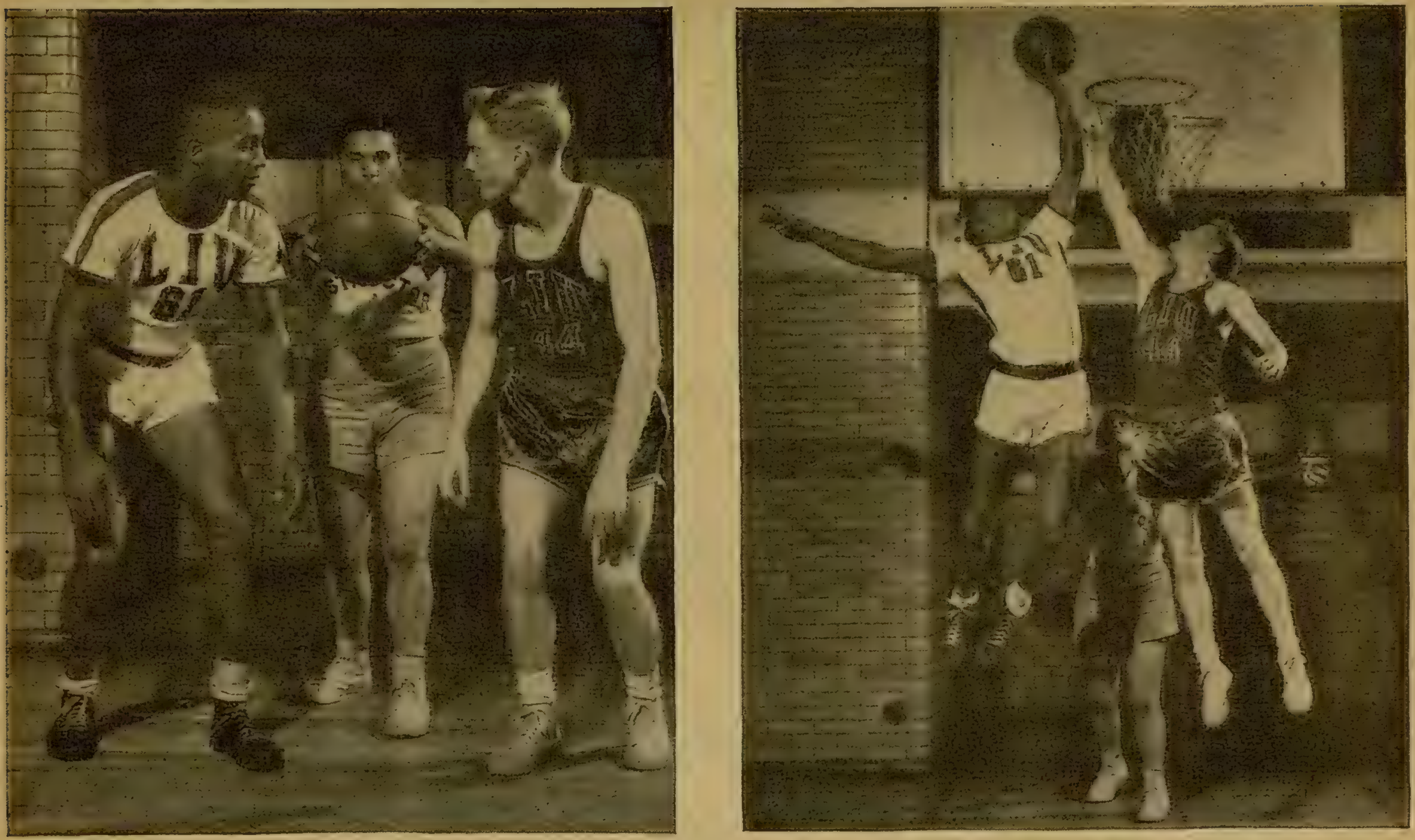


THE JUMP, with the players in correct position. Player stands sideways with outside foot pressed to the floor, knees slightly bent, and eyes on the ball. The jump should be timed so that the extended fingertips meet the ball at the limit of the jump. (Note leap of player above.) Rebounding is more complicated and the leap is up and forward at the moment the ball comes down.

the baseball (one-hand) pass, the two-hand overhead pass (especially for small players), underhand pass, and hook pass. But you've got to be accurate in your passing, just as a baseball pitcher must learn to master control.

Q.—What is the difference between jumping and rebounding?

A.—An excellent question. Jumping arises out of a held-ball situation with the player standing sideways with outside foot pressed into the floor. Knees are bent slightly, and eyes on ball all the time. The jump should be timed so that the extended fingertips meet the ball at the limit of the jump. Rebounding is more complicated, where the player, standing squarely facing the basket with feet wide apart, must legally exercise his physique, including elbows and shoulders, to get the ball coming off the boards. The leap is up and forward at the moment the ball comes down. Correct timing is absolutely necessary, else the jump for possession is a waste of time.

Q.—Where does cutting differ from screening?

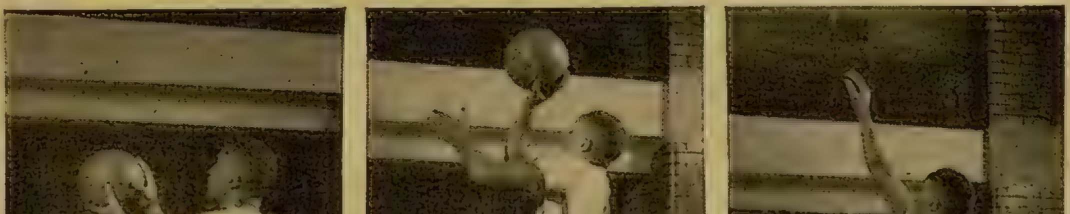
A.—Most players master cutting easily, but few get the hang of screening right away. By cutting is meant moving without the ball in order to set up a play or get away from the opponent. Screening means moving between a teammate and his guarding player or moving behind a teammate's opponent so that the teammate may shake loose for an unguarded shot at the basket.

Q.—How is this second maneuver stopped?

A.—By switching, which means that if a player on the offense gets away from his opponent, a member of the defending team picks him up so as to prevent an unguarded shot. This is one of basketball's most difficult skills.

Q.—What other secrets of defensive tactics are important?

A.—Even though basketball today is strictly an offensive game, it never hurts to know what to do about stopping baskets. It must be remembered that a defensive player cannot move backward as fast as his rival, who is going forward. Therefore the weight must be kept balanced and care must be taken never to cross the feet. In the back court, the man with the ball can be played loosely, about



ONE-HAND THROW, showing correct starting position at left. Note how player is poised and how he holds the ball. (Center) With right leg flexed, he has thrust himself up with his left. (Right) Shot uncorked and ball on way.

Puzzle # 44

five feet away, but care must be taken to watch out for feints and off-balance shifting. The guarding player must never turn his head, but must keep his eyes on the opponent all the time. Weight must be kept back for back-pedaling. Keeping the arms up helps. Watch the opponent's eyes, his hips or body, and don't look away.

Q.—How does one master the art of dribbling?

A.—It's easy for the boy who practices. Start the ball low with a long bounce. Bend body forward and low. The fingers meet the ball at the tips with slight pressure as it comes up. Try it standing still, then put the head up, eyes ahead, bouncing the ball in front in a walking pose, then running.

Q.—What types of shot should the beginner learn?

A.—Lay-up is No. 1 on the list. From the corner, the ball is shot against the boards with an underhand sweep and follow-through. In driving past the basket or cutting across it or toward it, use the overhand shot. Mastery of the one-hand shot involves practice from all over, starting from the free-throw line. The ball is carried up in front of the face and released easily from fingertips with wrist motion. Shoulders are square to the basket with eyes on front rim.

Q.—What about set shots?

A.—Still important today, despite emphasis on one-hand throws. Fingers are wide spread, completely relaxed. The ball is aimed from shoulder level, knees are flexed, weight on balls of feet. The knees lower as the ball is dropped a couple of inches with the wrists. As the knees snap back, the body springs from the floor with ball going toward the mark with a natural spin. Keep those hands on the ball as long as possible for an accuracy aid.

Once these shots are mastered, the beginner should start on pivot and post shots, made from a position which begins with the back to the basket.

These are one-hand shots, and are thrown either with the left or right hand. Co-ordination here is most important, for the body must spin and turn and the shot must be made all in one smooth, harmonizing sweep. Usually the ball comes off the boards from a side position and is made cleanly through the hoop when in front of the basket. Faking and feinting should not be attempted until the fundamental technique of pivoting and shooting is mastered. Remember that the boy with the greatest assortment of shots is potentially the toughest man on the floor to stop.

◆ A good deal has been said and written about different types of basketball such as the Eastern and Western styles; the offensive technique as compared to the defensive strategy. But regardless of which measures are employed, youngsters should remember that everyone is endowed with mental and physical abilities.

It is up to the teen-ager to search out and evaluate these abilities and to apply them as best possible to his individual play. Remember, perseverance and practice will do the trick. Go to it! ◆ ◆

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 For soothe, sirrah!
5 The lovely lilting tones sure bring home the bacon (two words)
14 Wagnerian wocal workout
15 Dame who runs around the mountains in her underwear
16 Erutsapwoc loop
17 Kind of complex the nouveau riche have
18 Mahamama
19 Van he bane cut in 2, Hilda cried: "½ —— is better than 0!"
20 He puts boys to sleep at Yale
22 It gets you tight
24 What Olde Nagges yakataed inne
26 Kinda smelly, tizznt it?
27 How soused grammarians see things
30 Our big shots caused this boom around Berlin during '44
32 Makes ittybitty lambypiesies
33 Mountains that cringe before Big Joe
35 A serious drop in the diamond business
39 Kind of dance using the boot
40 The heat's on for this bird
42 B4
43 XX
45 Wht. yrs. of the 25th is uslly. recd.
46 Person who listens with the eyes
47 Quit kidding, captain!
49 After things get ironed out, it'll be in the dough
51 It uses its legs to make you go buybuy
53 Kan's alter ego
54 Great-grammaw sure got a shoving around in this
57 Bald-headed American flyer
60 Boyish imprecation
61 Ye goode tymes ye dyscontented looke backe onne whimsickly
63 Its downfall is imminent in England
64 Anna, ex-movie queen
65 Chinese clinker
66 Indoor jockey
67 Sort of mentality that pulls a junk wagon for 30 years, then winds up in a glue factory (two words)
68 Scotch sherbet

VERTICAL

1 Causes of all the squawking about Scotland
2 Seedy overcoat
3 La Lee of La Cinema
4 Counts
5 He's within an ace of becoming a man
6 Open the trap and eject yakata gas
7 One of the unpopular 1900 Debs (nickname)
8 William the Conqueror's burial place
9 Fideles
10 Less stable upstairs
11 Eleanor in another dress
12 Sunday's entrée; Monday's re-entrée
13 Society for the Prevention of Fierce Stepchildren (abbr.)
21 You're enjoined to pro nobis
23 Kind of beaver
25 Pass over
28 Just plain folksy
29 End the tie-up
30 He got his raise in the end
31 Doctors owe everything to them
34 What Looey Cans and Sez were
36 Swamp clarinet
37 What Junior is at 2 A.M.
38 You've got to have a good one to get a maid
40 Work the angles
41 Ynop pu
44 Arcs equal to radii
46 They've become soft-headed from uttering mushy things
48 Shares the wealth
50 Number of wives Aga Khan handle at a time
51 An If at First You Don't Succeed
52 Kind of nonsense you hear about zoos
53 Men, beware these dangerous crossings if females lurk behind
54 Hard thing—rarely on hand when needed
55 She made the loveliest lamp shades!
56 Who did this pig shod t'ink he vass——Hitler?
58 What men are in business for besides their health
59 She was limned to fame by old Leonardo
62 Nobody Nuzzles Elephants! (abbr.)

O	S	T	E	O	P	A	T	H	■	■	S	T	E	P
D	A	R	N	■	A	C	R	I	D	■	T	O	G	O
O	V	A	L	■	T	H	E	M	E	S	O	N	G	S
R	E	P	A	R	T	E	E	■	S	O	R	E	S	T
■	■	■	R	O	O	D	■	A	T	O	M	■	■	M
O	R	I	G	I	N	■	S	U	I	T	■	B	A	A
C	A	M	E	L	■	C	O	R	N	Y	■	O	L	S
T	S	A	R	■	B	E	L	A	Y	■	Q	U	I	T
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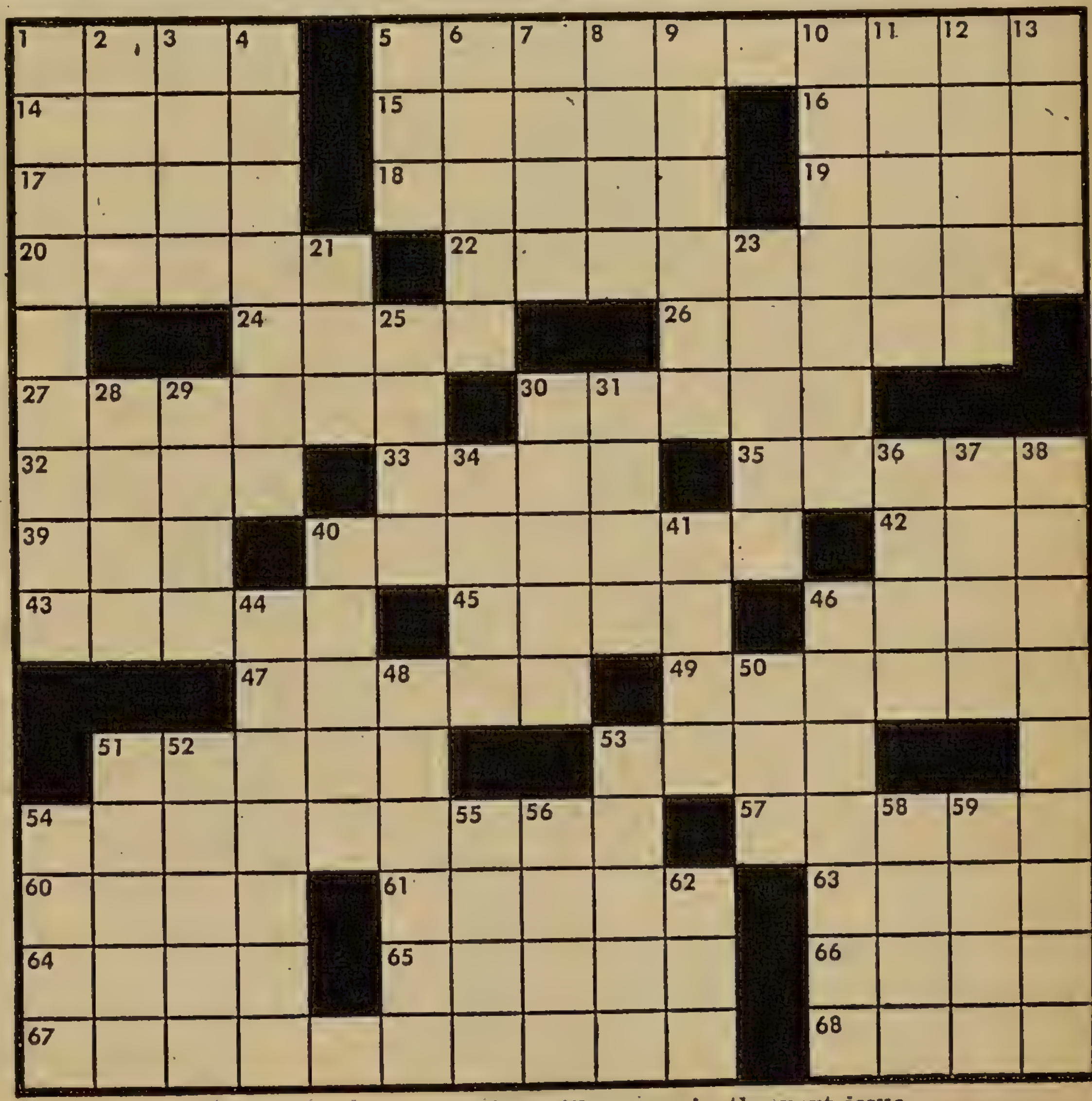
October Answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

Liberty's MOVIE REVIEWS

By Beverly Hills

John Wayne as Sergeant Stryker, and his men—James Brown (left) and John Agar—are in a tough spot with the enemy pouring it on.

SANDS OF IWO JIMA (Republic Pictures) is the first picture about the Marine Corps to be made since World War II. It had the enthusiastic co-operation of the Marines at Camp Pendleton Marine Base, where the movie was made. The story concerns a veteran Marine sergeant (John Wayne) and a squad of 12 recruits. This group goes through many of the major engagements of the South Pacific, including Tarawa and Iwo Jima, and, as you would expect, there is plenty of tense excitement. Among the cast are John Agar, Forrest Tucker, Arthur Franz, and Wally Cassell. Several top Marines play themselves, including the three survivors of the six who raised the American flag at Mount Suribachi in 1945. They are Ira Hayes, now an Arizona farmer; John Bradley, a mortician in Wisconsin; and René Gagnon, a New Hampshire millworker.

BOY FORESTERS

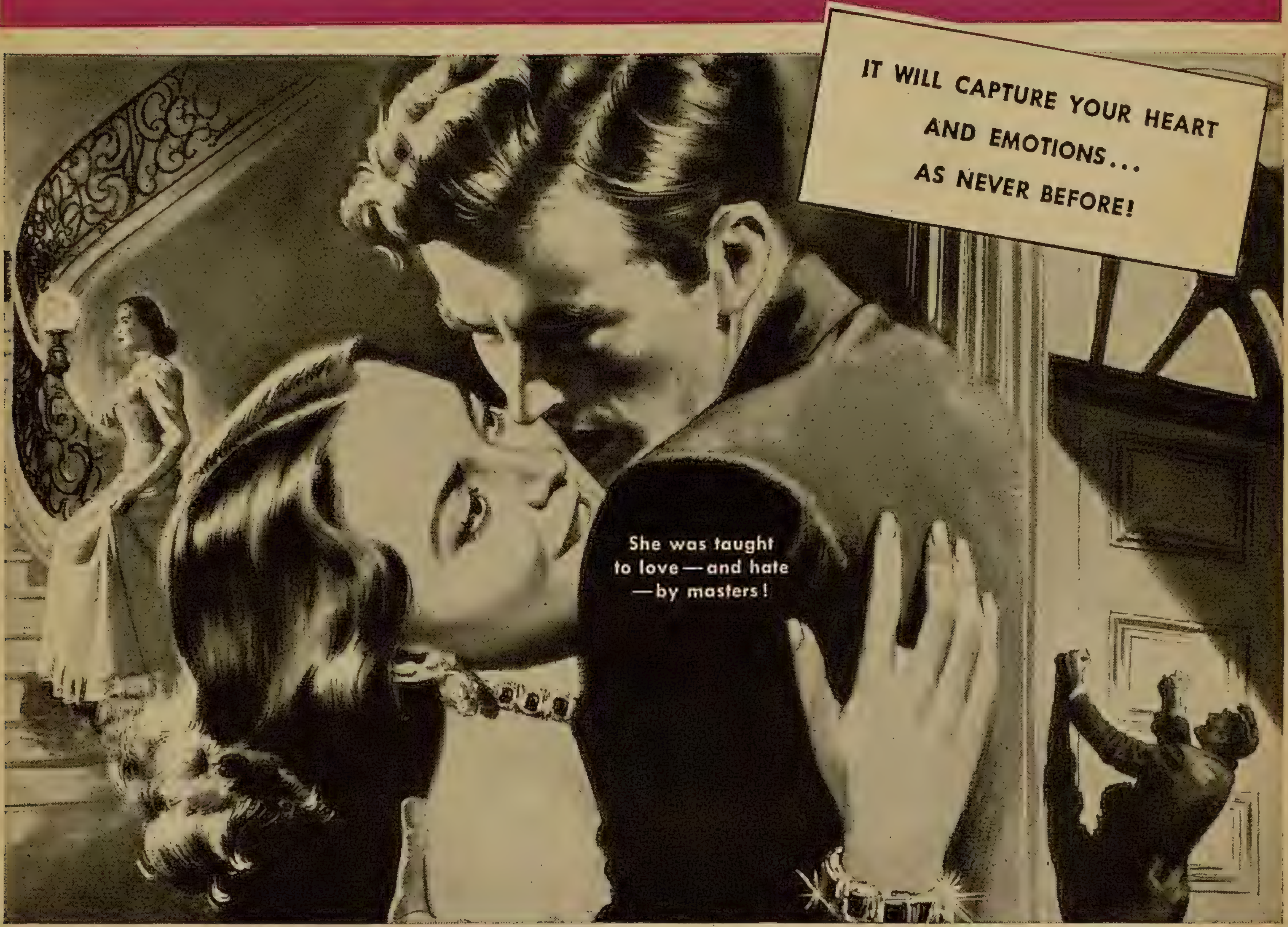
Bob Hope has his hands full as director of a troop of Boy Foresters. Complications result when Bob falls for a beautiful duchess.

THE GREAT LOVER (Paramount) marks Bob Hope's twenty-sixth starring role since he came to Hollywood in 1938. The comedy is not up to the high standard of The Paleface and Sorrowful Jones, but the yucks are fairly numerous, and there's always Hope, squeezing the best out of every sequence. The story deals with the trials and tribulations which beset Bob when he escorts a patrol of seven enthusiastic Boy Foresters returning to America after a bicycle tour of Europe. The action takes place aboard the S.S. Versailles. After touring two months on a bicycle seat which did not include seeing any of the delights of Paris because of his zealous Boy Foresters, Bob falls an easy victim to the charms of a fortune-seeking duchess (Rhonda Fleming), her poker-playing father (Roland Culver), and a gambler with a yen to choke people (Roland Young).

Claudette Colbert, playing a former WAC on the prowl for a well-heeled husband, finally settles for Robert Young, an archaeologist.

BRIDE FOR SALE (RKO release) is a romp for stars Claudette Colbert, Robert Young, and George Brent—three professionals who know their comedy timing as well as Einstein knows his math. When Claudette goes to work for income-tax consultant Brent, she has but one idea in mind, to wit, to find herself a husband in the top tax bracket. Brent is horrified when he finds her snooping in his private files, and is even more so when she tells him why. Wishing to prove to her that love is more than an income-tax return, he sets out to frame her with Young, a rich bachelor pal. Comedy goes into high. Helping with the laughs are a wrestler (Max Baer) and a sailor (Gus Schilling). There's a free-for-all in New York's fish market—where Claudette gets slapped with a dead flounder and proves her knowledge of judo. The film offers lots of good entertainment.

GREATNESS in a Motion Picture!


IT WILL CAPTURE YOUR HEART AND EMOTIONS... AS NEVER BEFORE!
She was taught to love—and hate—by masters!

Paramount presents

Olivia de Havilland · Montgomery Clift
Ralph Richardson

in

WILLIAM WYLER'S

"The Heiress"

with

MIRIAM HOPKINS

MONA FREEMAN · VANESSA BROWN · SELENA ROYLE

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER · Screenplay by Ruth and Augustus Goetz
Based upon their stage-play

Kip Cooper (Milton Berle) is in there fighting with everything he's got to punch his way to the top of show business. Kip will do anything for a laugh, even if it involves mugging under water with a fish.

Bert Lahr plays Eddie Eagan, one of the all-time greats of musical comedy. As you can see, Bert does it all with his usual flair. Virginia Mayo lends beauty and curves to the act.

Berle narrowly missed being counted out of the cast during the dinner sequences such as this one, when he had to eat 14 hamburgers, a pound of meat loaf, and bread soaked in gravy.

LIBERTY'S PICK OF THE PICTURES

ALWAYS LEAVE THEM LAUGHING

A funny film that brings Milton Berle back to the movies, and this time in company with Bert Lahr, Virginia Mayo, and Ruth Roman

By ELIZABETH WILSON

LIBERTY SEAL OF FAMILY APPROVAL

◆ Warner Brothers brings Milton Berle back to the screen as a full-fledged star in Always Leave Them Laughing. Now the folks without television sets can see what all the shouting is about. The script provides Berle with ample opportunity to display his talents as a comedian. He sings, he dances, he does night-club skits and old vaudeville routines. He plays a comic-opera buffoon and a borscht-circuit entertainer. He gets caught with his trousers down and catches a face full of catchup in a night club. He mugs in a tankful of water with a fish. It's no wonder that Warners has named him "Public Energy No. 1," for he doesn't spare himself in using every gag in the book. The story is slight enough, but then it doesn't need much of a thread to tie it all up in a parcel of laughs. Briefly, it concerns the rise to fortune of a corny comedian who has a habit of stealing other funny men's material. Ruth Roman is as competent in Always Leave Them Laughing as she was in The Window and in The Champion. She displays hitherto hidden talents for dancing and singing and reveals as handsome a pair of legs as can be seen in the movies today. She executes faultlessly the soft-shoe routine with Berle, who has been dancing since he could walk. She plays the girl friend who tries to reform the unregenerate Berle. Virginia Mayo (The Girl from Jones Beach) plays "the other woman." In that role she is the wife of Bert Lahr. Lahr is cast as a great comedian to whose place Berle aspires. Miss Mayo as the unprincipled Nancy Eagan sees her husband slipping as an entertainer and begins playing up to Berle. Alan Hale is excellently cast as an old-time vaudevillian. Among the others in the cast are Julius Tannen, who was a vaudeville star and wowed audiences for 50 years as The Chatterbox; Grace Hayes, mother of Peter Lind Hayes; and Jerome Cowan. Roy Del Ruth directed the picture and Jerry Wald was the producer. Berle may be a household name to TV viewers, but in case you have forgotten—he's been in the movies before. He was in Sun Valley Serenade, Radio City Revels, Tall, Dark and Handsome, and Margin for Error, among others. Television may be tough on comedians but it can't hold a candle to what happened to Berle during the shooting of Always Leave Them Laughing. Among other things he caught cold from being in that water tank, and he got so much catchup in his hair in one scene that at dinner afterward he was for once too stunned to speak when offered catchup for his steak.

Ruth Roman (standing next to Berle) has had enough of playing in variety shows at Asbury Park and decides to return to the big town. The troupe helps her wait for the milk train.

Miss Roman displays hitherto hidden talents for dancing and singing. In this sequence Berle has persuaded her to quit the grind of business school and go hoofing on the variety stage.

FUN ALONE

The country's most popular card game is solitaire. Here are several kinds that will help you pass many a pleasant hour

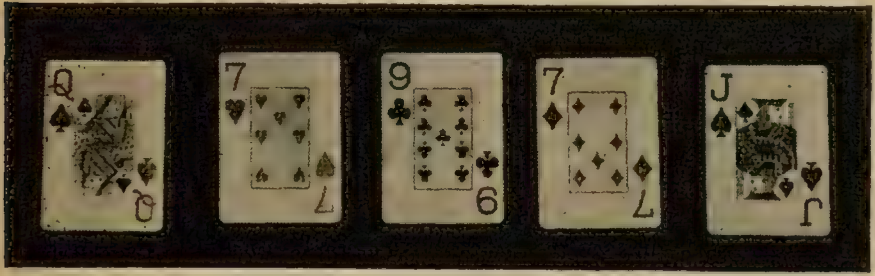
By ALBERT A. OSTROW

◆ Here's a little quiz for you: Edmond Hoyle, the famous English card authority, wrote rules for solitaire as well as for poker and pinochle. Right or wrong? Wrong. The last-named games originated years after Hoyle's death in 1769, and if solitaire or patience games were played in his day, he neglected to mention it.

The Hoyle Bureau, information service for the five card companies that comprise the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers, receives thousands of importunate requests yearly for card rulings. A man wants to know what to do about a player with big hands who insists upon keeping them over his cards in stud poker. An army sergeant begs for a ruling that won't weaken his authority over a stockade prisoner with whom he has been playing pinochle. But the smallest volume of mail comes from the solitaire players. Despite the fact they represent a huge segment of the 83 per cent of Americans who play cards, they seem to get involved in the fewest disputes. Solitaire fans may occasionally argue with kibitzers, but never, it seems, with themselves.

A psychiatrist states that playing solitaire is one of the severest tests of self-discipline but a wonderful release from everyday tensions. It occupies your hands as well as your mind. And it has done many insomniacs more good than any amount of sheep-counting or pill-taking.

Most people get to learn two or three popular solitaires. But your true *aficionado* seeks variety. His regular repertory sooner or later is likely to include the following five: Royal Marriage, Corners, the Clock, Flower Garden, and Nines. Try them yourself with the standard deck. You're sure to like them.



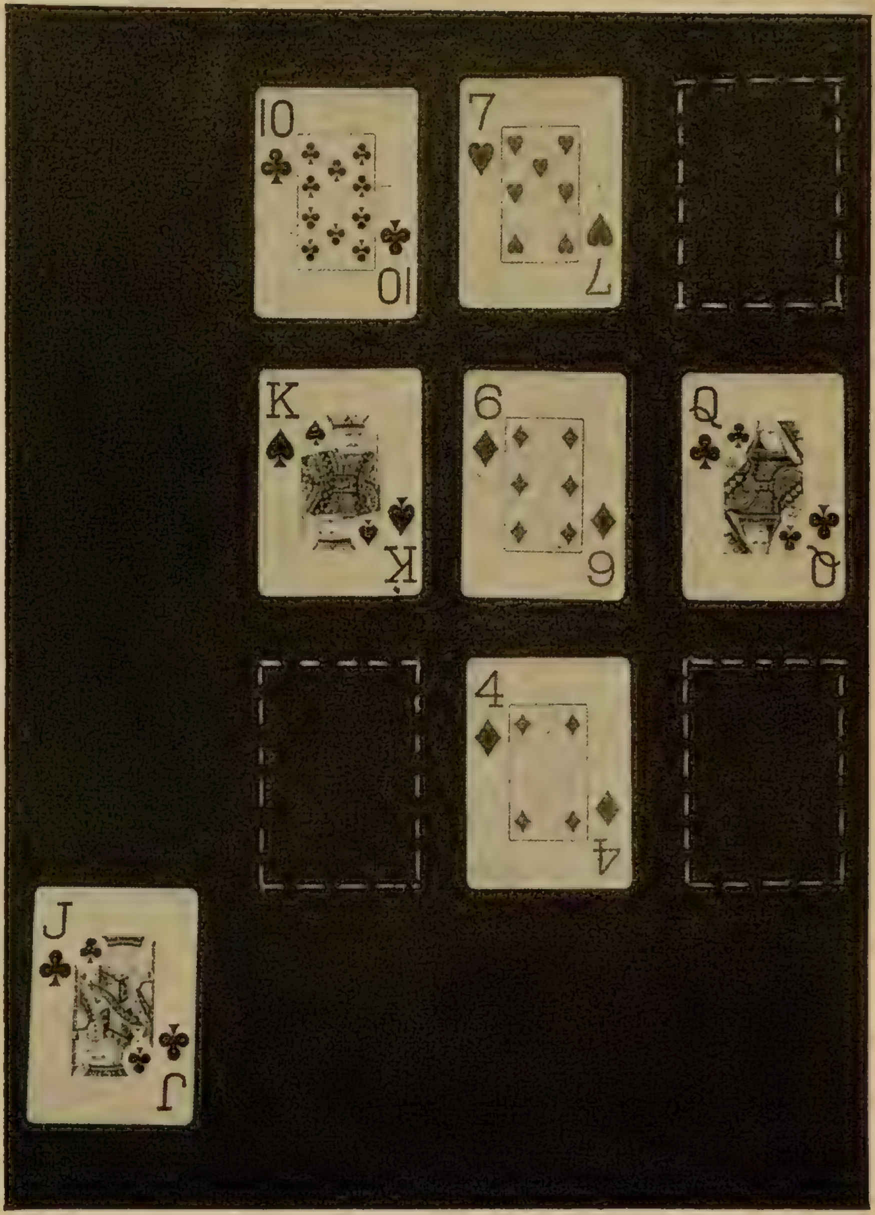
ROYAL MARRIAGE: Remove the king and queen of spades from a deck. Place the queen face up on the table to the left (as in the illustration). Place the king on the bottom of the deck.

Now start to deal cards from the deck one at a time, face up and in a row, to the right of the queen of spades.

Whenever there are two cards of the same suit or rank showing on the table and they are separated by one or two cards, remove the intervening cards and throw them into a discard pile. Close up the spaces by moving the remaining cards toward the queen.

Keep turning up cards from the deck, putting them in a line to the right, and play as described until no further discards are possible or until you have just the queen and king of spades remaining on the table. That is the winning situation.

Look at the illustration. You can discard the 9 of clubs because it is between two cards of the same rank (7s). After that you can throw out both 7s because they are between two cards of the same suit (queen and jack of spades).



CORNERS: Deal the top card of the deck face up to form the upper left-hand corner of your layout. This is a foundation card. Now deal five more cards in the form of a cross. This leaves three more corner spaces to be filled by the other cards of the same rank as your foundation card. (See illustration.)

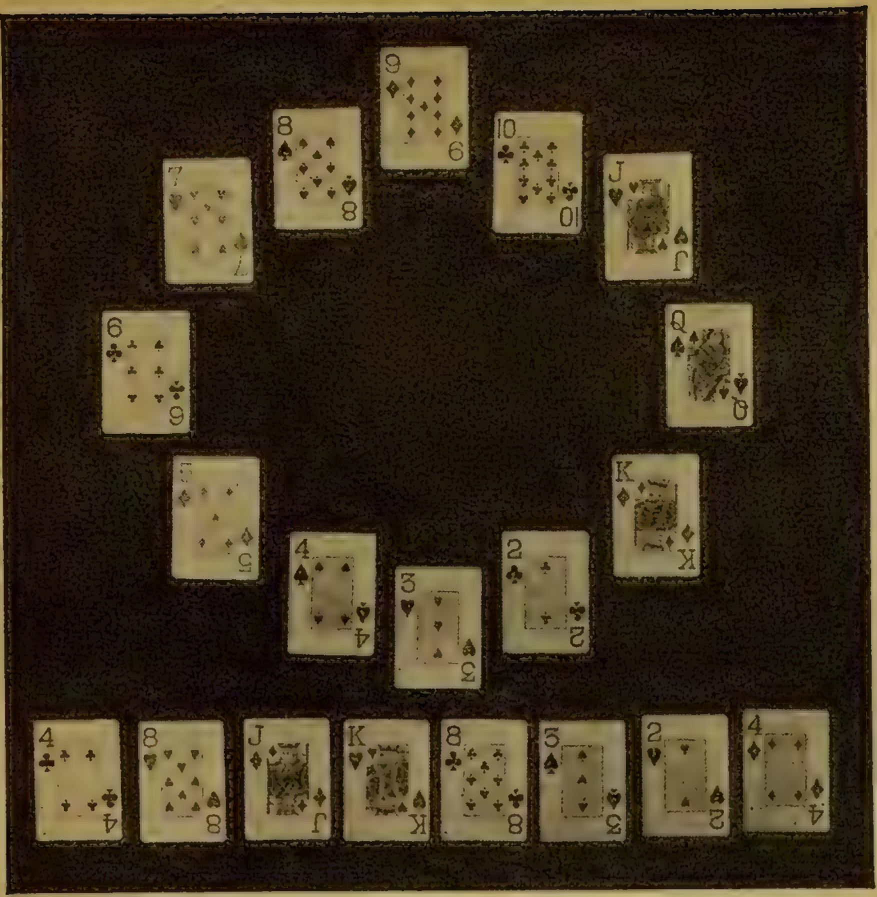
To play, turn cards from the hand one by one, face up, into a discard pile. Whenever you turn up a card that is playable on any visible layout card in descending sequence, you may play it there. Suits don't matter. To release a card previously buried in a layout pile, you can move a card from one layout pile to another if it is playable there. But only the top card.

The foundation piles (four corners) are built *up* in continuous ascending sequence and only in the same suit as the foundation card. You may play top cards from the layout or cards turned from your hand onto the foundation piles.

The idea of the game is to see whether you can get all 52 cards into the foundation piles. You may run through the hand once.

Sissy rules permit you to go through twice or even three times.

Look at the illustration. The 6 of diamonds may be played on the 7 of hearts. The queen of clubs can go on the king of spades. The jack of clubs, turned from the hand, goes on the ten of clubs in a foundation pile.



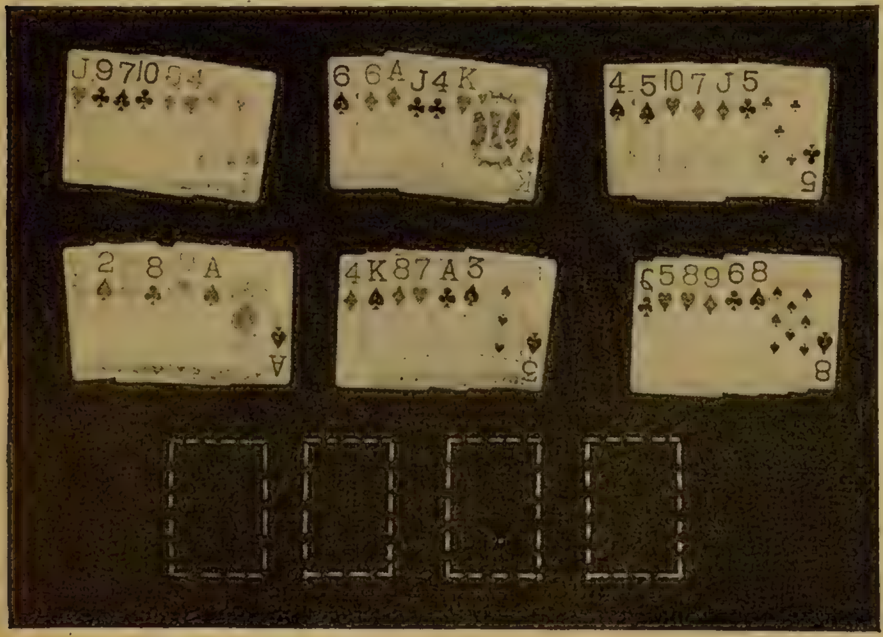
THE CLOCK: Take 12 cards out of the deck, from the 2 in sequence up through the king. The 2 may be of any suit, but thereafter the others must rotate in suits so that you will finally have three cards in each suit. These are laid out circularly as shown in the illustration and are the foundation cards.

The remainder of the deck is dealt into eight face-up piles, each of the piles containing five cards. This is the layout.

You may play the top card of any of the eight piles upon the top card of any other pile in descending sequence, regardless of suit. Or you may play any top card upon a card in the foundations, building up in continuous sequence and in the same suit. When you play the top card of a layout pile, the card underneath becomes available for play.

Your aim is to get all the cards from the layout into the foundations. If you succeed, the foundations will correspond exactly to the face of a clock, counting the jack as 11 o'clock and queen as 12.

Look at the illustration. The 8 of hearts can be played on the 7 of hearts in the foundation. The 3 of spades on the 4 of diamonds or 4 of clubs in the layout. The 2 of hearts goes on the 3 of spades in layout.



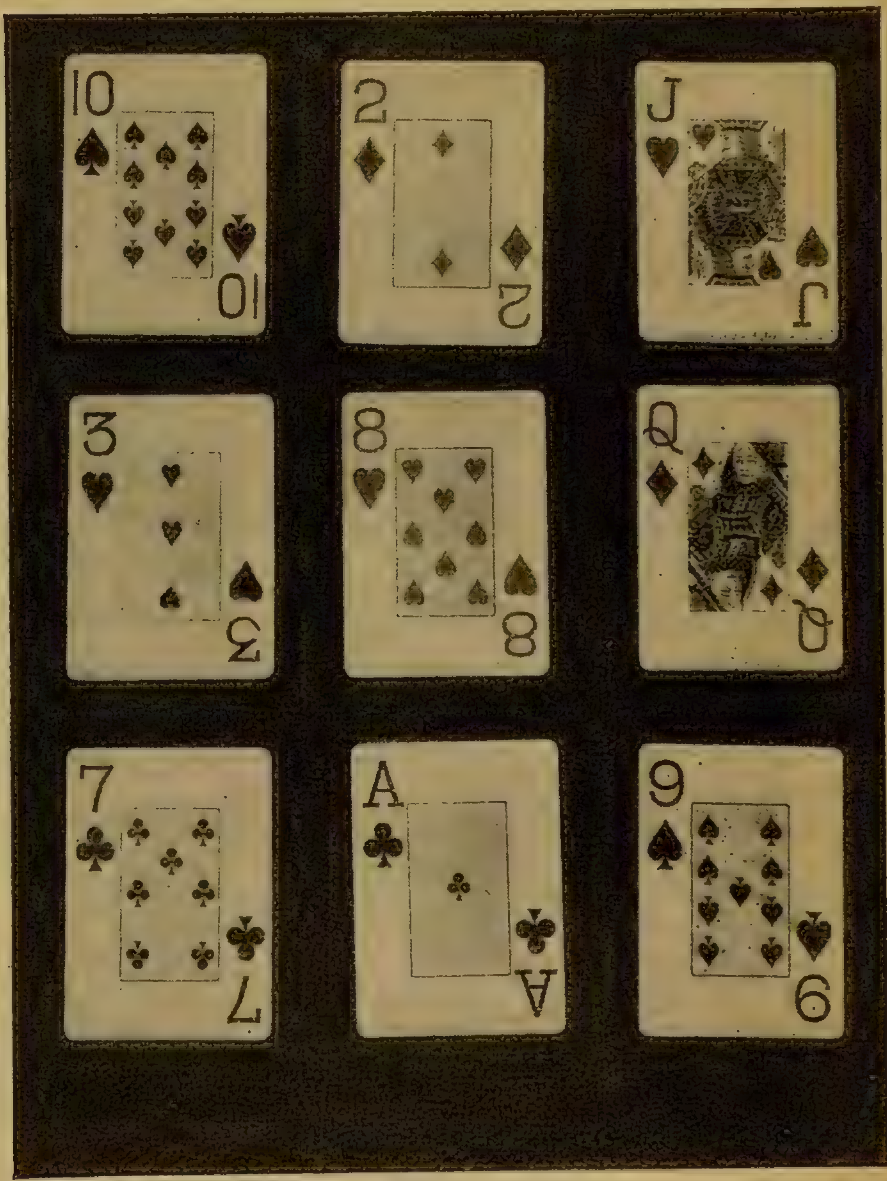
FLOWER GARDEN: Deal out six groups of six cards each as shown in the illustration. The cards in each of these flower beds overlap to the right.

Hold the remainder of the deck—16 cards—in your hand or place them face up on the table. According to the rules of this game, only the right-end card of any flower bed is available. That is, it may be played or be played on. You may play it on some other right-end flower-bed card in descending sequence, regardless of suit. You may play any card from the hand on any of the right-end flower-bed cards also in descending sequence.

Any ace available in a flower bed or appearing in the hand is placed aside to start a foundation pile. You may play an eligible hand card or available flower-bed card into a foundation pile, building in ascending sequence and in the same suit.

The idea is to try to get all the cards into the foundation piles.

Look at the illustration. The ace of spades is moved down to start a foundation pile. That leaves the 9 of hearts available, and you can play the 8 of spades on it. The 3 of spades may be played on the 4 of hearts. That uncovers the ace of clubs, which you move down to start another foundation pile, etc. The cards of the hand are not shown, but they get into the play too.



NINES: Deal out nine cards face up into a square, three by three. This is the layout. Hold the rest of the deck in your hand.

Any two cards in the layout, regardless of suit, whose total is 9 are covered by cards dealt face up from the deck. Any single 9 is covered by a dealt card. If a 10, jack, queen, and king show, all four are covered by cards dealt from the deck.

If you manage to deal out all the cards from the deck, according to the rules the game is half over. To complete it you must now pick up and discard cards from the layout according to the same rules. That is, any 9, any two cards that total 9, or any 10, jack, queen, and king together. Accomplish this part of the game successfully and you win.

Look at the illustration. You cover the 8 of hearts and ace of clubs, the 7 of clubs and 2 of diamonds, and the 9 of spades.

◆ ◆

WASHINGTON

By STACY V. JONES

SELLING UNCLE SAM If you're a small business man and want to deal with the government, the place to start is the nearest field office of the Department of Commerce. Each of these (there are 42 in principal cities) has a loose-leaf Government Procurement Manual, listing the federal purchasing offices and the items which each normally buys. You can ask the agencies that are likely to want your products to put you on their bid-lists.

Buying for the civilian agencies is centered in the new General Services Administration, which absorbed the Treasury's Bureau of Federal Supply and the War Assets Administration and has a dozen regional offices. General Services buys items used by all agencies in common (typewriters and pencils, for example) and some special items. Its mailing-list application form tabulates hundreds of things, from tear-gas fountain pens to motor scooters. But there are 20 government departments and agencies with a total of 65 divisions, all of which do some purchasing.

Military procurement is handled by the Army, Navy, and Air Force from offices in Washington and throughout the country.

The Commerce Department field office may refer you to a near-by procurement office of one of the agencies or armed services, or suggest you contact them by mail.

If you're looking for subcontracts, ask Commerce for lists of prime contracts in your line. If the field office doesn't have them, it probably can indicate a source.

Generally, government officials say it's unnecessary to come to Washington. "The information is available in your back yard," as one puts it.

If you do come, call on the Small Business Division, Commerce Department, Room 1450, Temporary T, Fourteenth Street and Constitution Avenue (STerling 9200, extension 3011); Chief, Purchase and Stores Branch, General Services Administration, Room 7132, Seventh and D Streets Southwest (District 5700, extension 615); or the Central Military Procurement Information Office, Room 3D760, Pentagon Building (REpublic 6700, extension 75321). On request, that office will mail you procurement guides for the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

Congress professes almost as much affection for the small business man as for the farmer these days. Recent laws recite that "It is the declared policy of the Congress that a fair proportion of the total purchases and contracts for supplies and services for the government shall be placed with small business concerns." This leaves to the agencies the job of deciding what a fair proportion is and how to see that the little fellow gets it. The usual definition of a small business is one with fewer than 500 employees, but the Commerce Department uses 100. Out of 241,000 manufacturers in the country, 216,000 are small.

The government also wants to smoke out the 5-per-centers. New forms require the revelation of any contingent fees which a bidder has promised to pay.

KINGS POINT That nephew of yours with a taste for the sea might qualify for the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy and a four-year course leading to a commission. Entrance is by Civil Service examination, subject to state quotas based on population, but not subject to Congressional appointment. About 400 enter each year. Quarters and subsistence are furnished, and the pay is $65 a month or more.

The first year is spent either at the academy, Kings Point, Long Island, or at the U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet School, Pass Christian, Mississippi. Cadets put in most of the second year at sea, aboard merchant or training ships, continuing their studies meanwhile, and spend the last two years at Kings Point. The men are graduated as deck or engineer officers and are made ensigns in the U. S. Naval Reserve and the U. S. Maritime Service.

Candidates must be citizens, unmarried, and not yet 21 (unless they're veterans). They must also pass the physical examination for midshipman USNR. Secondary-school credits of 15 units are required, including one in algebra and one in plane geometry. The examinations are held in April and November in various cities. For application forms and a catalogue write the Supervisor, U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps, U. S. Maritime Commission, Washington 25, D. C.

BIG ZOO The best way you can use the National Zoological Park is of course to visit its 3,000 animals and 175 acres in Washington. By mail, however, Dr. William M. Mann, its veteran director, will try to answer animal questions. His associates regard him as a walking encyclopedia on zoology. Dr. Mann suggests you first ask a local zoo in your area.

The information most commonly asked for is the gestation period of the elephant. This is from 19 to 21 months, with the possibility of a month's leeway on either side. Most inquirers think it's five years or more. Other queries are what to feed terrapins or young rabbits, and what to do with a baby squirrel that has fallen out of its nest.

The zoo residents range in size from elephants to shrews. Dr. Mann always has a black widow spider on display, because of popular curiosity, and usually a tarantula. He is glad to receive almost any kind of wild animals in good condition, but has enough lame canaries. And he doesn't want to buy any barn owls. These are very common birds, but also very retiring. A farmer may have played host to one for years without seeing it, and when he does run across it, decides it's a rarity. The zoo's address is Washington 9, D. C.

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPERS You may be familiar with the Congressional Record, which prints the oratory, wit, and humor of Capitol Hill, but few Americans know the other government daily, the Federal Register. It publishes the Presidential proclamations and orders, and the voluminous rules, regulations, directives, and notices issued by the executive departments.

The Register has a circulation of 7,000 among federal officials, and 5,000 (paid) among large corporations, law firms, libraries, and a few brave individuals. Although the man in the street never reads it, he's presumed to know its contents. The Supreme Court ruled in the case of an Idaho farmer that its publication of crop insurance regulations legally put him on notice.

Compared to the Record, which gives vent to Congressional emotion and sentiment, the Register is on the deadly grim side. Neither customarily prints pictures, but in 1945 the Register did reproduce a dozen drawings of beer bottles to illustrate a WPB order. Another time, as part of an order on welding, it published what looked like the unlighted inside of a boiler.

Each Senator and Representative has five Register subscriptions at his disposal. For the more popular Record (circulation 42,000), each Senator can give away 100 subscriptions, and each Representative 68. They usually go to libraries, churches, colleges, clubs, and the like. If you can't get a free ride, you can subscribe through the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C., at $1.50 a month or $15 a year for the Federal Register, and at $1.50 a month straight for the Congressional Record. ◆ ◆

RUBIES—Three Dollars a Carat

Continued from page 24

be a deep blue sapphire. Chromium oxide will impart the rich pigeon-blood red that characterizes the rarest of magnificent Burma rubies.

The average-sized boule weighs 300 carats and measures two inches in length and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Linde markets these rough stones to gem cutters who slit, rough, shape, cut, and polish them into finished gems. The cutters, in turn, resell to manufacturers who fabricate mountings.

Biggest outlet for synthetics is the ring stone, and a brisk seasonal trade exists in school and college class rings. You can purchase a synthetic ornament at the widest price range, from five to $500. The stone itself will stand you from one to three dollars a carat; whatever else you pay depends upon the quality and workmanship of the setting. Among industrial users, watchmakers are by far the largest consumers of synthetic gems.

In September of 1947, Linde Air Products announced the amazing news of the synthetizing of stones more precious than their ordinary rubies and sapphires. What had started out as a laboratory accident developed into a process by which synthetic *star* rubies and sapphires are being made. These super-rare gems can now be turned out to your order, though by no means is Linde producing them on a mass basis. Another product, described as a diamond substitute, not a diamond imitation, has just been marketed by Linde. Called Titania, it has several times the "fire" possessed by natural diamonds, although it is not so hard.

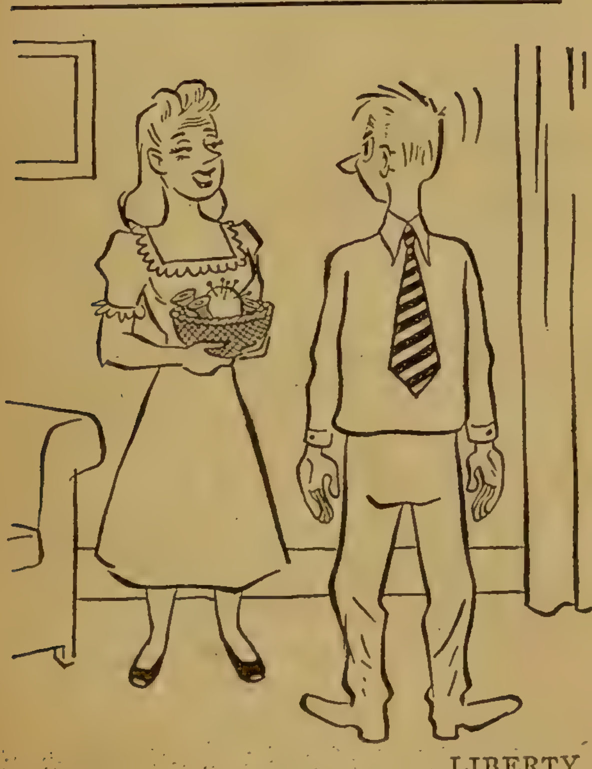
In this atomic age, science appears to be able to discover whatever it seeks. It follows that it will one day find a way to dissolve carbon and generate the volcanic heat and pressure that will crystallize a good-sized diamond. When that day comes, say synthetizing enthusiasts, the fabulous 44-carat blue Hope diamond—the late Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean once rejected a cool million for it—might be duplicated for about $100. ◆ ◆

5,000-MILE GUIDED MISSILES

Continued from page 15

the neat row of noncom quarters smack on the beautiful white sand beach, and shakes his head admiringly: "This is the first decent post I've had since I enlisted. My missus and the kids are having the time of their lives down here."

But these are only minor factors. Above all, Cape Canaveral meets the harsh, insistent demand for a flight-test range with unlimited scope, and permanent, strategically-positioned observation points, to insure America's post-rail position in the race between East and West for weapon supremacy. After all, only two economies in the world can afford full-scale research and development of long-range guided missiles—the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A.



LIBERTY

"Why are you dissatisfied, dear? You asked me to turn the collar, didn't you?"

Actually, the proving ground involves very little ground. The government is buying 12,000 acres for what it calls the "safety and security zone" on the cape. Locations have been chosen for the five land observation posts in the Bahamas, a relay communication tower about 40 miles south of Canaveral, and a main communication tower and operations station close to Palm Beach.

The British, fully aware of their stake in U. S. preparedness, are co-operating wholeheartedly in setting up the proving ground. At Government House meetings in Nassau, Sir William Lindsay Murphy, Governor General of the Bahamas, and the British Foreign Office agreed to give the U. S. State Department all the necessary rights to construct observation posts, and spin the first strand in the special communications net northward to Florida.

Although present plans for observation cover only the first 500 miles of the missiles' course, Secretary Johnson himself says the flight tests at Cape Canaveral "can be extended to a distance of 5,000 miles." Pentagon experts beam at queries about the ultimate range—"All we have to do is swing the flight path a bit northward and we've got a green light for about 5,000 miles of ocean." They point out that the present flight path, if extended much beyond its present length, would send missiles over South America—a thought that gives even the coolest Pentagon head the willies.

At Cape Canaveral, the missileers promise every precaution to avoid accident to property or person. The

WOO-O-O
WOO-OO-O

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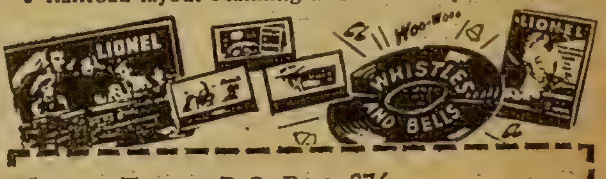

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Can You Put These Words Under One Hat?

By GERARD MOSLER

◆ By adding *one* new word to the left side of each of the four words in every line, you can obtain four different words. Thus if the words FALL, LASS, MILL, and PIPE were in one line, you could add the word WIND and get WINDfall, WINDlass, WINDmill, and WINDpipe.

For how many more word groups can you provide the correct "word hats"? A score of 18 and over is excellent.

1. LIVE	SIDE	STRIP	WIT
2. ACT	EACH	END	LIED
3. AGE	MAN	MARK	SCRIPT
4. AMOUNT	BOAT	CALL	TAIL
5. DAY	GET	LAND	WIFE
6. CAST	POUR	RIGHT	THROW
7. KEY	OVER	PORT	US
8. CUSHION	HEAD	TAIL	WHEEL
9. DO	MAIN	ME	NATION
10. APE	DID	DIED	TON
11. HEN	PIRATE	SIGN	TRAY
12. CAKE	HANDLE	PIPE	TRY
13. ARM	CLOSE	GO	STALL
14. ATE	LET	LID	MIST
15. DRILL	HOOD	KIND	OR
16. ABLE	ROT	SON	TAKE
17. DEN	FARE	RANT	SHIP
18. ABILITY	HER	LINE	TEN
19. ANGER	EAR	LESS	WISE
20. CART	MA	WATCH	WOOD
21. MOT	ROW	SHY	TEN
22. ASS	BUSH	END	USE
23. AT	GO	MINE	TON
24. BELOW	LONG	RED	ROW

Solutions will be found on page 68

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946
of LIBERTY MAGAZINE, published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1949.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Franklin S. Forsberg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of LIBERTY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Franklin S. Forsberg, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Lee Pasquin, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Managing Editor, John B. Danby, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Business Manager, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Mrs. Rita Allen, 4530 Fieldstone Rd., New York 63, N. Y.; Frank W. Bicek, 1004 West Wilson Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Josephthal & Co., 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Lake & Co., c/o Manufacturers Trust Co., Personal Trust Dept., 55 Broad St., New York, N. Y.; National Magazines, Inc., 208 South La Salle St., Chicago 4, Ill.; Karl Edwin Seyfarth, 208 South La Salle St., Chicago 4, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is...... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

FRANKLIN S. FORSBERG.
Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1949.

(Seal) Miriam W. Desmon
(My commission expires March 30, 1950.)

five-mile safety zone around the launching site is only the beginning. The entire length of the range through the Bahamas will be under strictest surveillance during test flights to preclude mid-air collision with aircraft, or even the possibility that a "bird" will crash near a ship.

Should flight-control instruments, however, go haywire (and anything can happen in the world of guided missiles), should the "bird" threaten to misbehave, observers in the stations can instantly flash to Cape Canaveral over open-circuit radiotelephone the two-word message—"Kill it!"

There the Chief of Safety, an individual whose physical reactions must compete with electronic speed, sits before a panel with the "Destructor" button always under a fingertip and, in the words of General Richardson, "Whammy! The missile explodes in mid-air."

Ships at sea and planes aloft will never know that the "birds" are screaming on their course miles overhead. Even the firings should cause little comment. To on-the-site observers, a missile taking off from its concrete launching pad sounds like an express train roaring by at arm's length. But those outside the restricted area hear only a rumble as of distant thunder. Within six seconds the uninitiate will see and hear nothing. From then on, only specially designed instruments can track the "bird."

As the "bird" takes flight, the real work of the battery of electronic engineers, ballistics experts, physicists, and technicians begins. Scanning computers, gauges, and meters, eyes glued to radar screens and telescopes, observers will have no time for note-taking. Nor could that important job be left to fallible humans alone. Robot brains will take over that task too. Motion-picture cameras peering through special telescopes (cine-theodolites) will provide detailed and complete records for the thousands of man-hours of intensive study to follow.

◆

Since even at White Sands the over-all cost of test-firing a single robot runs to roughly $300,000, the planners know full well that push-button happy missileers at Cape Canaveral could soon pauperize even rich America. No slightest detail can be lost; each flight must be milked of every drop of information, for every rocket or ram-jet sent aloft is a major investment in the nation's security. When you consider that between the first successful test flight and the order for quantity production the Germans made more than 60,000 modifications of the V-2 design, the importance of detailed and precise recording becomes obvious.

The two primary headaches in guided-missile research are fuels and guidance. Of fuels General Richardson says: "We'll need special fuel storage tanks there for our new types of fuel—the composition of which is still a secret."

As for guidance, guided missiles were called that long before they could be effectively controlled. In the European Theater, the U. S. Air Forces used B-17s as guided missiles. The bombers were crammed with explosives. Pilots headed toward the German lines, then bailed out in our forward areas.

Control of the bombers was then picked up by a "mother" plane and the whole winged package of destruction directed toward Nazi submarine pens. But, too often, uncertain controls left the pilotless B-17s wandering aimlessly, to crash with their lethal loads miles from any military target.

"Our first effective guided missiles," recounts General Richardson, "were used toward the end of the war in the Pacific. United States pilots dropped bombs that could be radio-controlled after they left the bays. Although the bombs could be controlled only laterally, they knocked out many a bridge in Burma. (The Air Force boys called it "Azon.")

Even the V-2 could be directed only during the initial part of its flight; from then on, it was on its own. Of the V-2s which successfully weathered the hazards of launching, only 50 per cent managed to land on so huge a target as the whole of London, 270 miles away.

With today's experimental missiles, the Nazis could have pinpointed their prime target—Battersea power station, the vital heart of London's utilities, which covers no more than an average city block.

◆ Presumably then, the United States has a weapon which can be dumped several hundred miles from its launching pad within a general, predetermined area not much larger, say, than Detroit. Carrying the presumption only a little further, the conclusion seems warranted that a guided missile with a load of devastation eventually could be dispatched to a specific address several thousand miles away, to arrive with practically the accuracy of a 30-cent air-mail letter.

Two of several types of guidance will engage the attention of the Canaveral experts: electronics and celestial navigation. An early method, now discarded, was television (called "beeping"), where the beeper sat in front of a TV screen receiving signals from a TV sending set mounted in the nose of the missile. Flashing his orders by radio, he steered the missile much as though he were actually riding it.

As every navigator since Phoenician shipmasters has known, celestial navigation is the surest way to reach a given point on the globe. Now the missiles, too, are hitching their wagons to the stars. Two sextants are mounted on the missile,

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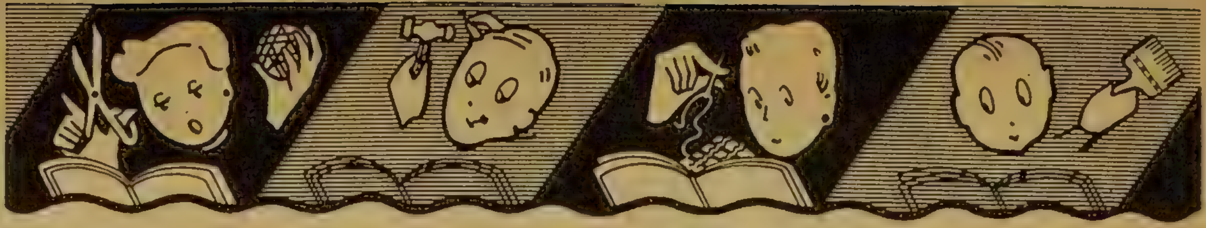
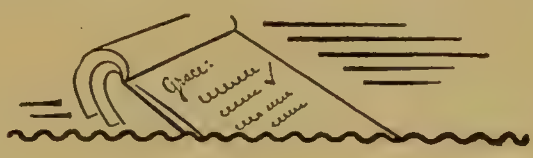


SHORT CUTS TO BETTER LIVING

EDITED BY NANETTE KUTNER

◆ Emily Post, author of that perennial best seller, Book of Etiquette, and America's foremost authority on the subject, gave me a Short Cut for this column.

Said Mrs. Post, "My Short Cut is for those who like to give *thoughtful* gifts. Keep a little memory list in your utility notebook and write down the items you hear your best friends say they would like or the ones you yourself notice that they need. Then, when the time comes to buy a gift, you can refer to your own gift list for useful suggestions."



FOR BROKEN CUPS When handles are broken off cups, just touch the bare place with a dab of paint and the cup becomes a useful flower pot; it is ornamental and small enough to put in a window or upon a shelf.—*Mrs. L. A. Goodwin, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

REVIVING TOYS My two young sons had several expensive rubber balls that had grown useless from old age. The air (half of it anyway) was gone out of them and they no longer bounced. By accident one of these balls was left lying on the hot-air register for several hours. Removed, it had become tight again and as springy as when it was new. So I set my oven regulator *low* and put the remaining balls in there. The cure worked equally well.—*Mrs. T. Schumacher, St. Louis, Mo.*

SEWING TIME-SAVER When needing bits of embroidery or lace for a child's dress, buy embroidered handkerchiefs and cut them up as needed. Animal cut-outs are handy to appliqué on a pocket; a bit of lace goes around the collar.—*Mrs. R. Clark, Salisbury, Md.*

STORM WINDOWS My husband was always shaky when he had to climb a ladder to put up storm windows, but he has a new trick now that makes him feel safe and certainly relieves *my* mind. He nails a board, four inches wide and five feet long, across the top of the ladder on its under side; this rests flat against the wall and causes the ladder to stand firm. No longer, when he leans way over, does the ladder tip.—*Mrs. M. Mittelhauser, Forest Park, Ill.*

WET BOOTS To dry leather boots I fill them with dry oats and let them sit a few hours. The oats will draw the moisture from the boots and, in swelling, will keep the leather from shrinking and hardening as it does when put near a fire to dry.—*Mrs. W. Beard, Oak Hill, Ill.*

FOR PHOTOGRAPHS A traveling photographer taught me how to clean portraits. He demonstrated on his own samples which had become soiled. Use plain unmedicated vaseline and clean absorbent cotton. With the cotton you spread the vaseline over surface of picture, using light circular motions (never press). Wipe off with cotton, using *one-way* strokes. Repeat once. It works on black-and-white and also tinted pictures.—*Mrs. Evert L. Eis, Hudson, Kans.*

LIPSTICK Melt left-over bits of lipstick over a slow fire. Pour into metal lipstick container and set in refrigerator to cool. The finished product is as smooth and firm as a new one.—*K. Rekstad, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Liberty

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

BY TED SHANE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8						
9						
10			■	11		
12			13			
14					■	■
15				■	16	17
	■	■	18	19		
■	20	21				
22			■	23		
24			25			
26						
27						

ACROSS

1 Girls on loose trap man
8 Frank Hawks was an early speed what?
9 Dora stuck her pan in a mess o' trouble
10 Altar of the stars
11 Leo has a Giant one
12 Circe's "l" had sailors going round in them
14 Eric's champagne
15 The head of France
16 Si exists
18 Active agency
20 Bert, she's a No. 1 writer
22 Scots, wha —— wi' Wallace bled
23 Provincial teat
24 Meet Len in natural surroundings
26 Financial setback is severer
27 You can make a Pass at Italy via this

DOWN

1 ICA Party of plunder
2 I crave a Fort Knoxful
3 Tan emir looks from tower
4 Lard the swindle sheet
5 Allots the Bikinis
6 I, Nero, wrote Epitome of Navigation
7 When woman parts them, she fails to snag man
13 I believe it's a moral décor
16 What love is in teens, or where you'll find Arabs living
17 "Don't reset the tees; let 'em be!" says he
19 Young Dr. Tinner is half M.D.
20 No abler man in cotton can square things
21 Er, Eve, he's a Saxon bailiff
22 He's a sort of Rosemary
25 No pantie-waists they!

S	P	I	N	A	L	■
H	O	R	A	T	I	O
E	R	E	C	T	O	R
L	T	■	R	A	N	D
L	I	F	E	R	■	I
A	C	I	D	■	P	N
B	O	G	■	T	R	A
A	S	■	V	E	O	R
R	■	M	I	A	M	I
G	O	A	S	■	O	N
E	D	U	C	A	T	E
R	E	V	I	L	E	S
■	S	E	D	E	R	S

Nov. Answer

each trained on its distant star. As the missile hurtles forward, the sextants turn, always pointing to their stars, guiding the missile to the point where the arcs of the two stars intersect, and the "bird" dives in for the kill.

There are two categories of guided missiles—rockets and jets. Each has its special advantages. The difference is in the oxygen supply. Rockets carry a full built-in supply of oxygen and can travel high in the ionosphere, where there's little or no atmosphere. Jets depend on the oxygen of the earth's atmosphere to burn their fuel. Hence the jet's nickname—"air breather."

Rockets can fly much higher than jets, but carry such a heavy weight of fuel that their range will be limited. They can be directed from the ground only while under power (about 65 seconds), then their fuel is consumed, and they travel on by their own momentum. They can fly at staggering speeds, as their initial thrust takes them to heights where there's little, if any, air drag to slow them.

Jets, on the other hand, perform best at speeds under 2,500 mph. and at altitudes less than 80,000 feet. The most promising is the primarily American ram-jet, or "flying stovepipe." Essentially it's a tube in which the incoming air is heated and compressed, then ejected with a violent explosion at the other end. Each explosion and discharge give it a forward push. "Booster" rockets start the ram-jet going fast enough for the inrush of air to take hold. Air resistance eventually drags the ram-jet back to earth. But all during its flight the ram-jet is under power, subject to its human masters.

◆

By the time the Cape Canaveral project is in full swing, the missileers figure they will be firing a "bird" every 72 hours, thus giving the nation's top soldiers and scientists a constant check on developments in performance and design.

As Dr. Compton, chairman of the Research and Development Board, super-planner of American research, puts it: "The United States has reached the second phase in guided-missile development and is working forward to the third and final stage of production and training.

"The first, or exploratory stage, came just after the war, when we explored all ideas of any merit. We let small contracts and ordered military establishments—not to build but to study, design, and propose.

"The second, or building and testing stage, called for a number of types to develop experimentally. Yes, we had a certain amount of duplication, but we feel that it's been worth while."

But will it be the final stage?

Probably the most awful problem confronting the scientist-missileer is the use of atomic energy in guided missiles. There is no difficulty, of course, in loading the warhead of a "bird" with an atom bomb. The problem lies in the use of atomic energy to send guided missiles hurtling through the stratosphere.

Nuclear fission plants will be available in the U. S. A. by the end of 1950, says Dr. Compton. But, he adds quickly, long before nuclear fission can propel a guided missile, successful experiments will have to be carried out with such prosaic means of transport as ships, and then planes.

◆

However, says Dr. Compton, "the picture of smashing a vital electronic development on the outskirts of Moscow from a launching pad somewhere in the United States is not pure fantasy."

Easily within the realm of reasonable speculation, too, is the submarine-controlled rocket or ram-jet. And there's the weird, and entirely feasible, conception of biological warfare, with guided missiles carrying the most frightful of epidemic disease in their warheads.

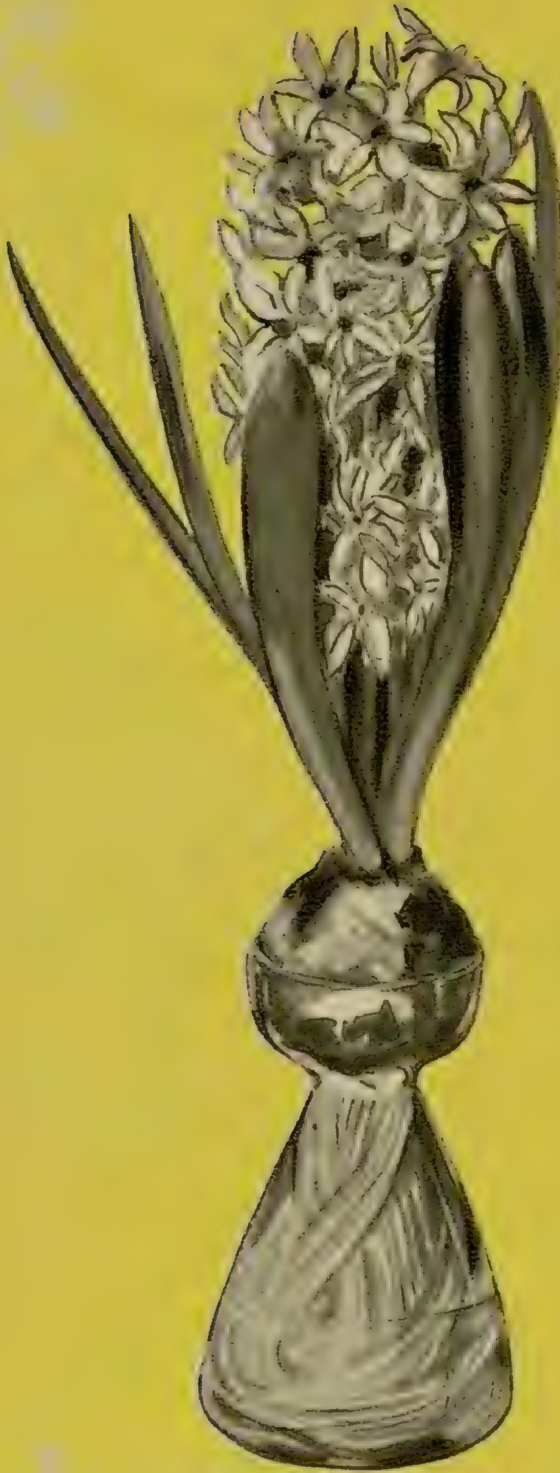
General Richardson, however, says there is a ray of hope in this plethora of destruction. We may soon be able to detect and then divert or destroy enemy missiles.

General Joseph T. McNarney, special assistant to Secretary Johnson, envisions attack by enemy missiles of the V-2 type. Defense against such attack, he says, "will require a missile much like the V-2 itself. The enemy V-2 will approach from outside the atmosphere at supersonic speeds of at least 3,600 mph. Our defensive weapon must therefore be launched with split-second timing, be capable of speeds of 4,000 mph., and of operation beyond the earth's atmosphere. Consequently, such a missile must be a multi-stage rocket with provisions for control beyond the atmosphere, where aerodynamic control surfaces are of no use."

This presumably is one of the defense weapons that eventually will be proved off the quiet Florida beach. Lest the millions of dollars, the millions of hours being expended from so tiny a strip of U. S. soil seem foolish, it is worth remembering that even as the Nazi dream went up in smoke, German scientists were at work on a mammoth 100-ton rocket. So confident were they of its performance that target folders were already printed, with Manhattan Island boldly labeled *"Ziel eins"*—Target Number One.

Screaming and thundering at 6,000 mph., 250 miles high, out of sight and out of hearing, atom-powered missiles will search out with robot precision a target smaller than the Pentagon, smaller than the Kremlin, *from any point on earth.*

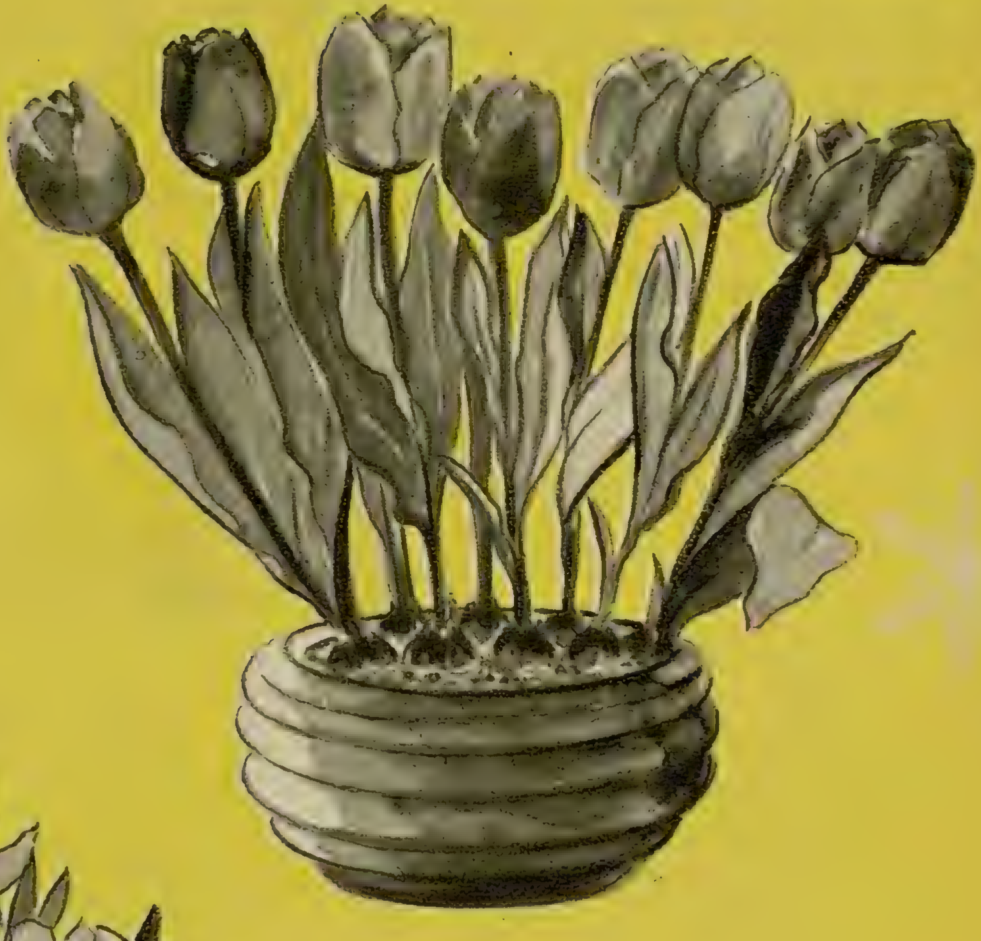
Indeed, almost nothing is inconceivable in the field of guided missiles. ◆ ◆

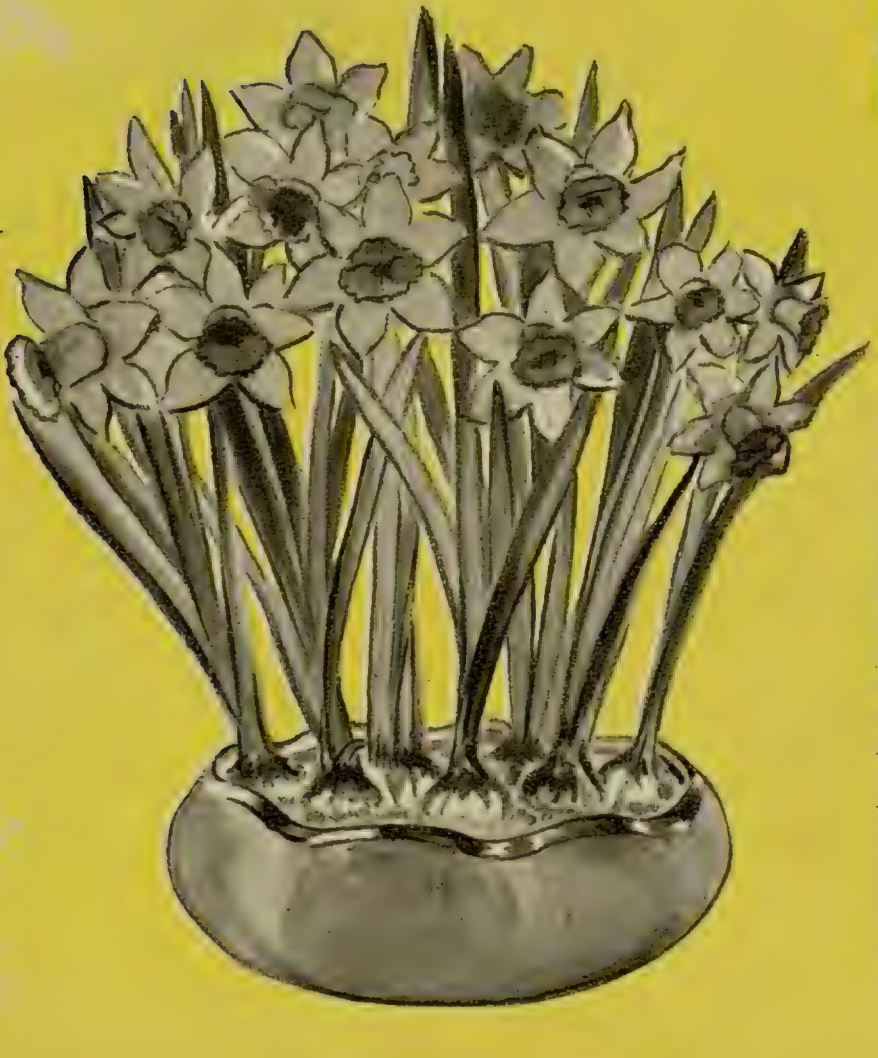


Liberty home

CHRISTMAS BULBS ARE EASY TO GROW

In a lovely bowl, with water and a handful of pebbles, they make a gift for the family's Christmas





. . . For the family's Christmas, and for an unusual, personal gift to a special friend or hostess or teacher; a gift that says, "We thought of your Christmas weeks ago." For holiday blooms, grow fragrant hyacinths in hyacinth glasses, without soil or pebbles. Grow the delightful paper-white narcissus for an advance scent of spring. For blooms in the following weeks, grow brilliant tulips—there's an almost bewildering variety of colors. You can enjoy these flowering bulbs in your home this winter, whether you live in town or country, in pavement-bound apartment or garden-surrounded house—if you'll plant them in the next few weeks. And you needn't be a professional gardener with super luck. Polish up your favorite containers, ask about suitable bulbs at your local florist, and send for the Reader Service Bulletin offered on page 61.

Drawing by Celeste Whitney. Bulbs and containers, Stumpp & Walter.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS

By WILLIAM BEEBE

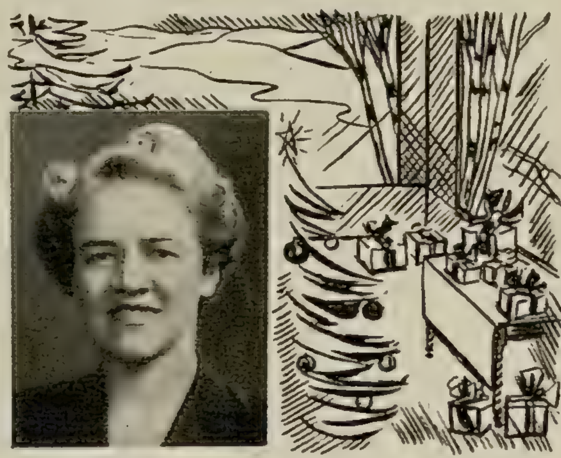
◆ Many, many years ago, I awakened one Christmas morning in a small tent on a wild hillside in the southwest corner of China. It was early morning and bitter cold, for the sun was still behind the ridge of the eastern Himalayas. The day began in a pleasant pagan way, for the canvas flap was shaken, and a small voice called out, "Salaam, sahib, baath ready, chow coming." It was the voice of Aladdin, my ever-smiling Number One boy. He had, alas, no magic lamp, and so my "baath" turned out, as usual, to be only a tin basin filled with icy water. Up the slope toiled Mohammed the cook, with hot dishes. A villainous scowl never left his face, but his waffles and collops were beyond praise.

The first thing to catch my eye was a group of small split-bamboo music racks—or so they seemed. My guard said they were erected during the night by the very pagan Kachin natives, and were intended as rest places for the evil spirits which, it was certain, must be my familiars. I started at once breaking the First Commandment, for I carefully left the un-Christian idol seats undisturbed, and thereby acquired much merit in the eyes of this Kachin village.

There was a frost of snow on the distant mountains, but around me wild cherries were in full bloom. The morning was a lucky one, for I began my tramp along a pheasant trail, and intercepted 16 splendid silver pheasants, chuckling to themselves. After many satisfying minutes of watching, a laughing thrush discovered me. From a dozen throats there arose a deafening chorus of wild guffaws, an interruption which brought the Third Commandment crashing around my ears.

The afternoon list of casual visitors might have stepped full-fledged out of the Arabian Nights. First came the friendly Chinese headman of the village, followed by his wife, hobbling on her bound feet. Next came a fat Kachin maiden, apparently the belle of the village, ears distended with enormous and very beautiful turquoise and silver ornaments. The Tenth Commandment tottered, but my covetousness was to no purpose, for she would not part with the jewelry for any offer of rupees. The strangest visitor was a gift from an English major. Aladdin led in a little creature—fuzzy, black-masked like a panda—a humble loris. Its mentality was low, but it completely outwitted us and vanished into the jungle.

At twilight it seemed supremely peaceful as I looked down the valley from the tent door and watched our luggage elephant swaying in his ropes, and the Chinaboys watering the mules. Indeed, Christmas in Yunnan had its joys as well as its drawbacks.



By SENATOR MARGARET C. SMITH

◆ My "best Christmas ever," I expect and hope, will not be one of the past. By that, I mean that I expect and hope Christmas, 1949, will be the "best Christmas ever." If my plans materialize, it will be celebrated in a real homelike spirit, devoid of the exploitation that spoils so many Christmases.

I have a new small home in Skowhegan, Maine, on the Kennebec River. Some call it a "glorified living room," since all the other rooms are very small. The living room is 40 feet long, with three eight-foot picture windows. One window is next to the fireplace and overlooks Skowhegan, as my home is on a hilltop. Another looks north up the river to the next town.

By Christmas, I expect those picture windows to frame scenes of a wonderful winterland, with the frozen ribbon of river, the mountains of snow topped by evergreens, and smoke curling out of chimneys in the town below. Inside, I hope, will be a glowing fireplace, a tinsel-covered Christmas tree, luscious aromas from the dinner cooking in my tiny kitchen—and a happy reunion with my family.

The Christmas tree will not be covered with a multitude of expensive gifts. It will hold small, inexpensive trinkets. We plan to draw slips to see who gives whom a Christmas present, with the limitation that the gifts shall not cost more than 25 cents, and that they should be funny. Of course, there will be other gifts; but we will get more out of the little, inexpensive ones because they are symbols of the spirit of love, the real spirit of Christmas. These laugh-provoking gifts will give each of us a little of the greatest gift of all—happiness.

And we won't have the traditional Christmas turkey. We'll have three or four roasted chickens for the 14 of us, because there's nothing like my mother's roasted chicken. It beats turkey by a mile. My sisters and my brother's wife will each bring their specially cooked dishes of our favorite food.

I know it will be the "best Christmas ever," because we will be together, sharing our laughs, our gifts, our favorite food—and sharing our family happiness and a little sadness because the deceased members of the family could not be with us.

By J. EDGAR HOOVER

◆ "The best Christmas I ever had" conjures up no scenes of frantic, last-minute buying, of tired clerks, and of hours spent in addressing cards to dozens of acquaintances.

Rather, it calls from the depths of memory a kaleidoscope of color—of tinsel trees, spicy odors, of gaiety intermixed with the solemn peal of church bells, of Christmas carols, the image of shepherds on a hillside, and starlight slanting down to a quiet manger.

I remember the faces of the people I loved. I can see the laden table, the centerpiece, even the flower pattern on the plates. There were few gifts that day, but they

I EVER HAD

Every adult wistfully remembers some one particular heart-warming holiday celebration. Here a group of distinguished men and women recall theirs

carried with them the things which counted—kindness, understanding, the certainty of being loved.

Christmas is of the spirit. It is to be kept in the heart; not with the pocketbook.

He who gave us Christmas gave us also a simple lesson: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

When we have learned that lesson, we shall have "the best Christmas ever"; indeed, we shall have Christmas throughout the year.

By **RISË STEVENS**

◆ The Christmas of 1946 turned out to be one of my most unforgettable experiences. On December 23 I sang a concert in the Province of Quebec. The following morning I was to fly back to New York to spend Christmas with my family.

Unfortunately, nature decided that night to give us a real "white Christmas," and great masses of snow fell. All flights and even trains were canceled, and for the first time, I learned what it meant to be "snowed in." Every hour I phoned my husband in New York, and each time I became more dejected.

Around four in the afternoon, I went down into the hotel dining room for a cup of tea. The manager introduced me to his cousin, a simply-dressed woman in her fifties. She told me how sorry she was that I couldn't spend Christmas with my family. Then followed a long pause, which was as embarrassing to me as to her, until she finally burst out with her request: Would I, perhaps, consider singing Christmas carols in their little church that night, and afterward be the guest of honor in their farmhouse? Impulsively I accepted, for it seemed much better to be doing something, instead of being left all by myself.

Later, two of her sons came to get me at the hotel, and we drove in their sleigh some five miles through the snow, to a little church which lay hidden in the next valley.

Singing there that night, and afterward going to Christmas Eve supper proved to be one of the most delightful times I have ever had. I did miss my family, dreadfully—but that night I discovered the real Christmas spirit. Here was a family which hadn't spent days of nervous searching to find the right presents for their family and friends; who were not totally exhausted from shopping and Christmas preparations, as we are prone to be. After supper, many of the family's friends dropped in, and we sang carols and Canadian folk songs.

I was struck by the soprano voice of one of the girls, and the following day, at the hotel, I tested her voice. Then I phoned an excellent voice teacher in Montreal and arranged an audition for this girl. In the intervening years I have kept track of her steady progress; and one of these days, I am convinced, she will embark on a great career. That I would consider the most beautiful present I received that Christmas of 1946.

By **EZIO PINZA**

◆ It has been said that Emile de Becque in South Pacific is my seventy-sixth role—the other 75 having been operatic. But these statistics are wrong. I played my seventy-sixth role three years ago—that of Santa Claus.

My daughter Clelia was four then, and my son Pietro two—an age which I considered just right for a first meeting with Santa. Somehow I had always wanted to impersonate this distinguished gentleman. In my youth in Italy we didn't know this delightful visitor, and by the time the first few Santas made their appearance (imported from other countries), I was a man in my twenties and much too preoccupied with other things. But here in America I had become really fascinated with the old *signore*. Unfortunately, I had been away on concert tours the first few years of my marriage, and Clelia had had to wait until she was four to have Santa visit her home.

Well, this particular Christmas, Doris, my wife, and I decided that we would make up for this oversight, and really go to town on a magnificent gentleman. I went to the make-up store where I buy all my theatrical disguises, and stocked up with the finest of white beards and eyebrows and a splendid white wig.

The nose I bought didn't quite suit me, so I spent several hours at home remodeling it, to get a good-natured upsweep. My wife had trimmed a robe and cap with white "fur." I practiced walking and gesticulating in the costume until the role fitted to perfection.

The children were prepared for Santa's visit, and Clelia had learned Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful, to sing to the visitor. Since coming down the chimney of our living-room fireplace complicated matters, we decided that I should make a regular entrance through the door.

When Christmas Eve finally came, it was debatable as to who was more nervous, the children or my wife and I. Well, finally came my entrance in the best traditions of the stage, and over my shoulder I carried the stocking which contained the children's presents. Clelia sang her song and, needless to say, I was most touched.

Then came the distribution of the presents, and we all had a grand party. When it was time to make my exit, Doris reminded Clelia and Pietro to "thank Santa Claus for the presents," which they did. When they finally had gone to bed, my wife and I celebrated our Christmas, and told each other that this had indeed been a most wonderful evening. With great anticipation, we were looking forward to Christmas Day itself.

In the morning, Clelia came breezing down the stairs with one of her presents in hand. I kissed her, and she hugged me hard. "Good morning, Santa Claus," she said. I was crushed! ◆ ◆

Flowers All Through the House

Everyone loves flowers, especially the simple arrangements shown on these two pages—modest in price, brilliant in color, striking in their appeal. Ask your local florist to make one or more settings for you

◆ Get acquainted with your neighborhood florist. If you haven't made friends with him yet, this holiday season is a grand time to start, for the florists have a new plan to bring cut flowers into your home all year round, at prices well within your budget.

Today the florists have joined forces to show in actual dollar-and-cent value that attractive bouquets are available at budget prices.

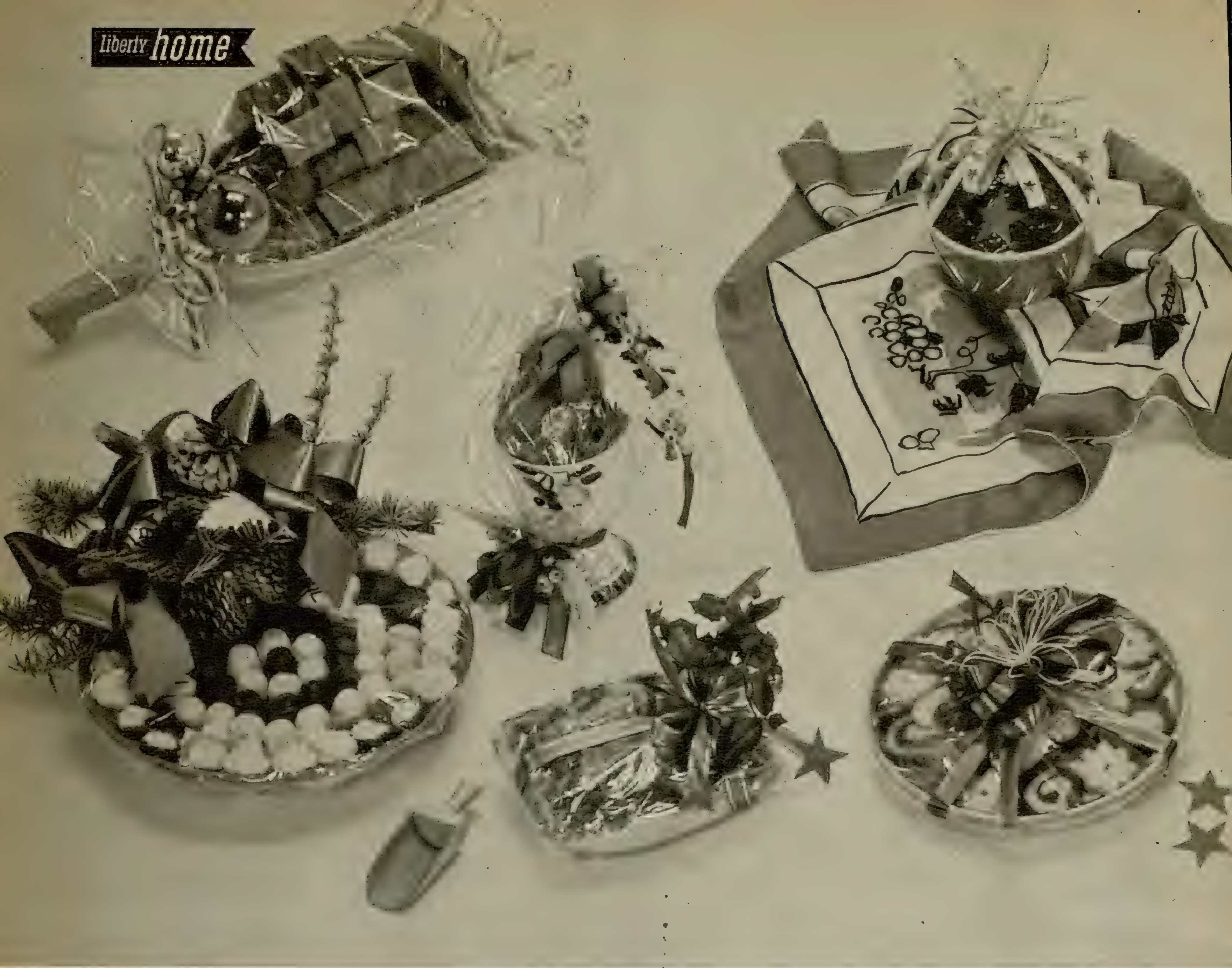
So many people are tired of conventional and elaborate "set" pieces, that a whole new idea of cut flowers has suddenly sprung up: to carry your own favorite silver bowl, or pet ceramic figure, or pair of mantel vases right into the florist's and ask him to arrange a setting for you while you judge it. Liberty home editors talked to George Kennison, executive secretary, United Florists Trades, Inc., allied organization of the Greater New York area. Our request was unusual: We asked for original holiday arrangements by leading florists, each one to cost well under ten dollars. These pages are the result. Your local florist can duplicate any of these settings for you.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

1. Most families save a jolly Santa Claus from year to year. Here he is proudly setting off the hall table with an informal bouquet of cut flowers on either side of him. **2.** The first thought for Christmas decoration is the front door. A cornucopia with gold ribbons, brass bells, brightly colored balls and roses makes a superb invitation to a Christmas party. **3.** Married in 1949? Hope you saved the bride-and-groom shower decoration. Swirl it around with silver leaves and flowers. It's a perfect centerpiece for that first Christmas dinner, and many more to follow. Use it to set a tradition. **4.** A low silver bowl is exactly right for a centerpiece with an arrangement of cut flowers for a big family dinner table. **5.** There's always one lovely piece of pottery that is in perfect taste for a mantel arrangement. Any low flower arrangement grouped around a ceramic figure adds interest to the beholder. **6.** And of course, if it's Christmas, there's a New Year's Eve party the following week. And a lot of women are weary of purple orchids. Let your beau know you would enjoy a refreshing change. **7.** To make a hit with the gal who bastes your turkey, place a sweet, informal corsage at her place come Christmas dinner. She'll love you for it. **8.** And let's have a really Christmasy party for the kids. Tie bright red snappers to this centerpiece. They can't be used again, but the greens will make a gay note the entire holiday week. **9.** And now for the surprise. What's in the box? We don't know. It could be a shiny new iron, or utilitarian towels, or men's shirts, or dishcloths, but whatever its practical use, lighten it with flowers. It's the thought that makes a gift.

Arrangements 1, 4, 5, Jack Trepel; 2, 3, 9, Irene Hayes; 6, 7, 8, Madison Avenue Florists, New York City; Santa Claus, bride and groom, snappers, green vases, Dennison's; silver bowl, International Silver Company; Christmas balls, Max Eckardt & Sons.

Photos by George Lazarnick



FOOD'S A WONDERFUL

If you have a "hand" with luscious candy and rich cookies, by all means delight your friends with a special treat, packaged gaily

◆ There is no better way to say "Merry Christmas" than with the wondrous things you can stir up in your own kitchen.

Oh, I know how you like to give something for friends to remember you by. But you can do that, too, as it will be plain to see. Your gift and dime stores abound with ideas for lasting gifts which, when filled with simple homemade goodies, will meet all those great expectations everyone has at Christmas.

1. A simple wooden shovel becomes a Santa Claus when filled with creamy fudge. Here's the recipe:

Chocolate Fudge: Mix 2 squares chocolate with $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk. Cook over low heat until chocolate melts. Add 2 cups sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon corn syrup. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Cook to soft-ball stage. Cool to lukewarm. Add 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat until thick. Pour into buttered pan. Cut in squares when cool.

2. Pine cones will shout "Merry Christmas!" on a colorful plastic dish filled with uncooked fondant creams, made so easily by blending together 1 unbeaten egg white, 2 cups XXXX sugar, $\frac{1}{16}$ teaspoon cream of tartar. Add 1 tablespoon melted unsalted butter. Mix until creamy. Flavor with vanilla, or wintergreen, or cocoa. Candied fruits are wonderful added to this.

3. A graceful pottery vase with "ribbons and bows" and full of fudge can also sing glad tidings.

4. Use a shallow wooden salad bowl for homemade stuffed dates, and then decorate it with a cluster of holly leaves.

5. A gorgeous silk scarf is "tops" as the outermost wrapping for a mixing bowl filled with plum pudding. Any susceptible woman will adore the scarf.

6. This shallow plastic dish is a dual-purpose gift indeed, for the dish is a clever new toy—a Flyin-Saucer. Any small boy will love it, and you. Filled with your best cookies, who would ask for a better gift?

7. An old-fashioned glass candy jar will hold cookies or candy or dates. Tie a soft velvet ribbon around the top and attach a blown-up balloon for fun.

8. A colorful tray of candy peeking through cellophane holds a woodsy table centerpiece.

9. Use a large flat dish to show off a handsome variety of cookies. Wrap in cellophane and ornament with a

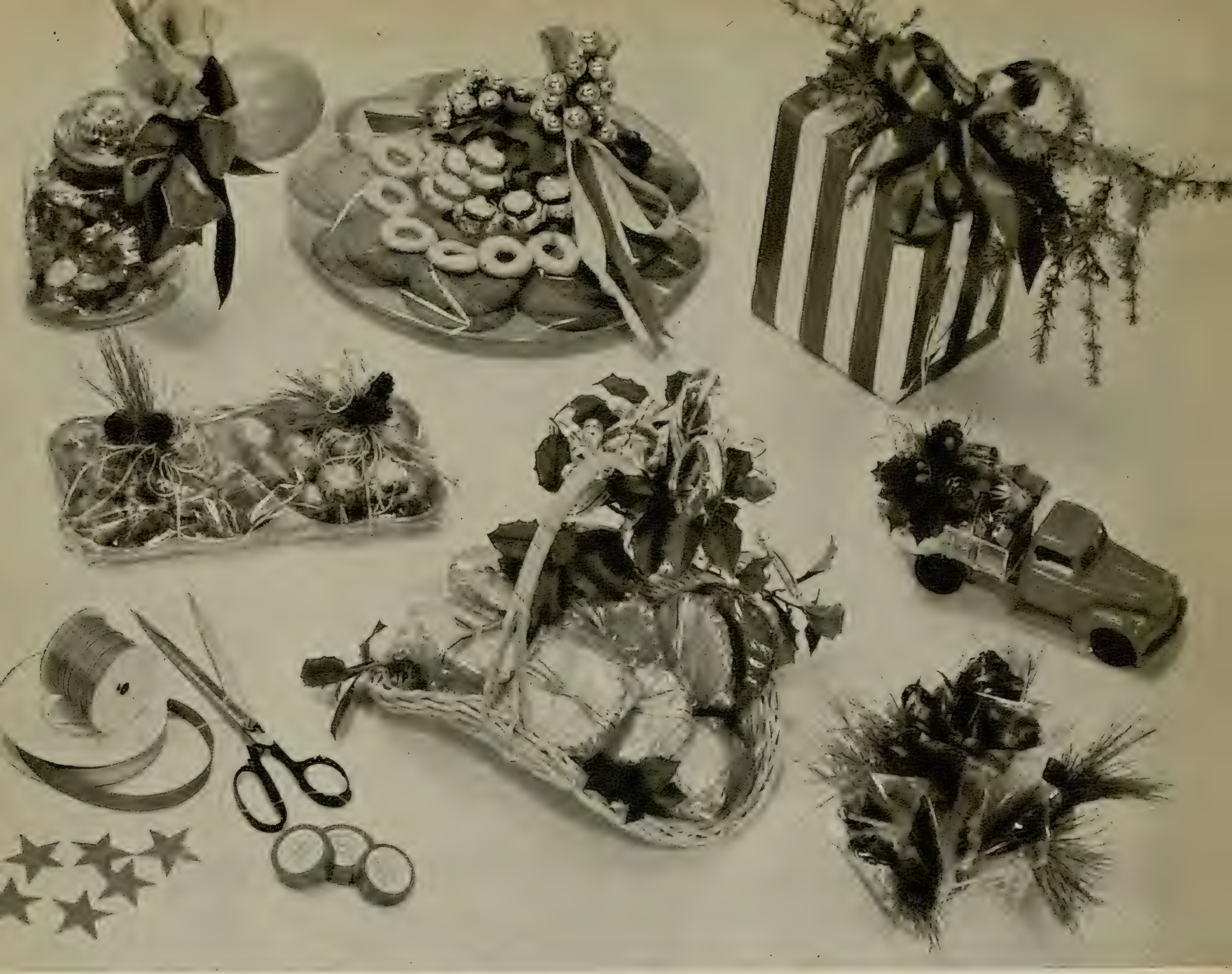
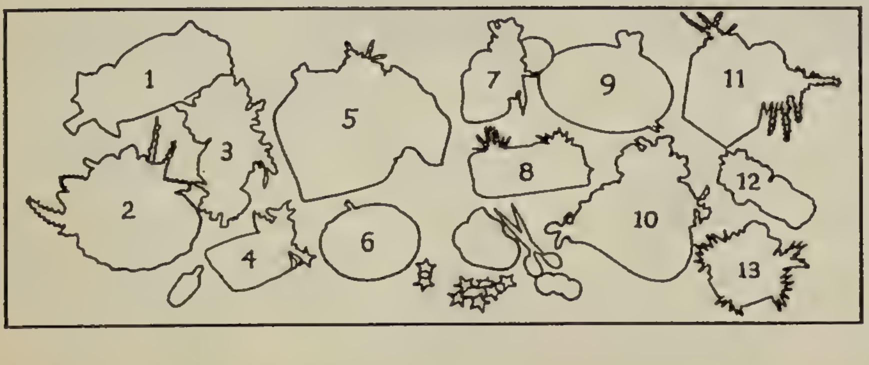


Photo by George Lazarnick

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

spray of bright Christmas balls. Here is a handful of my favorite tricks for making a gay assortment of cookies: To make drop cookies even in appearance, drop on baking sheet with aid of teaspoon and small spatula. To make molded cookies: With hands, shape dough into balls. Dip in beaten egg white, then in finely crushed nut meats. To make bar cookies: Indent lines for cutting while warm; cut when cool. To shape refrigerator cookies: With hands, press dough together, then wrap in waxed paper or aluminum foil. Chill thoroughly. Cut slices from end of roll, using a very sharp knife. To glaze cookies: Brush with beaten egg yolk and 2 tablespoons water before baking.

By BEULAH KARNEY



10. A wicker basket to hold fruit or flowers in 1950 will appear to advantage as a gift when packed full of these cookies gaily decorated.

11. And you must wrap one very "lush" box of assorted cookies and candies. Buy wide-striped paper and finish off with perky red ribbon and evergreens.

12. Whoever heard of a Christmas without a toy truck and lots of rich candy? Any small boy will like the truck and everyone will like this Divinity Fudge made by: Mixing 3 cups sugar with ½ cup light corn syrup and ¾ cup water. Cook until sugar is dissolved, stirring constantly. Cover and cook 3 minutes. Uncover and cook to soft-ball stage. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, add ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add hot syrup slowly. Continue beating until mixture will almost hold its shape but is still glossy. Add ¾ cup chopped nut meats. Pour into buttered square pan. Cut when cool. For variety, add 2 squares melted chocolate when nuts are added. Or candied cherries or raisins.

13. And there's a latticework plastic box on the market today in which fresh berries are packed. Use this for your most decorative candies and pile high with greens for MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Arrangements, Emmett Holcombe. Glenwood salad bowl, Lewis & Conger, New York City. Flyin-Saucer, Stoway relish dish, Southern California Plastic Company. Berry box of Lustrex, Allied Plastics Co. Christmas wrappings, Dennison's. Silk scarf, Scarves by Vera.

NEW WAYS WITH

PIES? OF COURSE—BUT TRY THESE DELIGHTFUL NEW MINCE

MINCE-MEAT CHEESE LOAF

Cook 1 pkg. mince meat and ½ cup water over low heat for 3 minutes. Add 1 lb. ground beef, ½ lb. shredded cheese, 1 egg slightly beaten. Season with 1 tbsp. onion, 1 tsp. salt, pinch of pepper. Add 1 cup dry bread crumbs, ⅓ cup water. Mix well. Pour 2 tbsp. melted butter in greased loaf pan. Add ¼ cup brown sugar. Cover with ½ cup crushed pineapple. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until firm (1 hour). Before cooking mince meat with water, break it up in lumps.

MINCE-MEAT COOKIES

Cook 1 pkg. mince meat and ½ cup water over low heat for 3 minutes. Set aside to cool. Cream 1 cup shortening, add 2 cups brown sugar gradually. Stir in 2 well-beaten eggs. Sift 3½ cups flour, 1 tsp. soda, ½ tsp. Instant Coffee, 1 tsp. salt. Add mince-meat mixture to sugar-and-egg mixture. Beat well. Add dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoonfuls, 2 inches apart, on baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 12 minutes. These cookies are especially good when frosted and decorated.

MINCE MEAT

FROM LIBERTY'S
HOME KITCHEN

MEAT RECIPES FOR ENTREES, SALADS, AND SPECIAL COOKIES

MINCE-MEAT CRUMB CAKES

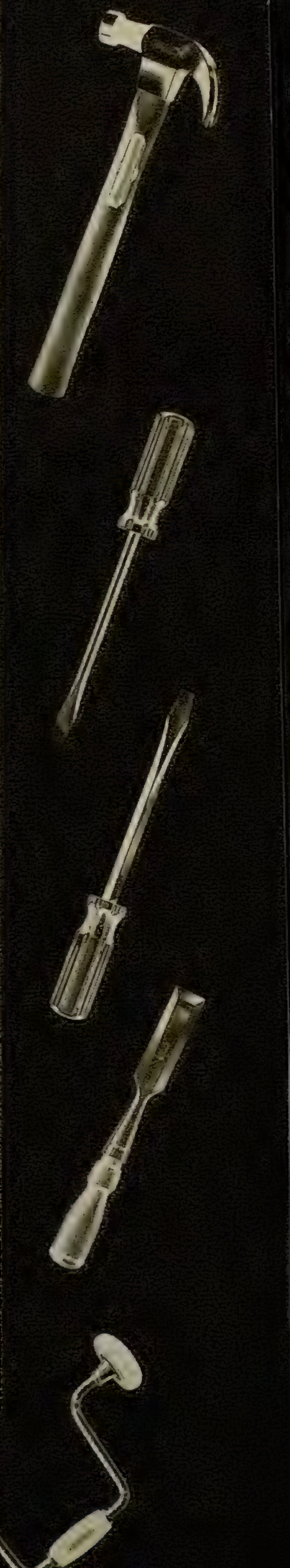
Cook 1 pkg. mince meat and 1½ cups water over low heat for 3 minutes. Cool. Sift together 1½ cups flour, ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. soda. Cream ⅔ cup shortening and 1 cup brown sugar. Add 1 cup rolled oats. Add flour until mixture is crumbly. Spread half this mixture in 8" x 12" x 2" greased pan. Spread mince-meat mixture over this. Cover with remaining crumb mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 40 minutes. Cool 15 minutes in baking pan. Cut into pieces 2" x 1¾".

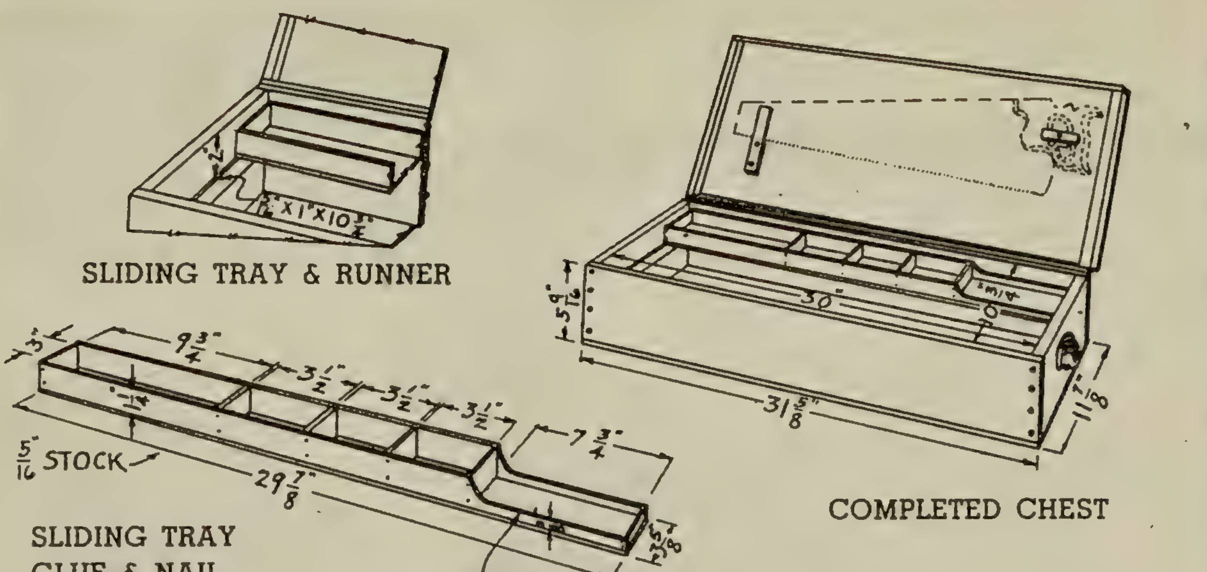
NEAPOLITAN MINCE-MEAT SALAD

Mix 3 pkgs. cream cheese, ¾ cup milk, 3 tbsp. mayonnaise. Soften 1 pkg. gelatine in ¼ cup water. Stir over hot water. Add to cheese. Pour ⅓ in mold. Chill. Cook 1 pkg. mince meat, ½ cup water, 3 tbsp. sugar 3 minutes. Soften 1 pkg. gelatine as above. Add ¼ cup boiling water, 1¼ cups ginger ale, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, mix well. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Add mince-meat mixture. Chill. Pour in remaining cheese mixture. Chill.

PHOTOS BY GEORGE LAZARNICK. CHRISTMAS TREE PLATE—PLUMMER'S, N. Y. C.

WHITE VINEGAR





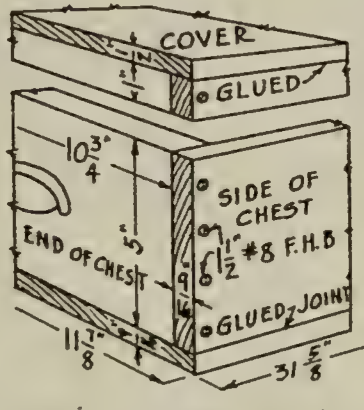
SLIDING TRAY & RUNNER

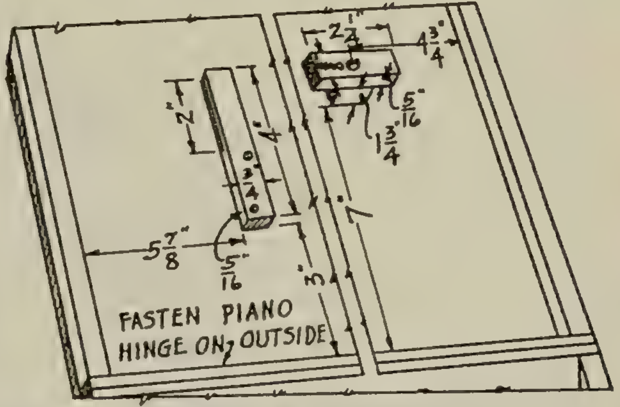
COMPLETED CHEST

SLIDING TRAY
GLUE & NAIL
TOGETHER

CUT DOWN TO CLEAR SAW

ALL PERSPECTIVE VIEWS





FASTEN PIANO HINGE ON OUTSIDE

CORNER CONSTRUCTION

COVER WITH FITTINGS

Make a Tool Chest for Christmas (LET POP DO IT)

Good tools, a shipshape tool chest to hold them, and a man-size padlock to lock them up make fine gifts for a son

◆ Teach your son to work with good tools and clean, sweet-smelling new lumber. Hammers, nails, screw drivers, chisels, and augers have an affinity for small boys that is pretty close to perfection. And the first step toward pride of ownership is to make your boy a sturdy tool chest to hold his shining sharp equipment.

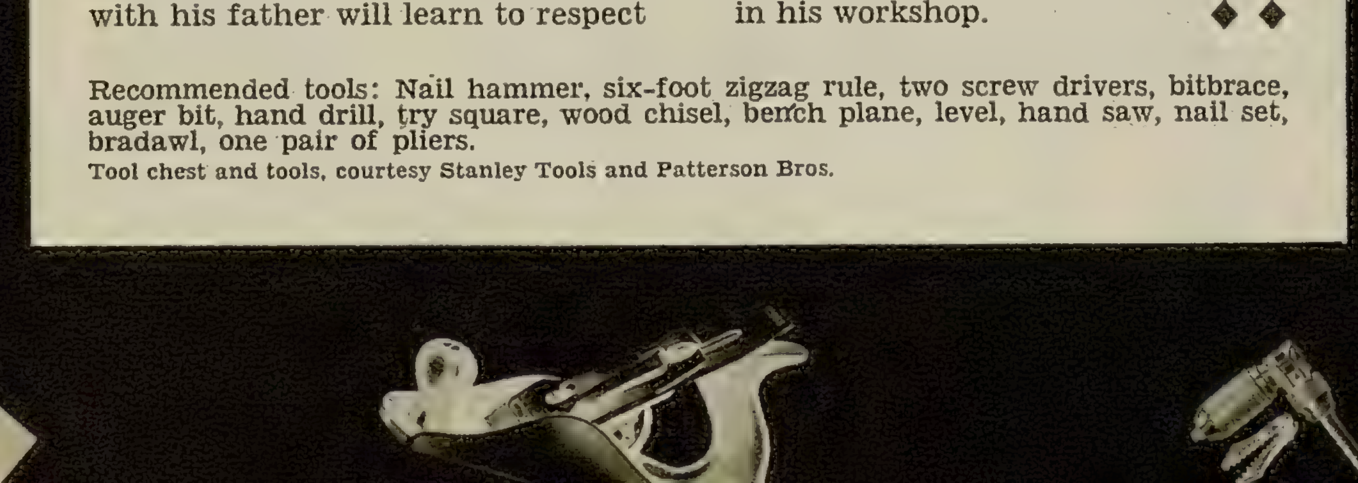
Good tools will give him the best possible start toward acquiring skill. And a boy who works along with his father will learn to respect good tools and to care for them.

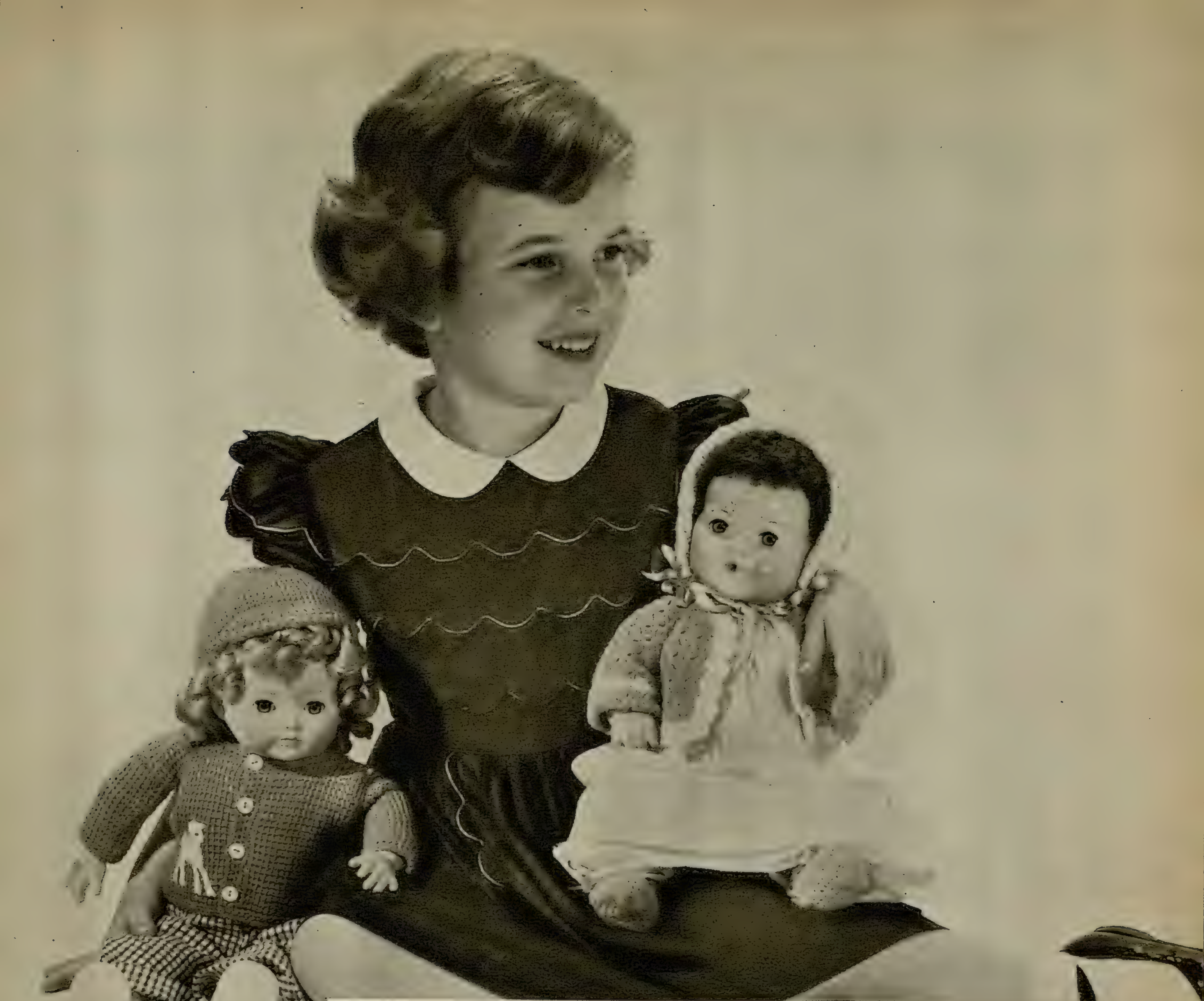
When you buy the boy his first set of tools, it is far better to own a few good ones and to master their use than to buy a lot of inferior ones.

Buy one good tool a month. Not only does the cost seem less, but it gives a young boy the pleasure and excitement of buying something new every month and, equally important, it gives him time to learn how to use the ones he already has in his workshop. ◆ ◆

Recommended tools: Nail hammer, six-foot zigzag rule, two screw drivers, bitbrace, auger bit, hand drill, try square, wood chisel, bench plane, level, hand saw, nail set, bradawl, one pair of pliers.

Tool chest and tools, courtesy Stanley Tools and Patterson Bros.





Make Doll Clothes for Christmas (LET MOM DO IT)

Make Dydee-Jane a fashionable new outfit and Mickey a sturdy corduroy playsuit. Every little girl will love this brother-and-sister outfit

◆ If there's a little girl in your house who loves her doll babies, she'll like nothing better than new outfits for her favorites. And if you have any kinship at all with a crochet hook, needle and thread, you'll have a perfectly delightful time fashioning these doll clothes. You can crochet the matching bonnet, sacque, and bootees for Dydee-Jane and sew a fine seam for her dress and slip.

For Mickey nothing could be more appropriate than the sturdy overalls and cardigan with its lamb.

Dydee-Jane and Mickey, Effanbee Doll Company. Doll clothes, Coats' & Clark's Thread.

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Photo by George Lazarnick

Christmas at Home—and Round the World

There's more to it than merriment and gifts and too much plum pudding. There are centuries-old legend and profound religious meaning in many familiar customs. Perhaps they'll mean more if you know what's behind Santa Claus, the lighted Christmas trees, and the traditional crèche

Our modern Santa.

The twinkling tree.

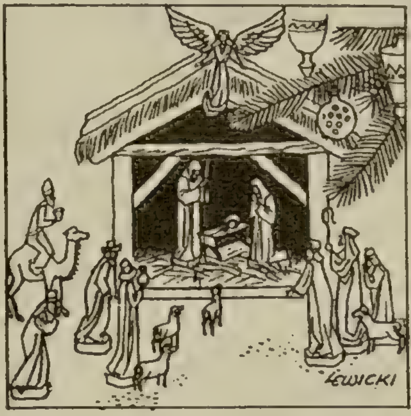
◆ Christmas! The BIG holiday of the year. Such a gay holiday, with so many "trimmings," that we tend to forget how satisfying and heart-warming a simple observance, without expensive gifts and elaborate decorations, can be. This year let's stop to consider what's behind our familiar Christmas doings.

Probably no two families celebrate Christmas exactly the same way—but several customs are almost universal. The crèche, or Nativity scene, for example, set up under the tree or on the mantel every year. Do you realize that the first crèche took shape in a thirteenth-century Italian stable, when St. Francis of Assisi pictured the story of the Nativity, with live animals, for his faithful, who could not read the Bible? Later, it was moved into a church and, with the Renaissance, became a gorgeous pageant (with its religious background subdued). Churches still enact the Nativity as a pageant or tableau, perhaps put on by the Sunday school.

In southern Europe and South America the crèche is more familiar than the Christmas tree. In Spain there is a crib, or *presepio,* in almost every home, around which the family sings and dances on Christmas Eve. The *presepio* is just as common in Italy, and many of our elaborate antique crèches came from there.

Santa Claus as most young Americans picture him is a native New Yorker. Surprised? He first got his jolly smile, red suit, and reindeer from Thomas Nast, the nineteenth-century cartoonist who created Tammany's tiger and the Republican Party's elephant.

The first gifts.



The familiar crèche.

Originally, however, Santa came to New York with the Dutch, as St. Nicholas. Because he had been particularly kind to children, St. Nicholas was their patron saint. He was long a part of Christmas festivals, but until Nast took up his pen, St. Nicholas was a thin, pale, monkish creature, dressed in black, riding a mare. Belgian children await St. Nicholas on his name day, December 6, and put their shoes out on the hearth. In Denmark, Santa is accompanied by the yule gnome, a sprightly underground fellow who guards homes and children. Papa Noel, dressed like our Santa, comes through the window in Brazil, instead of down the chimney. But thin or fat, jolly or serious, Santa is a visitor welcomed by all good children.

Without its modern, perhaps too-commercial, emphasis, gift-giving has been a part of this holiday since the first Christmas, when the Wise Men brought their gold, myrrh, and frankincense to the manger. At about the same time the pagan Romans were developing their festival honoring Saturnus. With singing and processions, this was a merry celebration for rich and poor as they brought gifts to the emperor.

It isn't always Santa who brings the presents, and they don't always arrive on December 25. St. Befana, a wizened old woman, remembered in legend because she refused to leave her sweeping to search for the Saviour, brings gifts to Italian youngsters on Epiphany (January 6). Swiss children receive theirs from Christkindli (the Christ child). In Poland, youngsters thank Good Star (a beautiful woman) for their presents. In Mexico, families and guests promenade through the house, knocking on each door, carrying figures of Mary and Joseph, seeking shelter. Finally they are admitted to the last room, and hold silent services. At the end, the children receive their surprises.

Glass balls, icicles, bubbling lights, gingerbread Santas, and spun-sugar angels—no matter how you trim it, the Christmas tree is beloved, both here and abroad. Because of their eternal-life significance, evergreen trees have been a part of both pagan and Christian celebrations for centuries. The decorated tree as we know it was brought to America by Germans.

One legend has it that the young Jesus and seven angels decorated the first tree, for a poor family in Nazareth. Another relates that an olive tree, a date, and a pine all grew around the manger. The olive and date trees gave of their fruits. The pine had nothing to give, so stars came down from the heavens to twinkle on its green branches.

Holly is another popular Christmas decoration with many legends. One says that the holly kept secret the whereabouts of Christ when His enemies were searching, and so was allowed to keep its leaves all winter. Another is that the tree was originally called the holy tree, because it first sprang from beneath His footsteps. In some countries it is called Christ's-thorn and is frequently a symbol of immortality.

Throughout these celebrations, throughout the world, there run the recurrent themes of "good tidings of great joy," and "on earth, peace, good will toward men." Perhaps we too often lose sight of this real Christmas. Yet we crowd churches throughout the season, read the Nativity story around the family fireside, and sing carols at the community tree. This year, let us emphasize these aspects of the holiday—and we'll enjoy our gifts and parties all the more. ◆ ◆

Drawings by James Lewicki

"IT'S WONDERFUL TO GROW OLD"

Continued from page 29

times. She has three children: Gloria Somborn (now Mrs. Robert Anderson); Joseph Swanson, her adopted son; and Michelle Bridgit Farmer, her 17-year-old daughter. She has three grandchildren: Christopher, six; Lawrence, five; and Gloria Brook, one. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson.

During the years Gloria Swanson has been away from Hollywood she has been active in many diverse fields. She toured in a stage play, Reflected Glory, and starred on Broadway and on the road in A Goose for the Gander. An astute business woman, she formed Multiprises, Inc., where inventions were tested and, if worthy, manufactured. She still has an interest in a button factory, in a travel agency, and in a cutting-tool patent. Several of her projects were busy doing government work during the war.

In 1948 she went into television and had her own show—Gloria Swanson's Hour. She expects to resume this show this winter.

◆ On another day at the studio Miss Swanson wrote:

"I have no patience with the many poor females who come moaning and groaning with the sad story that a few more wrinkles have furrowed their faces. I can't resist saying, 'So what?' You can't stop old age creeping up on you, so why not accept it gracefully?

"It isn't looks that make you interesting, whether you are male or female. It is your mind, your experiences, your interest in life and the experiences of other people. And to attain that position you can't everlastingly sit on your derrière and play bridge and gin rummy. Such a life leads to a bad case of mental constipation.

"Maybe there is something to the fact that we working girls are just too busy to worry about our wrinkles. Probably the fact that we are working keeps us from doing many of the things that bring on that tired, worn look. Who can tell!

"I am frank to say that I was not unhappy to arrive at fifty. I say this because I sincerely believe that I have lived more of life in those years than my great-grandmother, my grandmother, and mother combined. (My mother will resent this statement because she is the livest great-grandmother extant.) What I mean is that ever since I was a child of fifteen I have worked hard, and whenever I had a respite I have had a frantic thirst for knowledge. I have always wanted to know what makes this fascinating world click. I have always wanted to travel, see everything.

"It's wonderful to grow old, provided the youth surrounding us has the proper respect and veneration for age. I have always said that the real place to spend your old age is in the Orient. There it is that youth rightfully respects all that goes with age. That is true in a lesser degree in Europe.

"In this regard I am hopeful that this country is coming of age to the extent that the older generation is growing in stature with the younger—that the truly mature men and women are being looked up to by the youngsters because of the fund of knowledge that comes with accumulated experience.

"Why, then, should older people become ashamed and self-conscious of growing old? They should be proud and happy. What comes with age? A cumulative experience gathered through the years—something that can be big or little, according to the time and the effort spent in gaining it. So I say to those who have gained knowledge and understanding through the years, 'Be proud of your age.'"

Miss Swanson believes the idea of having friend days instead of birthdays after 30 is a good one. A friend day would be a day in the year when you could have your close friends drop by for lunch or dinner. Then no one could ever say, "How old do you think she is?"

In one memo she wrote:

◆ "As for myself, the only place where I become self-conscious about age is Hollywood. Someone recently wrote an article to the effect that the trouble with the movie industry today is that there are not enough new faces. What tommyrot! Are we supposed to forget old friends? If so, that is peculiar to the cinema. We don't seem to tire of our old friends on the radio, we don't seem to weary of old friends on the stage."

In the 1920s Miss Swanson became the first of the Hollywood glamor girls. She found herself retiring at 35. She returned to Hollywood in 1934 and played in Music in the Air. In 1941 she tried a comeback again in Father Takes a Wife. She has always wanted a big dramatic role. She has such a role in Sunset Boulevard. Her only worry these days is that audiences will confuse the real Swanson with the part she plays in the picture. She dreads that day when she will overhear someone say, "Whatever became of Gloria Swanson?" And someone will answer, "Oh, she went crazy. Don't you remember?"

Those who have seen the rough cut of Sunset Boulevard say that she gives a performance that will win her an Academy Award nomination. It undoubtedly will mean more dramatic roles—perhaps a new screen career. Yes, 50 can be wonderful—for Gloria Swanson. ◆ ◆

WHAT YOU CAN GET OUT OF MARRIAGE

Continued from page 21

"Maybe people are inclined to trust you more when you're married," Fred said. "There's something solid and dependable about a good marriage that seems to get people, makes them ready to meet you more than halfway. Maybe it's something else. It certainly gives a man a distinct advantage."

"And that goes for a woman too," said Molly.

Another way in which marriage pays off is in emotional growth. In his comprehensive book, Emotional Maturity, Dr. Saul writes: "As a force in itself, it [sex] is, in essence, a part of the tendency toward mating and reproduction. As such it leads the young away from dependence on the parents toward independence and the responsibility of loving, supporting and caring for a family. It is thus a powerful, constant stimulus toward mature attitudes."

Mature attitudes. Those are the attributes that can save the day for you, sometimes even your reason or your life. They enable you to choose and decide for yourself; to stand on your own two feet; to get along with others and respect their interests as well as your own; to love and cherish someone other than yourself; to be able to meet difficult situations without fighting or running away.

Mature attitudes are not easy to acquire. It is a long, slow, and extremely painful business that takes most of us all our lives. If we are emotionally mature or at least willing to put away childish things, we are able to build a successful, happy marriage. If we still are emotional infants, if we still pack our things and go home to mother or slam out of the house and go on a roaring drunk, then we shall fail at building our marriage. There is nothing like marriage to show us up for what we really are, nice people or nasty.

But marriage is more than a test of our emotional maturity and our ability to make and maintain a happy union: It is a veritable storehouse of all the things we need to be happy and secure. Among them are dependable companionship based on congenial tastes and ideals, interests and friends in common, with all its overtones of mutual understanding, trust, loyalty, co-operation, sympathy, and frankness; the steady sexual relationship that is not only essential to most but desirable and acceptable.

It is the emotional security that comes from knowing that you belong to someone who really cares whether you live or die; the experience and education of having children and watching them grow up—

all these and many more are the plus values of marriage.

Perhaps not the least of the plus values to the individual is the better health and longer life that are his in a stable marriage.

More than half again as many single persons in the same age groups die as do those who are married. Besides, married persons are less prone to diseases such as mental breakdowns, heart disease, tuberculosis, etc.

If the individual has so much to gain from marriage, then why does anyone get divorced? It's a fair question.

The answer is emotional immaturity. Or, as Dr. Saul puts it, "Divorce and separation rates reflect the degree to which the infantile components have not been overcome."

That there are unhappy marriages and others in which the obstacles to success seem insurmountable, there is no doubt. Marriage is a business for adults, the emotionally mature, and often our parents prevented our growing up, frequently by doing too much for us, occasionally by not doing enough. If your parents failed you in this all-important phase of your development, then you must do the job yourself. You can grow up emotionally if you want to and try. It's worth it. And with the aid of any one of a number of fine service organizations throughout the country whose business it is to help people to a better understanding of what married life involves, you may be able to salvage what seems to be a hopeless marriage.

Few marriages are hopeless and the vast majority hold the potentialities of great happiness. As Paul Popenoe, general director of the American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles, put it: "Barring the insane and the feebleminded, almost anyone with a reasonable amount of effort, can virtually guarantee the success of his marriage."

To Mr. Popenoe's exceptions might be added certain border-line cases such as those subtly cruel or brutal persons who marry young or unsuspecting individuals and proceed to make their lives miserable. Then, according to Dr. Saul, the man who "hates his mother and hated her during childhood" or who has contempt instead of respect for her, is not a good bet as a husband. The same goes for a woman who hated her father.

But apart from these unfortunates, anyone can build a happy and successful marriage provided he is willing to grow up. Like any big, worth-while job that pays off, marriage demands a great deal of the individual. Often it takes everything two people possess to swing it. But once you have mastered the technique of living together, there's no limit to what you can get out of marriage.

◆ ◆

THE TWO YOUNGEST ANGELS

Continued from page 18

They both hoped the Lord God wouldn't be too busy that very busy day for Him to know that His flower fields were being appreciated.

Then, feeling better at having served their Lord God on that very busy day, they flew back to the Heavenly Habitations.

They saw the Assistant Announcer waving to them again. This time they saw that he wanted to speak to them.

"We have had twenty-two Messenger angels out trying to find you two," he told them.

At such news the eyes of Aser and Zaddi widened with amazement. All those Messenger angels out looking for them, the youngest of all the angels. And they had been thinking of themselves as so unimportant!

They listened in wonder.

"Tonight," said the Assistant Announcer, "our Lord God is having His only Son born into the world. And there is to be a great celebration down in the night sky because of it. All the hosts in Heaven are to go down and sing and play in the night sky above the stable manger in which the Christ child is to be born. The Chief Announcer will go down ahead of the Heavenly Hosts to tell the good news to the world. Then the Heavenly Hosts of musicians and singers will fill the night sky with their glorious music."

Now Aser and Zaddi knew why all the angels had been so busy with their comings and their goings. No wonder they had been too busy to notice two little angels—with the Son of God to be born into the world. How foolish they had been!

"Me, I'll hold the music for the trumpet players," promised Zaddi.

"I'll help carry one of the harps," volunteered Aser.

But the Assistant Announcer shook his head.

"All those jobs," he told them, "have been given out, and there's a long waiting list of the younger angels ahead of you for those things. Besides," he added, "the Chief Announcer had your work picked out for you, to go with him into the night sky as his attendants."

Aser and Zaddi could hardly believe their ears. To go down into the night sky with the Chief Announcer, away ahead of all the Heavenly Hosts, and to be nearest of them all to the newly born Son of God.

"Oh, thanks very much, sir!" exclaimed Zaddi.

"And we'll do our very best, too," promised Aser.

"But you don't understand," sighed the Assistant Announcer. "You're not going. You're too late. I waved for you to tell you, but you flew away, and we couldn't find you. Your places have been given to two others of the younger angels, and the rehearsals are all finished. It's too late to make any changes. I'm very, very sorry for you both."

One of the many nice things about angels, especially the little ones, is the way in which they rise to the occasion. They did it now.

Zaddi hoped the angel that had taken his place would do a nice job, and Aser wished the same for the angel who had taken her place.

Then they asked the Assistant Announcer to tell them more about the big celebration to take place down in the night sky.

"Why, of course," said the Assistant Announcer. "There's never been quite anything like it before, nor ever will be again. The Lord God sending His only beloved Son down into the world. Giving up His only Son. Yes, it's a very, very great event that's to happen," insisted the Assistant Announcer very earnestly.

And then he was called away, and Aser and Zaddi took hold of each other's hands and flew off to a far-away cloud where they could be by themselves and talk over things.

They forgot about their own little worries as they thought about the Lord God.

"S'pose you was the Lord God," said Zaddi to Aser, "and your only Son left you all alone by yourself and went away down into the world! Wouldn't you get all lonesome?"

Aser nodded and a sad look came into her eyes.

"And you left all alone up here, with all of the singers and the others gone down into the night sky that way."

"I guess I'd feel like crying my eyes out," declared Zaddi.

LIBERTY

"What a fool I've been—all she wanted was to copy my homework."

"Givin' up your only Son like that," answered Aser.

"'N' everybody gone off to the celebration—your cooks, your servants, your gatekeepers, 'n' Gabriel, 'n' all of them, 'n' you left all by yourself that way!" pointed out Zaddi.

"And nobody at all to speak to," said Aser.

They felt so sorry for the Lord God that it gave Aser an idea.

"When they've all gone into the night sky, we'll go and sing the Lord God a song or somethin'," she suggested.

"To cheer Him up," nodded Zaddi.

"What I'd like to do," declared Aser, "would be to take a harp 'n' play it for Him so it would sound like it was all of twenty million harps."

"What I'd like to do," put in Zaddi, "would be for us two to play on a couple of long trumpets so that it would sound to Him like one hundred million trumpets."

But they compromised on trying out a duet that they might sing to the Lord God, with the music composed by Zaddi and the words by Aser.

The words of the song went like this:

We are come. We are come.
We are come.

That was the first verse.

We love Thee. We love Thee.
We love Thee.

That was the second verse.

Cheer up. Cheer up. Cheer up.

That was the third and last verse.

But when they tried to sing the song as a duet, they both got to seeing themselves singing it before the Lord God, who listened to the Heavenly Hosts, and they grew so frightened that they couldn't sing it at all.

◆ So they decided to go to the Lord God and say, "Hello, sir," or "And how are You, sir," instead. Then, if He asked them to do something to make Him forget His great loneliness, Zaddi could pucker up his lips and whistle, and Aser could turn her song into a recitation.

They practiced whistling and reciting until the night sky below grew black as ink, and then suddenly filled with faint far-away light and music.

Then they hurried to find the Lord God at once, before He got too lonely, now that His Son was born on the earth and the big celebration was taking place down in the night sky.

To their surprise the Lord God didn't have to come and open the gates for them Himself, because there stood one of the gatekeepers who hadn't gone off to the celebration of Christmas.

LIBERTY

"Oh, oh, look innocent!"

"And why aren't you with the rest of the Heavenly Host?" demanded the gatekeeper.

"'Cause we wanted to cheer up the Lord God," explained Zaddi. "Him being left alone like this."

"'N' His Son gone away," added Aser.

"The singers gone too," put in Zaddi, "and nobody round to speak to."

The gatekeeper could not speak for some seconds. When he did, his voice was all choked up.

"I'm very sure," he told them gently, "that if the Lord God was here, He'd be deeply touched."

"You m-mean," stammered Zaddi, "He's gone?"

The gatekeeper reluctantly nodded his head.

"Of course. With all of the others. Into the night sky. To the Christmas celebration."

Aser looked at Zaddi, and Zaddi looked at Aser, and both were so broken-hearted that they just couldn't say a word.

They started to go away from the gates.

"Now, don't take it too hard, little ones," the gatekeeper tried to comfort them. "Everybody makes mistakes, even grown-up angels. You meant all right."

They managed to find enough words to thank the gatekeeper, then they flew off to the most far-away cloud they could find. They sat there and thought how they were the two most blundering angels that the Lord God ever had, missing Christmas the way they had. How could the older angels ever trust them any more to become Singers, or Players, or Messengers, or Guides, when they hadn't known enough to get into the big Christmas celebration even?

They were talking this way to each other when the Assistant Announcer flew to them. He was in a great hurry.

"Come along with me," he told them. "The Lord God Himself wants to see you."

"Oh, dear," whispered Aser to Zaddi as they flew after the Assistant Announcer, "now the Lord God knows we've missed His Christmas celebration. Now what?" She looked frightened.

But when they reached the gates of the Lord God's courtyard they were surprised at the sudden outburst that greeted their arrival. Short and long trumpets filled the air with music. The glorious Gabriel himself came to lead them to the Lord God.

"Why," whispered Zaddi, "it's just like we're bein' made into comp'ny."

And they were company—very extra-special company, as they soon found out.

As they bowed before the Lord God, He said to them:

"So you are the little angels who missed my Christmas celebration."

"Y-y-es, sir," replied Aser in a low scared voice.

"And what were you doing," asked the Lord God, "while my celebration was taking place?"

"We were looking for You, sir," replied Zaddi.

"Where?"

"Here, sir," said Aser, growing less frightened.

"But why didn't you go to the celebration to find me in the night sky?"

"'Cause, sir," whispered Aser, "Zaddi 'n' I thought You was here, 'n' all lonesome 'cause your Son was gone 'n' everythin'."

"So we came to cheer you up, sir," broke in Zaddi.

◆ A hush came over the Lord God and the angels. Then the Lord God lifted the two little angels to their feet and had them sit at His feet, even with their dusty robes on them and their faces unwashed.

"My dearest little angels," said the Lord God, stroking their heads and smiling tenderly, "I am lonesome. Very lonesome. My only beloved Son is gone from me, and of course I am lonesome. And I am going to be very lonely until my Son comes back to be with me again. And you knew all this. More than any others, you knew it."

Then the Lord God lifted their smiling happy faces up so that He could smile into their eyes.

"While my Son is away, I shall need you around to keep me from getting lonely," He told them. "And you will stay with me until my only Son comes back again."

He added, with the friendliest smile imaginable, "To cheer me up."

And when the Son of God grew up and heard about this, that was probably one of the things He was thinking about when He told the people in the world:

"See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven." ◆ ◆

SO YOU HAVE ULCERS?

Continued from page 17

Now, what do the doctors know about ulcers and their treatment?

They know the average ulcer is about the size of a very small boil, and that an ulcer seldom grows bigger than the end of your thumb.

They know that a gastric ulcer usually starts at the bottom of the stomach, at or near the pyloric passage, and a duodenal ulcer is generally found just below that passage.

They know that the direct cause is an oversecretion of gastric acids.

But they also know that a large percentage of ulcers heal themselves when emotional or intellectual strain, which stimulated those acid secretions, is removed.

They know that, in women, gastric ulcers usually heal during pregnancy, though they may recur after childbirth; and that after the menopause, cure is slower than at an earlier age.

◆ They know that ulcers are more prevalent in the spring and fall, but they don't know why.

They know that, in surgical language, 95 per cent of ulcers are "benign"—which doesn't mean that they are mild and gentle, but that they will not become malignant, will not develop into cancer.

They know that duodenal ulcers are all benign.

As to treatment, they know that, first, foremost, and throughout, the patient must not be taut, he must be conditioned to calm, and intensively trained not to be tense.

If the ulcer sufferer can't make his mind relax from worry, sedatives are used to slow down the acid-making activity of the hypothalamus. With this mental morale established, the doctors know that the benign or uncomplicated ulcers will respond to a combination of medical treatment and diet.

They know that the best-working combination of the two is the Sippy system as originated by Dr. Bertram Sippy of Chicago, and used almost universally in the milder cases. It consists of administering alkaline drugs such as bicarbonate of soda, magnesia, and calcium carbonate, or cremalin or emphogel (which are aluminum hydroxide products). These drugs combat the hyperacidity of the stomach juices.

They know that a mild high-protein diet "keeps up the patient's strength," gives the stomach acids food to digest and thus distracts them from irritating the ulcer, and is soothing to the stomach tissues.

So they feed the uncomplicated patient with cereals, eggs, fruit juices, milk, and the blander and more easily digested meats.

And they feed him frequently—about five times a day.

Add a little more rest than usual and subtract cigarettes and liquor, and the patient usually is minus his ulcer inside of a month.

That's for the lighter cases.

When the ulcer is a little less tractable, doctors resort to Dr. Winkelstein's milk-drip method. This consists of putting the patient to bed, hanging a flask of milk above him, inserting a tube down his throat into his stomach, and dripping milk by the drop into him for three days. If he can't take milk, they use aluminum hydroxide.

The doctors know that there are many variations on these diets and the ways of administering them, but on the whole the principle is the same—combat the acid with medicine, and keep the acid busy on food.

And they know that if the patient does as he is told, these methods are 95-per-cent effective.

But what about this new enterogastrone treatment that some medical writers have hailed as a panacea? The nation's greatest gastroenterologists recently discussed their extensive experiments with enterogastrone—a drug distilled from the stomach mucus—and reported that it was no substitute for the usual treatment of ulcers, and not even a good supplement. In no cases did it show substantial improvement, and in some it proved slightly toxic.

Diet and the established medications are still the chief reliance, and there are no specifics for ulcers.

Now, as to the 5 per cent of complications—the doctors know that there are four: stenosis, hemorrhage, perforation, possible malignancy.

Stenosis—it means narrowing a passage—is usually caused by an active ulcer in the pyloric passage between stomach and duodenum, or by scar tissue from healed ulcers which chokes the passage.

Hemorrhage, of course, is bleeding.

Perforation occurs when an ulcer eats through the stomach into the peritoneum.

◆ The doctors know that the most effective treatment for pyloric stenosis is a nightly use of the stomach pump. If the stomach contents grow less and less with this treatment, showing that more food is following natural channels, medical treatment will be sufficient. If the stomach residue remains large, or grows greater, surgery is called for.

There are two schools of thought about treatment for hemorrhage. School No. 1 believes in fasting during the hemorrhage, while School No. 2 follows the Meulengracht method, which allows liberal feeding of liquids and solids, including meat, during the bleeding.

Persistent hemorrhage calls for surgery, but not until some time after the bleeding has been brought under control. In severe cases, transfusions are necessary. When it comes to perforation, doctors know an operation is imperative—and quick—within 12 hours. But perforations are rare, and the surgery is simple and not dangerous.

As to malignancy, the doctors know they can't be absolutely sure of detecting just which ulcers threaten malignancy. Because the benign ulcer and the incipient neoplasm (tumor or abnormal growth) often behave about the same. However, the margin for error is reduced by the use of the gastroscope (that instrument which enables the physician to see what's going on in the stomach without opening it up) and comparing those observations with the X-rays. Each checks and supplements the other, but the use of both doesn't work out to 100 per cent of certainty. Physicians can be sure, however, that 80 per cent of the ulcers showing indications of malignant deterioration can be diagnosed that way. And they also can be certain that the other 20 per cent are dangerous enough so that surgery is the only sound practice.

◆ Where there is any shadow of doubt about the danger of malignancy in an ulcer, the doctors know that surgery is the only sound practice.

There are two main types of operations: gastroenterostomy and vagotomy, with variations of each. But gastroenterostomy usually consists of operating directly on the stomach, while vagotomy is the severance of the vagus nerve.

Through improved medical technique and surgical advance, the doctors are reducing the mortality rate from ulcer faster than the ulcer incidence is increasing.

So, though worry can cause ulcers, there is small reason for adding to the total of your worries by worrying about them. If you haven't a little ulcer in your tum, the odds against your getting one are, as earlier stated, about 35 to one. If you have a l. u. i. y. t., it's odds on it'll get well or be cured without an operation. If it's operated on, it's again a good chance that the operation will cure it.

Nevertheless, if you have a pain in your epigastrium regularly every two or three hours after your meals, or have some chronic pains you can't lay to some very obvious cause like mince pie or lobster, don't monkey with laxatives and toy with alkalis. Go to your doctor. The pain may be due to ulcers. (Epigastrium? It means pit of the stomach.)

The odds are that you haven't any ulcers even if your tum isn't strictly O.K., but undiscovered and neglected ones reduce the odds in your favor if you wait too long.

For while, in the main, ulcers are nothing to worry about—much—and are the subject of considerable jesting in the prints and on the radio, even the benign ones are no joke. ◆◆

THE EGYPTIANS PLAYED IT

Contd. from page 30

"It may sound simple, doctor, but I don't think I can arrange to do it."

"Why not? Business? What do you do?"

"Real estate. But I'm not very active. I only spend two or three hours a day at the office. That's not it. I just think I'd rather keep the ulcer than do all that. What would happen if I didn't subscribe to your treatment?"

The doctor shrugged expressively.

"Nothing may happen. Your discomfort will probably continue. You know more about that than I do. Again, your ulcer may perforate at any moment and you would die of peritonitis unless a surgeon operated immediately."

Mr. Waring shuddered.

"I think I'll try the diet a while. When do I start?"

"Right now. Here're three prescriptions: one before and one after meals, and one in case of acute distress. Remember now, no tobacco, alcohol, rich foods, coffee, salad dressings, acids, relishes, or sauces. We'll check up on your progress with the stomach pump every three weeks."

"Er—er—er you mean that I've got to have that test meal again?"

"Exactly. We must check up on your hyperacidity."

"And how long does this sort of thing go on?"

"Perhaps two months, perhaps six months, perhaps a year. It depends on you. We'll see how you are getting on later and tell you something more definite. I can promise you improvement immediately if you will follow instructions. Don't worry about it. That's the worst thing you can do."

◆

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Waring meekly and took his departure. That was all he cared to hear at the moment. Why did he ever go to see a doctor? He might have gone on for years under the pleasant delusion that he had nervous indigestion. Well, yes, it had gotten pretty severe lately. He had only sought the doctor because he was in considerable pain. Now he was committed to the constant fear of internal combustion—just like an automobile. At any moment he might find himself full of hems and tucks. They might even leave a thimble in him. He'd heard of such things. Already he could feel peculiar sensations beneath his vest. He must make a will before it was too late.

He sought the quiet of his apartment just off Park Avenue and took out pen and paper to write it.

"I, Herbert Waring, being of sane mind and sound body—" No, that wasn't right! He had anything but a sound body.

How would he leave his estate?

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Address________

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Solutions of the WORD HAT Riddle on Page 48

1. OUT
2. IMP
3. POST
4. CAT
5. MID
6. DOWN
7. PASS
8. PIN
9. DO
10. CAN
11. AS
12. PAN
13. FORE
14. PAL
15. MAN
16. PAR
17. WAR
18. RAT
19. END
20. DOG
21. MAR
22. AM
23. CAR
24. FUR

He had neglected to select a beneficiary.

There was Cousin Ethel in Philadelphia. Cousin Ethel was president of the Pennsylvania W. C. T. U. And here he was, dying without the benefit of a cocktail! She had been trying to pin a white ribbon on him for years. Well, she ought to be pleased to hear this news. But she wasn't going to get his money to turn over to a dry bishop to blow on the stock market.

There was Cousin Agatha in Boston. Cousin Agatha was a vegetarian. She'd only use the legacy to endow a farm for spinach or broccoli.

Then there was Cousin Abigail in Syracuse. He had not seen her since she put him out of the house for smoking. She said that the yellow stain on his fingers was the mark of Cain. Well, what was there now would soon be gone. He wouldn't be spending any more money for cigarettes, but he'd make sure Cousin Abigail didn't profit by his saving.

What would he do with his money then? There were no other close relatives. He must make some provisions to keep it away from Cousin Ethel, Cousin Agatha, and Cousin Abigail. He was going to die according to their precepts, but he wasn't going to perpetuate them. Die? At any moment. From an ulcer. Then he'd leave his fortune to build a hospital for other sufferers and endow a school to find a less objectionable cure—THE HERBERT WARING MEMORIAL ULCER HOSPITAL. He had enough to build a good one. The patients would all have cocktails before dinner, and the food would be prepared by a French chef with sauces made from the medicinal liquor. He'd see his lawyer and have the will drawn up properly.

He glanced at his watch and noticed that it was five o'clock, time to get to the club for the afternoon game of backgammon. Frank Vaughn and Harry Victor would be waiting for him.

◆

For ten years he had never missed his afternoon backgammon unless otherwise definitely engaged, and he mused that this was the only form of amusement the doctor had left to him.

At the club he found Frank and Harry shaking the dice cheerfully across the board. He joined them for chouette and won the first game, taking his place at the table. The ulcer was forgotten for the moment.

Just then Jack Brown joined them. He had a bottle of gin and a bottle of vermouth.

"Cocktails?" he questioned. There was no reply. None was expected. "One, two, three, four," he counted. "Oh, George, a shaker and glasses for four."

"None for me, thanks," said Mr. Waring, "I'm not drinking."

"Not drinking?" all three echoed. An explanation was plainly in order.

"No. The fact is I have an ulcer."

"So have I," said Jack. "I bought it in London and brought it in without paying duty on it. Has big checks."

"An ulcer. Not an ulster!"

"Oh. Well, paint it with iodine."

"It's in my stomach."

"A good doctor and a long stick—"

The game was halted while he repeated what the doctor had said.

"I knew a fellow who had one of those things," said Frank. "He used to put bicarb of soda in his cocktails."

After mixing three drinks, Jack picked up his bottles and departed for more congenial surroundings. The game continued while Frank and Harry emptied their glasses and blew smoke in his face.

◆

A few minutes later Ray Gould approached the table with the same proposition. Mr. Waring had to repeat his previous confessions. A crowd gathered around the table, and more cocktails were mixed. The empty glasses interfered with his play, and the smoke blurred his vision. Each one suggested to him just what he ought to do about his ailment. Louis Wemple had a friend who cured his ulcer with a special kind of Russian mineral oil. Wheaton Sanger knew a man who was restored to health by taking no nourishment except buttermilk for sixty days. Mike Waterbury had heard of a man who kept a tube down his throat for three months.

Mr. Waring became dizzy. His backgammon was terrible, and he lost four games in succession. He became angry and threw two-and-one three times in succession. Then he had a run of four-and-ones.

He gave up the game in disgust. The room was full of people mixing cocktails, exhaling clouds of smoke, and eating cold shrimps and smoked ham. Mr. Waring's soul was filled with disgust. He'd resign from the club! What was the use of a place where you couldn't find any congenial companionship?

He went back to his apartment and dressed. He was due for dinner and bridge at the Stephensons'. Well, he always enjoyed an evening there. It would take the taste of the club out of his mouth.

He arrived just as the cocktails were being served. He was about to take one from the tray when he suddenly remembered and drew back his hand.

Mrs. Stephenson saw the movement and rushed over to him.

"Oh, Mr. Waring, would you rather have a highball?"

"Not a thing, thank you."

She glanced at him suspiciously. No, he was quite sober. Her brow was troubled.

"But, Mr. Waring—"

He must make some explanation of his strange conduct.

"The fact is, Mrs. Stephenson, I have an ulcer."

"Dear me! How interesting! Can you really wipe the windshield by sticking out your tongue?"

"Not an Austin. An ulcer."

"Oh. What's that?"

◆

He attempted to pass it over lightly. Mrs. Stephenson would not permit it. He had to repeat the doctor's words. Mrs. Stephenson was horrified. Her party would be ruined. She really couldn't serve milk toast in courses. Mr. Waring assured her that it would not be necessary. He could eat any plain, wholesome food.

He was limp when released. So was Mrs. Stephenson.

His dinner partner was a visiting widow from the West. Conversation with her was slow until the wine was poured. Then she clinked glasses with him and prepared to step on the accelerator.

Mr. Waring liked what he had seen of the widow, and he warmed momentarily to the invitation. Luncheon tomorrow was clearly forecast. Then he caught himself.

"I'm not drinking," he explained.

The widow put her glass down and stared, wondering if her ears had deceived her. She tasted her wine to see if it was all right.

"It's very good," she insisted.

"No doubt," said Mr. Waring.

The widow's eyes and attitude were questioning. She demanded an explanation. What was such a man doing at this party?

Mr. Waring weakened before the inquisition and confessed. The widow was interested and sympathetic. She had a cousin in Denver who had the same trouble. He was a splendid young man. He must have gotten it from bad food in the army. Anyway, he died very suddenly. Just like that! He was visiting in the mountains, and before they got him to a doctor he was dead. Just a small ulcer it was, too.

Mr. Waring felt a slight buzzing in his ears and turned away. So far he had nibbled at a little celery and a few crackers. The crabmeat had a rich sauce poured over it, and he had been unable to dig out any that wasn't thoroughly seasoned. The green turtle soup was beyond the pale—full of sherry.

The filet of sole had a white wine sauce and was covered with truffles and mushrooms. He shuddered at the sight of it. Next was venison steak with chestnut dressing. So far he had eaten two rolls and was considering trying to purloin another from the widow. Everyone else was full of bright chatter, good wine, and delicious food.

After dinner there were cordials, and Mr. Waring sneaked away to take some of the medicine the doctor had prescribed. What he needed was a good strong drink and a telephone call that his apartment was on fire.

Bridge and highballs followed. Mr. Waring suffered in silence. Everyone else was hilarious, and instead of sympathy and advice he got wisecracks and dirty digs. His sincerity was questioned, and it was suggested that he had been tight the night before or was expecting to get tight later that night. He played badly and lost money. His partner suggested that he take a drink and see what would happen. It couldn't do anything more than kill him.

About one o'clock it was decided that the party should move to a night club for dancing. Mr. Waring would fain have called it an evening, but that would have left the widow with no escort. An extra woman ruins any night-club party, so he had to stick it out. The widow cared no more for night clubs than she did for her right leg.

It had been many years since Mr. Waring had tried to dance without more stimulation than the natural buoyancy of youth; he found it practically impossible now. The music was never in time with his feet, and he found that he and his partner were always swaying in opposite directions. This was no fun for anybody, but he preferred to stay on the dance floor to sitting at the table and watching others drink.

◆

The rest of the party were just feeling their oats and letting down their hair. He tried to distort his death mask into the proper registration of joy, but it was hard work. He even told a few jokes to show he had the right spirit, but they didn't stop the show.

The widow was kittenish and insisted on addressing him in baby-talk. He tried it too, and the result was ghastly. Even the widow drew the line at that.

He could see that he was spoiling the fun. When anyone said anything silly they looked at him resentfully, as if afraid he might remember it. None of the others would. No one could cut loose with him observing them and doing nothing to incriminate himself. The party calmed down and had more food. The smell of the Welsh rabbits and steaks Tartar made his scrambled eggs taste like sawdust.

He got back to his apartment after three, waterlogged with ginger ale, and firmly determined to dine out no more.

The next morning he called up and canceled all further dinner engagements. He hoped his friends would realize that he was doing them a favor.

The widow called him. She was so distressed about his condition that she had talked to a friend of hers who was a nurse and had taken care of several patients who had ulcers. She'd been with one of them steadily for two years and knew all the proper treatments. She wouldn't be at liberty now except the poor fellow had perforated and passed on two weeks ago. She was going to bring her friend the nurse over to his apartment right away and see that he was made comfortable. Did he have any mustard there? No? Well, they'd bring some ready-made plasters.

Mr. Waring protested but soon realized that he could not thwart the maternal instinct when fully aroused. So he called up the Sanleys and asked if he could come out to Long Island and spend the weekend with them. Alice said she would be delighted, so he grabbed a bag and fled, leaving word for the widow that he had gone to Rochester, Minnesota.

He arrived at the Sanleys' just as a crowd came in looking for a drink. In less than an hour he was cornered and forced to explain his abstinence. There was nothing in his glass but ginger ale. He had to repeat his litany and sneak away.

They were all dining out that night, and he had to beg off the cocktails from his new hostess. There was going to be no peace for him that weekend. If he could just have a cigarette!

Through a long Saturday he suffered and recited his afflictions. There was a young doctor in the party at the dance who told him he was following the wrong treatment. He should give up the bromides and have his teeth taken out. Probably he didn't have an ulcer at all. A chronic appendix would make him feel the same way. Anyway, there was no use in worrying. An Indian was shot in the stomach and lived for fifteen years with a big hole in his diaphragm. Died a drunkard. Mr. Waring had to go outside for air.

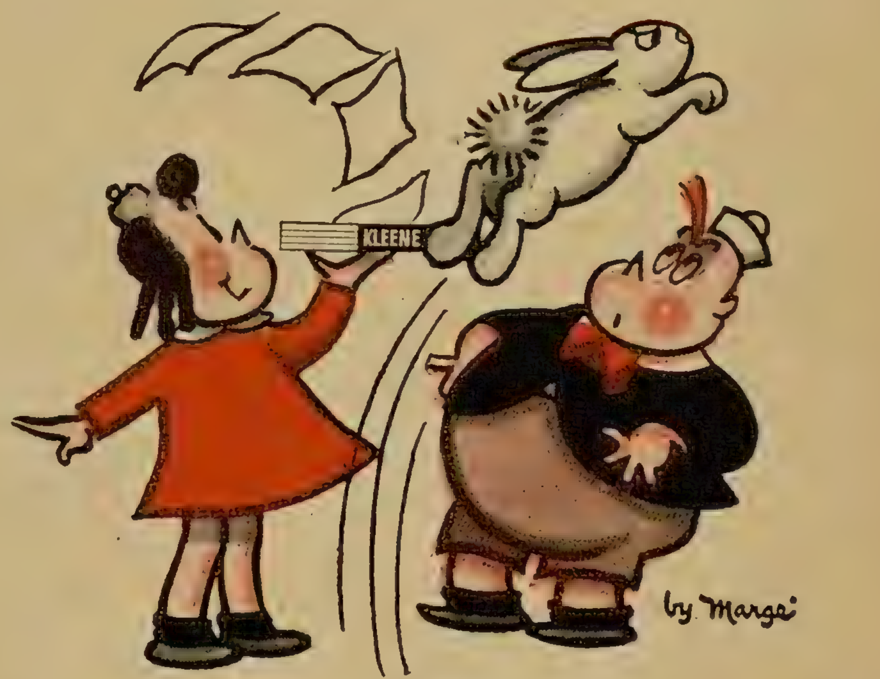
◆

Sunday morning he was desperate. Also thirsty. One drink, he felt, would relieve the situation and restore him to his position in society. One cigarette, and he would regain his self-respect. Perhaps it would do no harm. The doctor might be mistaken about his ulcer after all.

When Mr. Sanley got out a bottle of rum the die was cast. Mr. Waring forgot that rum never did agree with him, even when he was in his prime. He had four cocktails before lunch and became the life of the party. Everyone cheered.

At the Piping Rock Club he found the finest collection of highly seasoned food west of the Bois de

LITTLE LULU



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Boulogne. He delved into sauces and relishes and had two plates of oysters Rockefeller.

All afternoon he played backgammon and consumed highballs. He lighted one cigarette from another and occasionally switched to cigars. At dinner he was tight and ate three helpings of lobster salad. All evening he reveled in his emancipation and retired for the night triumphant and cockeyed.

He awoke at dawn in terrific pain. It required no expert to tell him that this was no ordinary hangover. There was something epic in his convulsions. The doctor had been right, after all. He got up and took a double dose of all the medicines and caught the bed again as it sailed by. For two hours he lay in agony and cursed every mouthful of food individually. It would be a long time before he'd even want another drink.

Certainly this was his last weekend visit, whether he lived or not. Hereafter he'd spend them in the public library, where no smoking was allowed.

His pain increased. Something had given way. Had his ulcer perforated? He was sure of it! He could feel it! Quick, he must get to the operating room!

He dressed and went downstairs. Without waking the household he telephoned for an ambulance and sped toward the city.

◆

He was waiting when the doctor arrived at his office.

"Hurry, doctor!" he begged. "Get busy and open me up. I'm perforated!"

The doctor examined him gravely and smiled.

"You've been dissipating," he reproved him, "and are paying the penalty. I told you that it wouldn't do. There's nothing seriously wrong. What have you been eating?"

Mr. Waring confessed like a small boy caught in a green-apple tree. The doctor ministered to him with drastic measures and sent him home to bed.

In two days he was up again and reconciled to the life of an outcast. There was no place he could turn for companionship and relaxation.

He ate alone at his favorite cafés. The chefs wept when he insisted on plain food.

Mr. Waring was despondent. Melancholia was fast possessing him. He had his private telephone number changed and avoided all his familiar haunts. He tried reading to while away the time, but even the newspapers dripped with liquor, and the cigarette advertisements taunted him.

Then he caught at a straw. There was an advertisement in the paper:

> "WANTED. Instructors to teach backgammon. Gimsak's Department Store is operating a backgammon school to teach those who do not know this most ancient of all games. The Egyptians played it in the shadows of the Pyramids; Joseph played it with his jailer; Cleopatra taught it to Cæsar; Caligula cheated at it. Now it is replacing contract from Bar Harbor and Newport to Southampton and Palm Beach. Fifty dollars a week salary and percentages. Apply in person for examination."

Mr. Waring was electrified. Anything to play backgammon! He hastened to Gimsak's.

◆

A young lady took his name and asked questions. How long had he played? All right. Which rules did he follow—the French, Italian, or Russian? Did he play the modern doubling game? Good! Did he move according to Mr. Nicholas' book?

Mr. Waring assured her that he did. He might have added that he had helped write the book.

His answers seemed satisfactory, and the young lady consulted an engagement book. They agreed on five to six and nine to eleven as his hours. She gave him an address and told him to present himself at five o'clock for a lesson.

"We make the collections," she told him, "and pay you directly. Any tips that you may receive you can keep."

He blushed and departed. Here was a profession straight from heaven. Wouldn't the boys at the club laugh when they heard about it? No, they must not hear about it! He'd lose his amateur standing.

At five o'clock he arrived at a house in the East Eighties and announced himself as the instructor from Gimsak's. He was shown upstairs to the drawing room, where a backgammon table was ready for him. The men were properly ridged. He was fingering them lovingly when he heard a step behind him.

He turned and saw a lady enter the room. She was young and pretty. He bowed, and she greeted him with a disarming smile.

"I'm Miss Thorne," she said. "You're from Gimsak's, aren't you?"

"Good afternoon. I came to give you a backgammon lesson."

"Fine. Let's sit down here."

Mr. Waring sat down in a trance. How long had this sort of thing been going on?

"I'm not exactly a beginner," Miss Thorne explained. "I've played some. What I want you to teach me is the advanced strategy. Suppose, Mr. Waring, as a beginning, you explain the best original moves to me."

Mr. Waring laid the dice on the table to indicate the throw.

"The double six is played this way or that way," he explained, moving the men on the board to illustrate the play.

"Six-and-five is always played so. The six-and-four either here or here. The six-and-three there. The six-and-two can be played a number of ways. I usually play it into my inner table."

"Why?"

"Mainly because all the other ways have more disadvantages. This way you prepare for your next move. The chances of being taken up by your opponent are only fifteen out of thirty-six."

"Oh, you know the odds on each throw?"

"Certainly. You should learn them immediately. They will guide you in doubling or taking a double."

Mr. Waring continued his exposition down to double ones.

"All right," said Miss Thorne. "I think I follow you. Suppose we try a game. You play a back game, and I will play a forward game."

A butler came in with a decanter, ice, and glasses.

"Would you like something to drink?" she invited.

Mr. Waring winced. Here was the fly in his coffee. Well, he certainly wasn't going to explain his weakness to a stranger.

"I think not," he said. "But I will be delighted to fix one for you, Miss Thorne."

"No, thank you," she told him. "I don't indulge. It was brought for you. If you change your mind, go ahead."

◆

Mr. Waring was delighted. That was the easiest time he'd ever had passing a drink.

"I won't," he assured her, and rearranged the men for play.

The hour passed quickly. Mr. Waring regretted the time for departure, thankful for the smiles from his pupil. He was sure he had given her a good lesson.

For the moment his ulcer was forgotten, and he regarded his new profession highly.

Back at his apartment he found a message from Gimsak's to be at a certain apartment at nine o'clock for two lessons. He arrived promptly, confidently expecting another Miss Thorne, and found an elderly couple who had never seen a backgammon table before except on the back side of a checkerboard. For two hours he placed and replaced the men and tried to give them a faint inkling of the game. Neither of them could remember which way they were moving. It was a laborious task, and he departed exhausted.

The next morning Gimsak's called him and gave him two engagements, one at five and one at nine. Neither of them was for Miss Thorne. He suddenly felt a tender regard for Miss Thorne's technique. Someone might teach her to play the six-and-two from the opponent's inner table!

◆

That night he arrived to give a lesson to a débutante. She had a cake-eater in attendance, and it didn't take him long to realize that he had been engaged merely to act as a blind. The rest of the household had gone to the opera, and the youngsters had no intention of playing backgammon. They spent the two hours in the pantry while Mr. Waring tried to see how many double sixes he could throw. He could hear them cracking ice and opening ginger ale. Their laughter grew louder, and he could tell the gin was going to their heads. By the noise he judged they were playing catch with the icebox. At least they were considerate enough not to offer him a drink, and except for that concession in their favor, he left in complete disgust.

He knew the girl's father slightly. Some day he'd tell him what a young hellion he had in his family.

The next morning he was given two more new engagements. He began to worry about Miss Thorne again. Full of anxiety he went over to Gimsak's and sought the backgammon secretary.

"I have two new appointments for lessons," he explained. "Isn't it possible for me to keep the same pupils?"

"Not unless they keep to the same hours each day. We have to send out whoever is available. You told us when you would be available, so you have to take pupils who call for those hours."

"But what about Miss Thorne?" he asked.

"She has another instructor this afternoon at four thirty."

"Couldn't I swap with him? I'd just as soon change my time. You see, I started her out along certain lines, and it would really be doing her an injustice to change her tactics. I think I had better instruct her regularly."

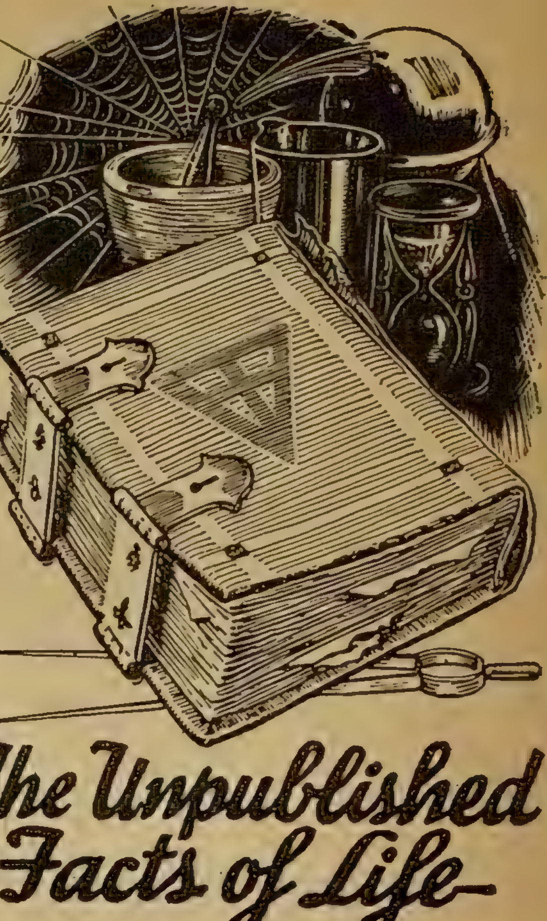
The secretary smiled. In fact, she almost laughed in his face.

"I'm sorry, but it can't be arranged. Miss Thorne has another instructor, and you must take your pupils."

"Then I'll resign. I won't teach any more!"

"Very well. The cashier will give you your check. You must understand that we are running a backgammon school, not playing post office."

Mr. Waring paused and considered. He was throwing away his last chance to see Miss Thorne again. Perhaps he might get another engagement with her. He reached in his pocket for his billfold.



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"I beg your pardon," he said to the secretary. "I didn't mean to be so hasty. Here is a hundred dollars. I want you to fix it up for me to give Miss Thorne her lessons."

The secretary's eyes bulged and her mouth watered.

"Really," she gasped. "Really! I'm awfully sorry but it simply cannot be arranged. Really, it can't."

"A hundred dollars," repeated Mr. Waring.

"Just a minute and I'll speak to the manager."

She returned with a smile and accepted the money.

"At four thirty," she said. "Be sure and improve her tactics."

Mr. Waring blushed and departed hastily.

At four thirty he was sitting opposite Miss Thorne again and basking in the warmth of her smile. What more could any backgammon teacher ask?

Her game improved remarkably under his guidance, and he almost exhausted the difficult points. He was afraid she would not need any more lessons and hung back with his pointers.

◆

This time the butler brought in a tea service. Mr. Waring was delighted and grateful. He kept the conversation strictly impersonal and indefinite. He was afraid to say anything that would lead her to believe he was not a bona fide instructor of backgammon. He must not lose the precious chance to see her again.

Miss Thorne, on her part, did not treat him like the hired help he was. She was deferential and even encouraging. Her professional manner of the time before had thawed.

Mr. Waring far overstayed his time. Miss Thorne seemed in no hurry to have him go. Clearly this situation called for finesse.

"It is so kind of you to invite me to tea," he told her in parting, with emphasis on the "invite." "It is more than kind. I feel the obligation heavily. Would I be presuming if I invited you to dine with me some evening in return?"

"Really, I couldn't," she declined. "That is, I don't think I could go out. No, I couldn't."

She seemed reluctant to make it final.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Waring. "I shouldn't have asked."

"Oh, that's not it," Miss Thorne assured him quickly. "I was thinking of something else. I would love to have dinner with you, but would you just as soon come here for dinner with me?"

"Well, er—er—that is hardly what I had in mind."

"Oh, please do it!" she insisted with a charming smile. "I'm dining alone tomorrow night. You'll come, won't you? Just a simple dinner; nothing fancy."

Mr. Waring knew he should decline. Dinner engagements were poison ivy to him. He could take her to a place where there were no drinks served and order simple food for himself. At her table he might have to eat pressed duck with cucumber salad.

"You won't fix anything special for me?" he asked feebly.

"Not a thing," she agreed. "I live very simply. Of course you'll come!" And she gave him a smile that would have taken him into the Fiery Furnace in a coonskin coat.

Mr. Waring walked home on the clouds. He didn't mind missing his cocktail before dinner now. He didn't even need it. He made a mental note to have his will changed. He would leave his money to endow a backgammon school.

That night he gave a lesson to the wife of a chain store magnate who had seen other days. She couldn't count and seemed to hold him responsible for it. She insulted him freely and denounced the game. Someone had told her it was simple. Well, it wasn't as simple as the other dice games she knew. Mr. Waring aimed to please, and they spent the second hour on the floor, shooting craps. He departed fifty dollars poorer.

Miss Thorne made it up to him with a smile when he arrived for dinner. He was proud of his profession then.

He was relieved when no cocktails were served and tearful with gratitude when the dinner lived up to her promise. It was good plain food, and he could eat heartily.

After dinner she said, "Suppose you give me a backgammon lesson now."

"Oh, really, I couldn't do that," he protested. "But I will be delighted to play."

"All right. Then we can play for a stake."

"Certainly, if you care to."

"Well, I'll let you fix the stake."

"Anything you please," he said, forgetting that his finances were not supposed to be elastic.

◆

"All right. A dollar, then, with obligatory and free doubles."

"But do you think this is fair to you? I should give you a handicap," he offered.

"Do you think I need it?"

"Probably not," he admitted graciously.

"Then we'll play even."

At one o'clock she was eighty-four dollars ahead. He gave her a check and made ready to depart sorrowfully.

"I suppose this means that you won't need any more lessons."

"I might take this out in trade," she suggested, fingering the check.

"There's nothing more I can teach you," he admitted truthfully. "In fact, I think I should ask you to give me some lessons."

"But don't you want your revenge?"

He brightened up at that.

"Certainly. Won't you dine with me tomorrow night? I know a quiet little place in the neighborhood where there is excellent food, though nothing fancy."

She agreed, and Mr. Waring departed in high spirits.

For two weeks they alternated. One night he dined at her home and one night she dined out and with him. Their tastes in food were so similar that Mr. Waring suggested they extend the arrangements to lunch. She pleaded other engagements, except for Sunday.

Meanwhile they nearly wore the spots off the dice. Mr. Waring gradually cut down her lead and slowly forged ahead.

His doctor informed him that his condition was improving and advised him to continue whatever he was doing.

◆

He still gave lessons in the afternoon, but kept his evenings free. Time no longer hung heavy on his hands.

One evening, while they were playing as usual, the butler entered to announce a telephone call for Miss Thorne. She returned in a moment and said to him: "That was the backgammon department manager at Gimsak's. She was looking for you. One of the instructors was taken ill, and she wants you to go to this address at once."

"Well, I won't."

"You'll have to. You'll lose your job if you don't."

"All right. I'll lose it, then. But I'm going to stay here and play with you."

"But this is a tournament. They need a referee. It's for high stakes, and you'll have to go."

"No, I won't!"

"Come on, and I'll go with you. They may want two."

Still protesting, he allowed himself to be dragged out.

When he arrived for the tournament the first two persons he saw were Frank Vaughn and Harry Victor.

"Hello, Herbert!" they called to him. "Where've you been? We thought you'd left town. How are you? And what are you doing here?"

Mr. Waring blushed. It mustn't be known that he was a backgammon instructor and had come like a professional entertainer.

"Oh, I er—er—brought over the backgammon instructor to referee for you."

"Good. None of us would trust each other—you least of all."

Mr. Waring saw Miss Thorne just behind him and blushed even deeper. He must get out of here. She had heard him call her an instructor. How would he explain that?

Frank and Harry bowed to her.

"Hello, Ann," they both called. "Going to mop up tonight?"

"I'm not playing."

"Why not?"

"I'm going to referee."

"You?"

"Sure. Haven't you heard? I'm an instructor now."

Good girl! Mr. Waring was overcome with gratitude. Quick wit, that! She had seen his predicament and saved his face.

"You don't tell me! Well, have you been giving Herbert lessons? He hasn't been in the club in weeks. We were afraid some siren had lured him on the rocks."

"Mr. Waring, you mean?" asked Miss Thorne.

"Sure. He disappeared over a month ago. We were about to send out a St. Bernard with a little keg of Martinis under his chin to look for him."

She gave Mr. Waring a dirty look and dug her elbow into his ribs under cover of turning around.

"So?" she whispered. "You've been having sport with me!"

The tournament began. Miss Thorne acted as referee, and Mr. Waring was invited to enter. He did so and soon found himself playing with his hostess.

"Isn't it wonderful what Ann Thorne's done for this game?" she said.

"Er—er—yes," he agreed. "What's she done?"

"Haven't you heard? I thought she came in with you. She's been running a backgammon school at Gimsak's. Has a department of her own. Sends instructors out to teach anybody that wants to learn. Has forty of them now and needs more. I'm thinking of applying for a job. Why don't you? It ought to be loads of fun."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Waring, "it ought to be!"

Whereupon he moved a six-and-two wrong and lost the game.

◆

On the way home he gave voice to his protest.

"Why did you make a fool out of me?"

"I didn't," Miss Thorne denied. "I didn't think you knew any of those people. I had to send someone, and there was no one else available. When you refused to go I had to take you. You see, I got up the tournament. When I saw you were ashamed to let your friends know what you were doing, I took your place."

"Why did you let me give you lessons?"

"I didn't. I have to take the first lesson from a new instructor to make sure he knows the game and behaves correctly. I couldn't send out someone who would teach the game wrong and be diverted by a drink. I accepted you, and that's all I had to do with it. You applied for the position, didn't you?"

"Yes. But you took another lesson from me."

"Didn't you insist on that? Didn't you give my secretary a hundred dollars to fix it up?"

"Yes, but—er—"

"Well, I couldn't take the money out of the poor girl's hands. She needed it, so I let her earn it. Don't blame me for that."

"But you let me keep on telling you how to play."

"Why not? Didn't you tell me correctly?"

"You ought to know. You run the school."

"While we're on the subject, why did you pass yourself off to me as an instructor?"

"Well, I thought I knew enough about the game to instruct," he said diffidently.

"That isn't what I meant. Why did you apply for such a position?" Her tone was firm.

◆

Here came that ulcer! He wasn't going to bring that up again.

"I er—er—needed the money," hesitantly.

"Liar! How about the hundred dollars you gave my secretary? I knew there was something wrong then, but I couldn't see any harm in humoring you. You seemed to be a gentleman. When you played a six-and-two, as you did, I should have known you played with Frank Vaughn and Harry Victor, but I never connected you with that crowd until I saw you deny your profession."

"Well, why are you running the department, then? Answer me that!"

"My family are in Europe, and I had to have something to do while they were gone. Everybody thought I went with them."

"Well, why didn't you go with them?"

"Because — because — well — because—if you must know, I have an ulcer! I can't take anything to drink or eat rich food, so I don't like to go out. It just embarrasses me to death to have to explain it to everybody, and it's no fun being with a bunch of people who have nothing to worry about but a good time."

Mr. Waring had a queer feeling somewhere down near his ulcer. He observed that Miss Thorne was sobbing against his shoulder. He must do something about that. He did, at once.

"When are you due for your next test meal, dearest?" he asked.

"Not for three weeks."

"Good. I've got eighteen days before mine. Yes, that's why I disappeared from the club. We'll just have time to run out to Battle Creek for our honeymoon. I hear they serve a special diet for ulcer at the hotel out there. Won't that be splendid?"

"Yes," she agreed as he dried her tears, "and we can take a backgammon board along with us. I know damn well that I can beat you."

"No, we won't. This is going to be a vacation, and we'll leave our business behind," he insisted. "Besides, there is another game that was played in the shadows of the Pyramids. We'll stick to it." ◆ ◆

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took place. Like to look it over?"

I examined the suit and found it in perfect shape. Pete then pointed at one of the eighty-pound helmets on a bench. I looked over the valves and the connections, testing especially the exhaust valve at the rear of the helmet, and found that, too, in perfect condition.

Pete said, "I can't see nothing to be suspicious about. Any man can make a mistake, even a guy like Red, but you never make more'n one when you're down one hundred fathoms."

"One hundred fathoms!" That staggered me. A diver can go down six hundred feet when he's breathing a mixture of helium and oxygen, but, even so, the risk is tremendous. Red must have been after something really big. I asked casually, "What was the pay-off at that depth?"

"Well, all I know is there's thirty-six thousand dollars in the captain's safe of the Vega."

Pete watched me as I turned his information over in my mind, and I sensed that he, too, was not convinced that was all Red was after. Thirty-six grand is a lot of money for a diver, but it doesn't balance out against the danger of trying to get it in one hundred fathoms.

◆

I said, "Tell me exactly how it happened and don't spare the details. Who was handling his lines?"

"Fellow name of Jinks Peabody."

"What a name! And who was taking care of the helium-oxygen tanks?"

"The relief diver. Everything was set up fine on deck. Nothing wrong anywhere. Anyway, Red hit the deck of the Vega and we could hear him swearing in the helmet phone when he forced his way through a cabin door of the wreck. He banged around down there for a while and forced the door to the captain's cabin, too, but his time was run out and he had to come up. He talked to us when he got out on the deck and waited there a minute while we cut in another mix tank. Then he started up. We took him up to eighty fathoms and that's when he started complaining about feeling cramps. So we let him hang there a while and talked to him, but his voice got weaker and weaker and we could hear him moaning and then—nothing."

"No more sounds from him?"

"No. It was the bends pure and simple. When we took him out he was dead."

I edged a little closer to Pete. His eyes narrowed and he stepped back toward one of the benches.

I took another step and said, "That isn't the way it happens, Pete. Who paid you to hand out a story like that?"

Pete backed up against the bench, his hand moving slowly toward a monkey wrench. "Nobody," he said. "What you so suspicious about?"

"I'm a diver, Pete. You should know better than to hand out a line like that to a diver."

Pete grabbed the monkey wrench and started a quick swing toward my head, but I was a fraction of a second faster. I caught him with a hard right high on the side of the head that spun him all the way around. Then I stepped in close to hammer some truth out of him, but failed to see the oil slick on the floor. My foot hit the oil and went out from under me. I made a wild grab at nothing and went down on my back, hitting my head a crack on an iron bar. That was the last I knew.

I don't think I was out very long, but when I came to, Pete was gone.

There were some of Red's papers in a battered desk in the pier shed, so I went through them, and after a few minutes found what I was looking for. It was the name of Red's attorney—Sam Wise, specialist in marine law.

◆

Sam Wise had a small suite of reception room and private office in the Bay Marine Building on California Street, near Grant Avenue. I looked up and down the board and noticed that the building was filled with shippers, freight lines, marine underwriters, and associated marine enterprises.

I got the number of Wise's office, then stepped into an elevator and asked the operator for the tenth floor. Just before he closed the door, a young girl slipped in and said breathlessly, "Eleven, please."

The operator turned to look at her, smiled, and said, "Afternoon, Miss O'Keefe."

She seemed not to hear him. She was preoccupied and looked steadily down at the toes of her shoes. I could not see her eyes, but the rest of her was well worth staring at.

The elevator operator went up so fast, with only the two passengers aboard, that it reminded me of coming up from a long dive. I said to the operator, "This is like a quick rise from the bottom of the sea."

He stopped for the tenth, then turned toward me. "You a diver?"

"Yes."

He said something else, but I failed to hear it because of the girl. She had looked up finally and was staring at me with a startled expression and what seemed like actual terror in her eyes. The next moment I was standing on the tenth floor and the elevator was gone.

I went down the floor and found Sam Wise's office. He shook hands with me and indicated a chair across from him. After we were seated, he said, "I've been waiting for you."

I tried not to look too surprised. "I didn't think you had ever heard of me until the receptionist sent in my name."

"I know a great deal about you, Mr. Bradley. After all, Red Donnelly was a client of mine and he enjoyed talking about you. Tell me something. You two were very close friends, yet you never went in business together. Why is that?"

"It's a long story, Mr. Wise."

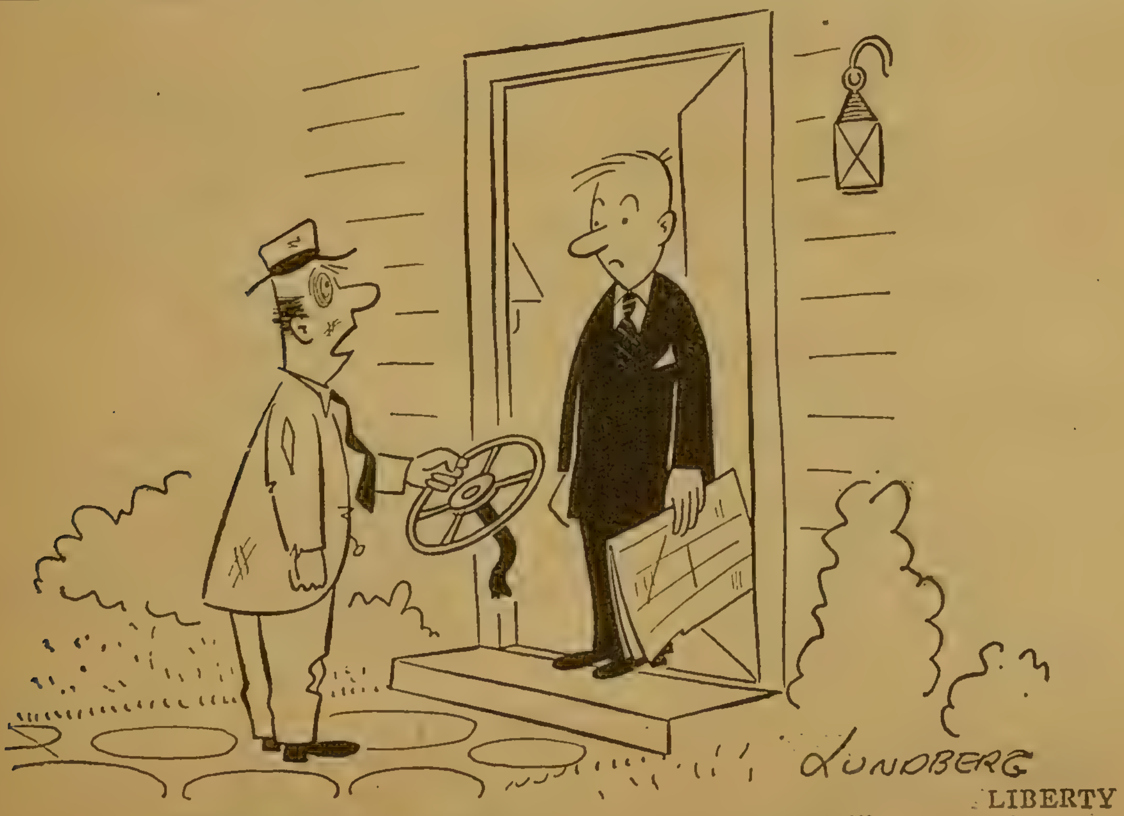
"Do me a favor, Jim. Make it Sam. I feel we've known each other a long time."

"O.K., Sam. Anyway, neither Red nor I is the kind who go for partnership deals. We liked it better operating on our own. He had the whole Pacific coast and I had the Gulf. That's the way we wanted it."

Sam smiled. "I see. You look even more rugged than Red was. What are you—about six three and, say, two hundred and twenty pounds?"

"You're close."

He turned in his chair to stare out the window, his sharp profile



"Thanks a lot for the loan of your car, old man!"

toward me. He rested the tips of his fingers together and said, "Red's death was a blow to me. In my mind he represented man against the sea—man triumphant. It is still difficult for me to believe that the sea finally overcame him."

That statement made me warm to Sam. I said, "That's why I'm here. Red was too good, too clever, and too cautious to die of the bends."

Tiny muscles tightened about Sam's jaw. He said softly, "The bends? Who told you it was caisson disease that got him?" When I explained about Pete, he said, "Oh, yes. Pete Jeffers. I gave him the job as watchman. How did you meet him?"

"When I left New Orleans, I sent a wire to the Donnelly Salvage Company I figured someone would be in charge. As soon as I got in town, I went straight to the pier. This Pete Jeffers was there. He said he had received my wire."

◆

"He should have turned the wire over to me. The important thing, however, is that he knew you were arriving. Now—ah—did you believe his story about the bends?"

I leaned forward in the chair. We were beginning to get somewhere. I said, "No. When I accused him of lying, he grabbed at a wrench and I swung at him. But I slipped in some oil, went down, and cracked my head. When I came to, Pete was gone."

Sam swung about to stare into my eyes, a wild variety of emotions chasing through his own, then reached for the telephone. He called a lieutenant of detectives, evidently a friend, gave him Pete's name and description and asked him to have the watchman picked up.

He shoved the phone aside and drummed on the desk with his fingers. "This is very odd, Jim. As far as I know, there was no reason for Jeffers to lie to you, but that is not the way Red died. He was crushed to death at eighty fathoms."

"But I saw his suit and helmet."

Sam shook his head. "Impossible. Red was buried in the suit and helmet. It was the only way he could be buried. His whole massive body was crushed into the helmet like so much jelly. Until this moment, though, I thought it was simply an accident. All the men of the crew signed a deposition as to probable cause of death, which was accepted by the coroner and myself."

"What was that?"

"It was that, for some reason or other, while waiting to decompress at eighty fathoms, Red accidentally opened the exhaust valve of the helmet too wide; the gas-oxygen pressure had gone down, and the pressure of the sea had crushed him" He cocked an eyebrow and squinted at me. "Could it happen that way?"

I thought it over and had to admit that it could. "But it still doesn't explain why the watchman lied to me."

"No. We'll have to look into that. Where are you staying?"

"The Pine-Savoy on Pine Street. It's just down below the Mark."

"Very good. I'll see what I can learn about this Pete Jeffers and give you a call."

I got up from my chair and shook hands with Sam. "By the way," I asked, "just what was Red diving for?"

"Thirty-six thousand in the captain's safe on the S.S. Vega."

"Not enough, Sam. He was after more than that to gamble with a hundred fathoms. Do you know what the pressure is down at that depth? It's twenty tons to the square foot, or two hundred and twenty-six tons squeezing on a man's body."

Sam whistled. He went to a filing cabinet, shuffled through some papers, and came back to the desk with a copy of the contract between Red and the underwriters, the Atlas Marine Insurance and Underwriters Corporation. We went through the contract together. Red had been diving simply for an eighty-per-cent cut of the money in the captain's safe. That was all.

I asked Sam, "Do me a favor and find out what cargo that ship was carrying. I still think Red was after something else."

He walked with me out of the office and down to the elevators. I remembered the girl and asked Sam, "Do you know a girl named O'Keefe in this building? She probably works in an office on the eleventh floor."

Sam blinked at me and then chuckled. "The whole eleventh floor belongs to old Thomas O'Keefe."

"Oh. I just happened to hear the girl's name mentioned when I was coming up. She was in the elevator."

"That was Pat O'Keefe. The old man owns the Star Coastal Shipping Line. Eight freighters. A very fine business indeed. But at the beginning of the war he had only two boats. One of them was the S.S. Vega, where Red Donnelly died."

◆

I left the office building and walked up to Grant Avenue. There was a small Chinese restaurant on a side street where I had eaten years before.

When I came out of the restaurant, it was dark. I got some magazines and walked to my hotel.

The desk clerk told me that someone had been calling repeatedly for the past hour or more, but would not leave a name. I went up to my room and opened a magazine and was just getting involved in a story when the phone rang. It was Pete Jeffers, the watchman. He spoke softly, but he was excited and there was fear in his voice.

"I gotta see you," he whined. "I gotta see you right away."

"O.K. You know my hotel."

"I can't go there to see you!

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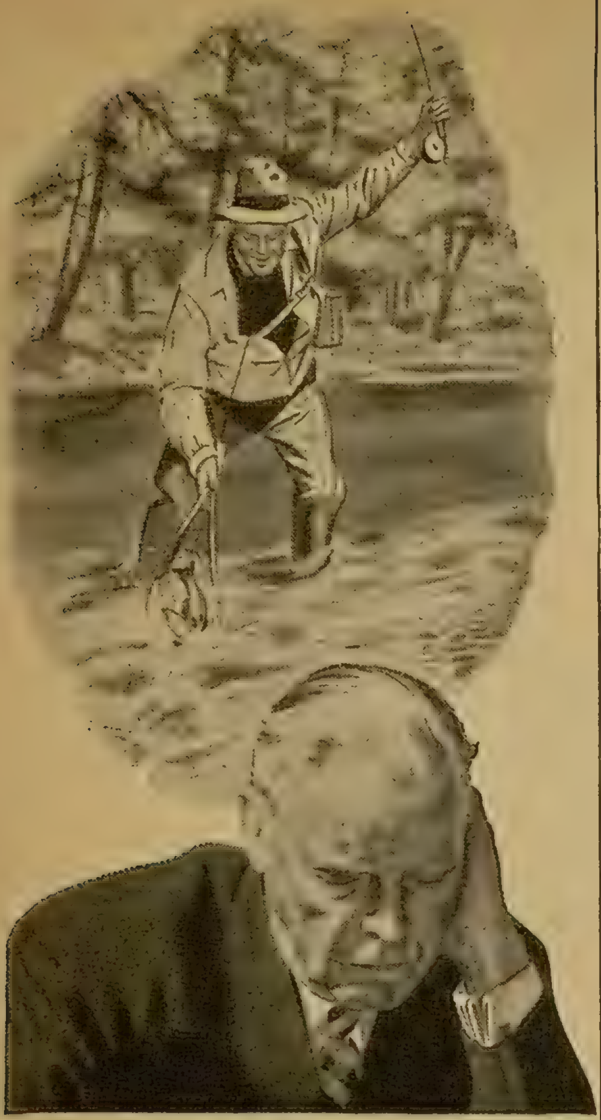

The year that got away—

Long ago, he'd planned the year, the day, the hour of his retirement.

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I'm in a spot, Bradley. I didn't mean no harm with that story I told you. Honest. I got a hundred bucks for lying about Red and that's all I know about anything. But now things ain't right. Something's gone screwy and I gotta talk it over with you or I'll go nuts."

"Where are you?"

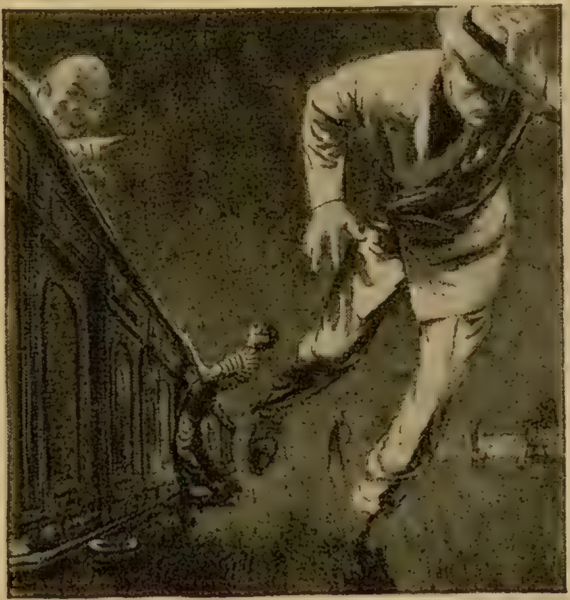
"Angelo's Cup and Spoon. It's a little joint on Broadway in North Beach. Not far from the International Settlement."

"O.K. Be there right away."

It was not much of a drive to the North Beach section of San Francisco, but when I arrived in front of Angelo's there was a crowd on the sidewalk. An ambulance was just pulling away from the curb, two police cars were parked near by, and a number of policemen were talking with the people. I got out of the taxi and mingled with the crowd.

An obvious plain-clothes man was talking with a beefy-looking individual directly in front of the door to Angelo's. He had an apron around his waist and was evidently the bartender. He pointed at me and told the officer, "The guy was about as big as this fella here. Maybe not as tall, but big through the shoulders.

"He come walkin' in the bar and looked around, and then seen this thin guy down at the end of the bar. He went down there and they yapped at each other, and then this thin one tried to get away. Next thing I knew, he was flat on his back and the big guy run out. I went around the bar and had a look and here was the thin guy dead as a mackerel with that long shiv stickin' in him. Kind of turned my stomach, it did."



The officer wrote something in a notebook and then asked, "Ever seen either of them before?"

"I ain't sure—you see so many characters in a joint like this, but offhand I'd say no. You know who they are, Riley?"

Riley nodded. "Just the thin one, I think. We had a call out for him. Some wharf rat named Jeffers. Now," he sighed, "we'll have to start looking for the big one, whoever he is."

I leaned back against Angelo's building and lit a cigarette. I intended calling Sam Wise, but first I wanted to get things in order. I started with the flight out from New Orleans. There had been nothing to that except the desire to get the facts on the death of a close friend of mine. I had been suspicious of nothing until Pete had started giving me the cock-and-bull story of how Red met his death. Now it was evident that Pete had been paid to give out that story. He had known I was flying in and had time to pass the information on to an interested party. Pete had later become frightened and, assuming that he had really been paid only a hundred dollars, had probably intended to wipe his hands of the affair and tell me all he knew. The "interested party" had somehow learned of it and murdered Pete, or had him put away.

◆

But there was a great big WHY behind it all. If Red's death had been accidental, why all the effort to make me think it had happened another way? And why the concentration on me anyway? I was simply a friend of Red. Red had had many friends, maybe not so close, but still good friends. Many of them, too, were divers. And they were all evidently satisfied as to the accidental nature of Red's death.

Then I realized where I did differ from any other friends of Red. There are not many salvage operators anywhere in the world who will touch anything deeper than two hundred feet. Red had been the only independent operator in that class on the Pacific coast. I was another, and now I was standing in Red's territory. I could get curious and take up where Red had left off. Someone, apparently, did not want that.

So far so good. But that brought up another question. I would have been just as satisfied if I had been told truthfully the way Red had died. Someone, though, was afraid that there might be a weakness in that which would become apparent to a diver like myself, used to great depths. I could see no weakness in it, but it had to be there, as someone else *knew* it was there and was afraid I would spot it. That someone was afraid of two things: that I would learn more about Red's death than appeared on the surface and, probably, what was more important, that I might decide to step into Red's shoes and see what I could find one hundred fathoms down on the wreck of the S.S. Vega.

Neither of which was a bad idea.

I started away from the building, and then I noticed the convertible parked across the street under one of the street lights. The top was down and I could see a girl in the car. She had her head turned away from me, but I recognized the girl I had seen in the elevator, Pat O'Keefe.

Playing a hunch, I crossed the street, walked around the car, and approached the girl. When I stopped at her side, she blinked at me for a moment and then she remembered me, and her eyes again filled with that odd look of terror. It startled me so much that I stood there like a big dummy for a few minutes before introducing myself.

"Jim Bradley?" she whispered. "I don't believe we have met before."

I said, "We haven't. But I think we have a few things in common. A good friend of mine died on the wreck of a ship belonging to your father."

"Oh." Her voice got even smaller. "Mr. Donnelly."

"Did you know him?"

◆

She appeared indecisive for a moment, but then she nodded. "I saw him quite often. My father liked him and had him home for dinner a number of times. I liked him, too. He was a wonderful person." She closed her eyes and said, "It was a blow when he—when he—" but she could not go on.

I leaned my elbows on the door and saw the color of her eyes when she opened them. They were a tawny green. "Maybe," I said, "you can tell me what Red was after on the wreck."

"Why, it was a large sum of money in the captain's safe."

"Uh-huh. That's what I heard. Look, Miss O'Keefe. I'm in the same sort of business Red was in—deep-sea salvage. If Red could tackle anything at that depth, so can I. Do you think it would be worth my while to go down after that money?"

"Oh, no!" she cried. "No!" She was so excited she placed a hand on my arm and shook me. "Please don't even think of it. It—it's too dangerous. You see what happened to your friend."

"Not only Red." I pointed across the street and asked her, "Know why that crowd is over there?"

"A fight of some kind?"

"No. How long have you been parked here?"

"About half an hour. Before the police cars appeared. I'm waiting for my brother-in-law. He's buying some things up the street a little way. Why?"

"Well, while you've been sitting here a man was murdered in that place across the street. Knifed to death. You might even know him. He was one of Red Donnelly's crew. Fellow by the name of Pete Jeffers."

For a moment I thought she was going to faint. Her shoulders sagged, her head slumped back against the seat, and she started to slide sideways. But she got herself under control and straightened her back. Her hands flew to her face.

She mumbled, "How awful."

I said, "There's a tie-in with Red's death. Maybe he didn't die by accident. What do you think?"

She never had a chance to answer that question. A man I assumed to be her brother-in-law suddenly appeared on the other side of the car. He opened the door, but paused in the act of getting in to stare across at me.

"Pat," he said, "is this man bothering you?"

Pat pressed her fingertips to her eyelids and then shook her head. "Oh, no, Gary. This is Mr. Bradley. He's a friend of Donnelly."

He frowned across at me and then his face cleared. "Oh, yes. The diver. Never met him, but I remember him now." He dropped onto the seat behind the wheel, slammed the door, then reached across Pat to shake hands with me. "Bradley, you say?"

"Jim Bradley."

"I'm Gary Chandler. Glad to know you. Sorry about your friend. Understand he was killed down on the Vega. But, then, those divers take terrible chances. I know. I've done a little of it myself. What business are you in, Mr. Bradley?"

"Same as Red—deep-sea salvage."

His eyes opened wider and then he smiled. "Guess I should have known. You fellows are usually built like giants." He turned the key in the ignition lock and started the engine. "Sorry we have to run, Bradley, but we're late now. See you again sometime."

I stepped back from the car. Chandler smiled and waved at me as he pulled away from the curb, but Pat kept her eyes down. When they were a hundred feet away, however, she suddenly turned her head and looked back at me standing on the sidewalk. Even at that distance there was no mistaking the plea in her eyes and the negative shake of her head. She was warning me to stay away from the S.S. Vega.

◆

Sam Wise was late arriving at his office the following morning. I waited in the reception room. When Sam came in, he told the receptionist he would be busy for a while, and escorted me into his office.

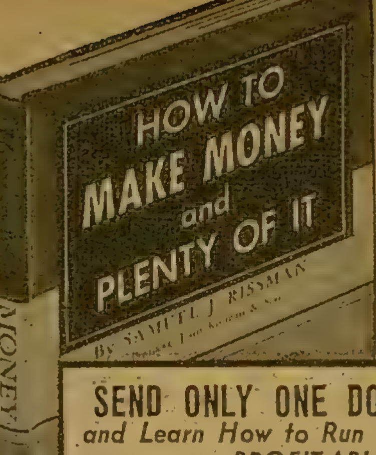
"So," he said, wasting no time on preliminaries, "someone stuck a knife in Pete Jeffers last night. I went down to the morgue and identified him. Heard about it?"

I said, "I was there." He looked surprised, so I explained: "I mean, I arrived on the scene a few minutes after it happened." I told him about Pete's call, then added, "I'm inclined to believe his story."

Sam paced the floor a minute, then exploded: "Jim, there's something bigger behind all this than that money in the captain's safe!"

"I have felt that way all along."

"O.K. So here are the facts and see what you make of them. I spent some time yesterday and this morning digging them out. The S.S. Vega was torpedoed by a Jap sub in 1942. She went down in a hurry, but no lives were lost. Old Thomas O'Keefe himself was master of the ship and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aboard when it happened. It was his last run. He took the insurance from the Vega and some government loans and went into the shipping business on a big scale. Now he spends his time behind a desk."

"I ran into his daughter again last night, across the street from where Pete was killed. She was with her brother-in-law."

"That would be Gary Chandler. He's married to Pat's older sister, Karen. Gary's in the marine construction business. Quite a success. Of course it was the war, plus a couple of lucky breaks, that made him, too. Incidentally, he's the son of the man who had insured the Vega and underwritten the cargo. Mark Chandler, his father, is president of Atlas Marine. Their offices are here, on the eighth floor."

◆

I asked Sam a question that had been running through my mind all night: "What would Chandler and Pat O'Keefe be doing in the neighborhood where I saw them?"

"Did they say?"

"Miss O'Keefe said he was doing some late shopping."

Sam nodded. "I suppose so. Chandler lives up on top of Telegraph Hill, near Coit Tower. That isn't very far from where you saw them." Sam's eyes sparkled as he said, "Wait till you see his wife. There is really a lush job. . . . I've looked up the Vega's invoices and discovered that in addition to some general cargo, she was carrying about a quarter of a million dollars' worth of sheet copper, crated to handle. It was being shipped by a man named Alfred Browne to Gary Chandler. He had a war construction contract of some kind in which the copper was to be used. Atlas Marine paid off the full price of the copper to Browne. I imagine that must have really put a crimp in Atlas Marine."

I thought of the copper and of Red. "Hell's bells," I said, "it was the copper Red was interested in. Naturally. It should still be in pretty good shape. Red was just diving after the money in the captain's safe as a blind. What he was undoubtedly after was to find if he could work at that depth and salvage the copper. A quarter of a million would be a nice haul for any salvage operator."

"Could it be brought up from that depth?"

"That I don't know. If the wreck is lying on an even keel, the whole deck over the cargo holds could be dynamited open and then grabs lowered to haul up the copper. The big risk would be diving in a regular suit to place the dynamite properly. But after the holds are exposed the diver can work in a steel observation shell. He isn't under pressure then." I got excited and pounded my fist on the desk. "It isn't a bad idea at all."

Sam shook his head ruefully, but still he chuckled. "You divers are all nuts. So now you think you'll go after it?"

"You're damned right I will. How about my chartering Red's trawler and all the equipment? I could bring my own outfit around through the Canal, but that would be more expensive."

Sam stared out the window for a moment while thinking it over, then turned back to me. "Let's make a percentage deal. You can have the trawler and equipment for ten per cent of your gross."

"It's a deal. By the way, who inherits Red's stuff?"

"His only relative is an old maid aunt living in Maine."

"Mathilda. I've met her. It will be O.K. with her."

"I'm sure it will. But you have to get permission from the underwriters, you know. Would you like to tackle them, or shall I?"

"I'll do it."

I went down to the eighth floor to the offices of Atlas Marine. An office boy guided me. Beyond a busy stenographer working behind a counter was an oak-paneled door with Mark Chandler's name on it.

I was about to give the stenographer my name when the door opened and Gary Chandler and a young woman came through. She was blonde, like Pat, but there all resemblance ended. The plunging V-line had been designed with a woman like this one in mind. She had what it takes to make me think of all that—and more.

Chandler smiled when he saw me and came to the counter to shake hands. He turned to the woman and said, "Darling, this is the man Pat was talking about last night. Mr. Bradley, I'd like you to meet Mrs. Chandler. Karen, Mr. Bradley."

◆

She studied me closely, very closely, not overlooking even the slightest detail and taking her time about it; then she smiled, a warm, lazy, provocative smile, and held out her hand. Even taking her hand seemed like an intimate embrace.

Chandler said, "I'll make a guess why you're here. The Vega." He chuckled when I nodded. "Thought so. But it's no good, Bradley. The old man is fed up with that ship."

"Well, I can try." I called the stenographer and told her I would like to see Mark Chandler about salvage work on the Vega.

As soon as she disappeared, Gary Chandler said, "He knows your name. I told him about meeting you last night. But it's no dice. He would like to forget that ship ever existed."

The stenographer came out almost immediately and gave me a sympathetic look. "Sorry, Mr. Bradley, but Mr. Chandler does not care to discuss salvage work on the Vega at the present time."

His son said, "You see? Tough break, but I know how he feels."

"In that case," I said, "I'll dive

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on the wreck without his permission."

Chandler's back tensed and his eyes narrowed. "You can't pull a stunt like that. You should know marine law. Even a wreck at the bottom of the sea is still the private property of the underwriters."

"That's right. But, on the other hand, I can engage in salvage work on that wreck and then leave it up to the courts as to the disposition of the salvaged material. Considering the depth and the hazards involved, the courts would give me a twenty-eighty break on it."

Sudden anger flooded Chandler's face, but his wife placed a hand on his arm and purred, "Perhaps, darling, you could persuade Mark to talk with Mr. Bradley. You know how messy lawsuits can be."

He looked into her eyes and the anger slowly receded from his face. He turned to me and was again smiling. "Of course, she's right."

◆

He went into the office and was gone for some time. His wife came around the counter to where I was standing, accepted a cigarette and a light and then started asking questions about me. I gave her the answers, but had to look everywhere except at her while doing so. The scent of her perfume was not helping my state of mind. She was the most disturbing woman I have ever been near—and she knew it.

It was a relief when Chandler came out of the office. He left the door open and told me, "It's O.K. You may see him."

"Thanks very much."

"Better thank Karen."

She glanced at me through half-closed eyes and said, "He can do that some other time."

I thanked the two of them and went around the counter and into the office.

Mark Chandler was seated behind a desk, narrowly appraising me as I stood before him. He was an older version of Gary, but looked like a man who had burned the candle at both ends.

"So you're Jim Bradley," he said. "Operate down in the Gulf, don't you?"

"Most of the time."

"How do you propose to operate here without a crew or a ship?"

"I have the use of Red Donnelly's trawler and equipment." I dropped into a chair across from him and asked, "What do you have against an attempt to try salvage on the Vega?"

He waved a hand in the air and snarled, "Damn it all, man, one hundred fathoms is too deep for legitimate salvage."

"That's my risk."

"Then you're as stupid as your late friend." He leaned forward and lit a cigar. The hand holding the lighter was trembling slightly. "Look," he said. "I'm not superstitious, but believe me when I tell you the Vega is a jinx. This firm here lost almost two million on her. Tom O'Keefe had a hard time getting started again after she was torpedoed, my son was crippled badly in his war contracts because of the lost cargo, the government was hurt through the loss of copper worth its weight in gold at the time, and now a man has been killed diving on the wreck. I won't tolerate anything further happening."

"As I told your son, Mr. Chandler, I can go ahead without your permission and throw the thing in the courts."

"You're a stubborn fool. After knowing all the facts—"

"You haven't added them all. You can throw in another man who has lost his life—Pete Jeffers, one of Donnelly's crew. He was stabbed to death last night."

Mark Chandler roared, "What in the name of common sense has he to do with it? Seemed like an ordinary barroom brawl to me."

"It wasn't. Anyway, I'm curious. I'm going down on that wreck. Now, do we make a deal, or would you rather air the whole thing in the courts?"

For some reason or other he was afraid of court action. But in the end he made a deal. He didn't even argue about percentages. I maintained that, because of the hazardous depth, I was entitled to eighty per cent of anything I salvaged, and he accepted the figure. I told him I would have Sam Wise drop in that day and take care of the salvage contracts. He stared off into space, and just nodded.

When I left the office I thought of him as a man who had not only been defeated but no longer had anything to cling to. It was a peculiar light in which to consider him, yet it persisted.

◆

Karen Chandler was waiting for me, alone, in the outer office. She took my arm and walked with me through the minor clerical offices. "I had to know how you made out, Mr. Bradley, so I waited."

"I'm getting a salvage contract."

"Really?" She looked up at me and winked. "You do have a compelling way about you. But don't you think you are being a little foolish? Do you need money that badly?"

"It's worth the risk if I can salvage the copper."

She laughed at me. "You're pretty transparent. The salvage operation is only an excuse. You're after something else."

"Maybe."

We went out into the hall and to the elevators. She suggested that she take me up to meet her father, which was where I was going anyway. We went up to the eleventh floor and to the offices of Star Shipping. We went through the outer departments and directly to O'Keefe's private office.

I expected to meet a blustering

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old sea dog, so was quite surprised when Karen introduced me to her father. He was a small man with a rather spare build and had the delicate bone structure of his daughter Pat.

He said that Mark Chandler had just telephoned him about my desire to attempt salvage on the Vega; then added, "I agree with Mr. Chandler that it is a hopeless and dangerous enterprise. Why is it that you insist on going through with it?"

Karen said, "He has some other reason besides the salvage involved."

O'Keefe raised his eyebrows. "Indeed? What could that be, Mr. Bradley?"

◆

"Well," I said, feeling irritated because Karen had trapped me into making a statement, "I'm not entirely convinced that Red Donnelly's death was accidental."

The color ebbed from his face and Karen stopped swinging her leg. She turned her head to stare at her father. He looked warily into her eyes and some tacit understanding passed between them. When he looked back at me his face was a smooth mask.

"What do you mean by that, Mr Bradley?"

"Simply that there are some very peculiar circumstances surrounding Red's death. In addition to which, one of his former crew members was knifed to death last night right after calling me."

"Jeffers?"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

"I read about it in this morning's paper. Also I met him once, about a month ago. Donnelly was having dinner with my daughter Pat and me. Jeffers dropped by the house to deliver a message. He didn't impress me as being a very responsible person."

"He was just a wharf rat. But he had some information he wanted to turn over to me and was killed before he could do so."

O'Keefe glanced at his daughter, who was still staring at him, and then his eyes slid away. He cleared his throat and said, "Very odd. Have you any idea of the nature of that information?"

"Not much. Just a hunch. I think he wanted to tell me the name of the person who paid him and then wash his hands of it."

"I see. It sounds serious on the face of it, but couldn't he have been killed for some other reason? Men of his type always seem to have a number of enemies."

I shrugged and leaned back in my chair. There was no sense pursuing the subject further with O'Keefe. I said, "Anyway, I'm diving on the Vega. Now, as you know, I need blueprints of the ship so I can find my way around. A diver can't see ten feet when he's down a hundred fathoms. I would appreciate it if you would supply me with the plans."

He smiled. It was a thin-lipped grimace.

"I don't have them. I turned them over to Donnelly. As far as I know, they are still aboard his trawler."

"Good. I'll look for them. One thing more. You were master of the Vega at the time she was torpedoed?"

"It was my last run."

"Where did the torpedo hit?"

He closed his eyes, as if at a painful recollection, then opened them.

"It hit forward on the port bow. I never saw it coming. We went down almost immediately."

He left his desk and leaned over the counter to talk to a clerk. The clerk left and returned after a minute with a stack of papers. O'Keefe placed them on the desk and gave me permission to go through them. They were the shore papers of the Vega, bills of lading, manifests, invoices, and so on. There was even a list of the crew, which I read through carefully, and then went through a second time. There was something odd about that list, and yet, at the moment, I could not tell what it was. When O'Keefe was not looking, I pilfered the list of the ship's crew and slipped it in my pocket.

When I was ready to leave, O'Keefe said, "I'm sorry you're going to tackle that job. I tried to persuade Donnelly not to try it, so I guess I won't be able to dissuade you either."

"Not a chance."

◆

Karen propositioned me for lunch as soon as we left the office. Obviously she was after information of some sort; but so was I, so I agreed. She rode the elevator on down to the lobby, as I wanted to stop at Sam Wise's office for a moment.

When I was through with Sam I went down to the lobby and joined Karen. The time between leaving O'Keefe's office and meeting Karen in the lobby was about eight or nine minutes. That time was important.

We went down in the elevator and stepped out into the garage. The place was rather badly lighted, but Karen knew her way around. We walked down a long line of cars and found the convertible back at the far end. Karen backed it out, and then I got in.

Ahead of us was a long ramp leading up to the street level. Karen had the car in low gear, crawling toward the ramp. Just as we reached the bottom of the ramp I heard what sounded like a loud backfire, accompanied by a stinging sound past my right ear and the whine of a bullet as it ricocheted from the concrete wall a foot or so from my head.

To be continued in the next issue

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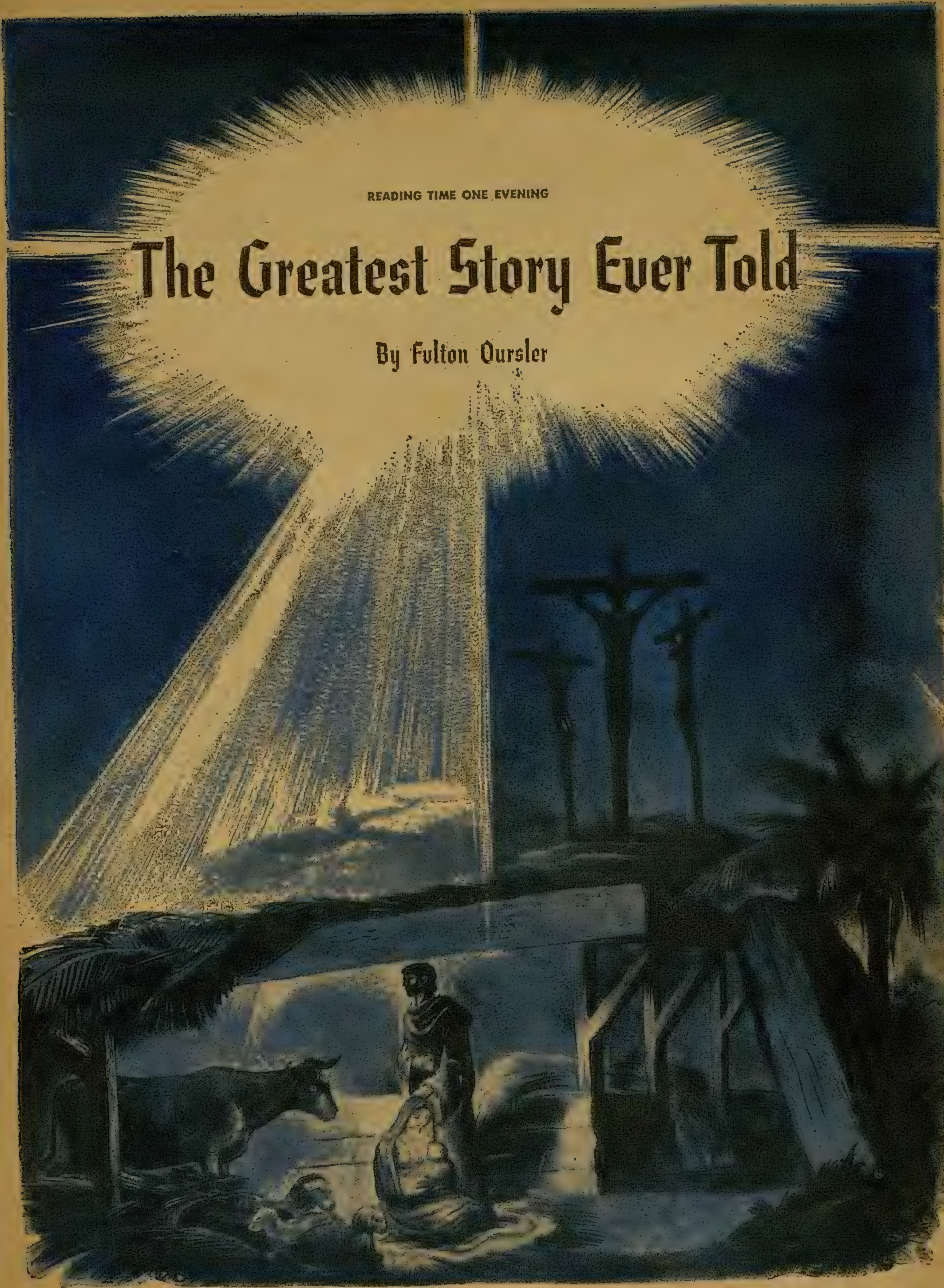
READING TIME ONE EVENING

The Greatest Story Ever Told

By Fulton Oursler



Illustrated by Lynd Ward

Liberty book condensation

AT the close of the day's work, Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, sat in the back of his shop and emptied a palmful of coins from a crock taken down from a tall shelf. Ever since he had first seen Mary he had saved every mite against his wedding day, which would not be long.

"Almost enough for everything," he congratulated himself. "And my wife won't have to skimp and scrape."

Wife! What a magical word for a lonely man.

"Tonight," he resolved, "I will tell her family that we do not have to wait any more."

The warmth of April was in Joseph's heart. The green hillsides all around the town were spread with little blue and yellow and crimson flowers, their petals richer than the incredibly bright carpets that came in bales on Arabian camels. You could even taste the flower sweetness in the wind blowing through the door of the shop.

It was good to step abroad after the long day's work. Through the gloaming and the untidy crowds he made his way with confident haste. Now and then the carpenter was saluted by a customer—a farmer, a shepherd, a blacksmith—and he relished every greeting with a sense of peaceful security.

At the turning of a lane was the house of Joachim and Anna, white dome ghostlike in the dusk. At one side of it ran a staircase that led to the roof, and looking up there Joseph saw Mary. She had a lantern in her hand and she was bending over, collecting dates and figs that had been spread out to dry in the hot sun. Knowing his footsteps, she straightened up and waved her hand.

Then Joseph passed into the house with the freedom of one who feels himself already a member of the family. Mary's mother, Anna, was busy over an earthen pot filled with live coals; she would spread the outside with dough and the heat would bake it into bread. Joachim, Mary's father, strode forward, the two men bowed ceremoniously, and the younger man kissed the father's beard. Then Joseph seated himself beside the older man and plunged at once into his business.

Later, in the damp darkness of the Nazareth road, Joseph and Mary strolled and talked. It was late when they were ready to say good night, but they had come to a decision. Within three months they would be married. Joseph would have liked it earlier, but Mary pointed out that there was still sewing to do and a few more shekels her father wanted to accumulate, she knew, to fill out her modest dowry.

"I hope I see you early tomorrow," said Joseph when it was time for him to go home.

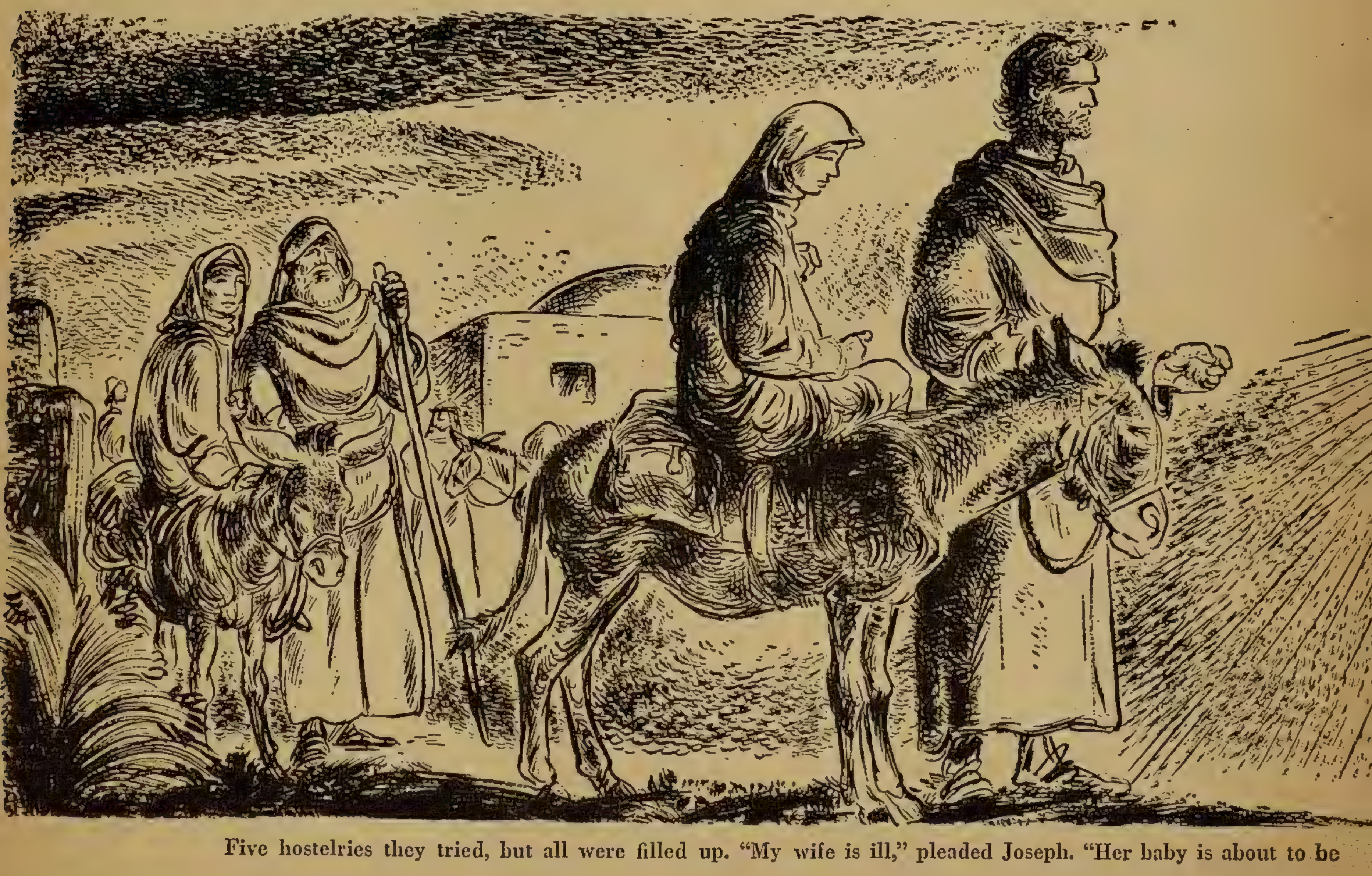
"Very early, Joseph. When I go to the well for the morning water," she promised.

Early the next morning Joseph heard a pounding on the door and his name being shouted. As he opened sleepy eyes he beheld Joachim standing, pale and distrait, distracted hands uplifted.

"The Lord be with you, Joseph," groaned the father. "Listen, my son. Mary has disappeared."

Mary, the young betrothed who loved Joseph heart and soul, had fled Nazareth because within five minutes after she had said good night to her beloved, her life, her body and soul, had undergone a change without one instant's preparation.

Feeling a little chill, for the night was damp, Mary had crossed the lower floor inside the house and mounted to the inner terrace. A tall figure was standing near the farther wall! He seemed to stand in light where there was no lamp, and a kind



Five hostelries they tried, but all were filled up. "My wife is ill," pleaded Joseph. "Her baby is about to be

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of silvery mist enveloped him as if the light were his cap and gown.

"Hail, Mary!" The voice was kind and fathomlessly deep. "Full of grace! The Lord is with you. Blessed are you among women."

She was trembling in every muscle. The stranger saw.

"Fear not, Mary."

She closed her eyes and listened to the astounding words this stranger was speaking. She had found grace with God. She, a virgin, would conceive and bring forth a son.

"Your cousin Elizabeth also conceived a son. In her old age! This is the sixth month with her that is called barren. Because with God nothing shall be impossible!"

She looked up at him, her words coming so softly that she could barely hear herself speak: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to your word."

As if by incantation the angel vanished. And Mary crossed the floor and sank to her knees and lay upon her pallet and closed her eyes and wept and prayed. After two hours of restlessness she wrote her mother a note and set off alone down the long road. There was one other person in the world to whom she felt she must first confide the experience. She was walking to Cousin Elizabeth.

The kindness with which Mary was received on her arrival never once wavered in the months that followed. Elizabeth was not strong enough to do the housework and so Mary remained to be a maid to her until Elizabeth's child was delivered. At once she wrote notes home, explaining this as her intention. She also told her mother that she had passed through an experience of which it was impossible for her to write.

When she came back to Nazareth she would confide everything. To Joseph she sent a dutiful and tender note, telling him that the time was soon coming when she would explain to him why she had to leave so suddenly. She did not dare to speak of their marriage at all. For Mary was perfectly well aware that any man might refuse to believe her and cast her out.

◆

On the wooden table of Mary's home the rush lights were lit and fluttering, and the shadows were like jumpy phantoms on the white plaster of the wall. Mary was standing before the door. There was a primrose pallor in her skin. Especially the enlarged glow of her eyes startled Joseph—it summed up the mystical, frightening change in her.

"Mary!"

"Beloved, don't come nearer to me. Not—just yet. There is something I have to tell you."

Step by step Mary rehearsed for him the incredible proceedings. From the moment when they had bidden each other good night she took up the story. And then there was a long silence. At last Joseph exhaled a vast and hopeless sigh.

"Surely I have a right to be shown the truth of this matter!" he cried. "Am I expected to take this shocking story casually? Since I first saw you, my whole life has been shaped around you. I counted on you. But if this thing has happened, why is it that no angel reassured me? Is that unreasonable? Don't I count at all?"

She wept. It had not occurred to her that he had been neglected by the angel. But it was true. Joseph had only her word for what had happened. And that was a great deal to ask of any man.

That was a dark night for Joseph. His face was wet when at last he fell asleep. In a dream the angel of the Lord came to Joseph too; spoke kindly to him, almost paternally, and told him not to be afraid to make Mary his wife; that the child had been in truth conceived of the Holy Spirit, that the name of the child was to be Jesus, and that He was to save the people from their sins. Then the dream ended.

Joseph did not know it, but even as Mary had changed, so he was changing now; changing into a great man. He could do that because he possessed what is called the gift of faith.

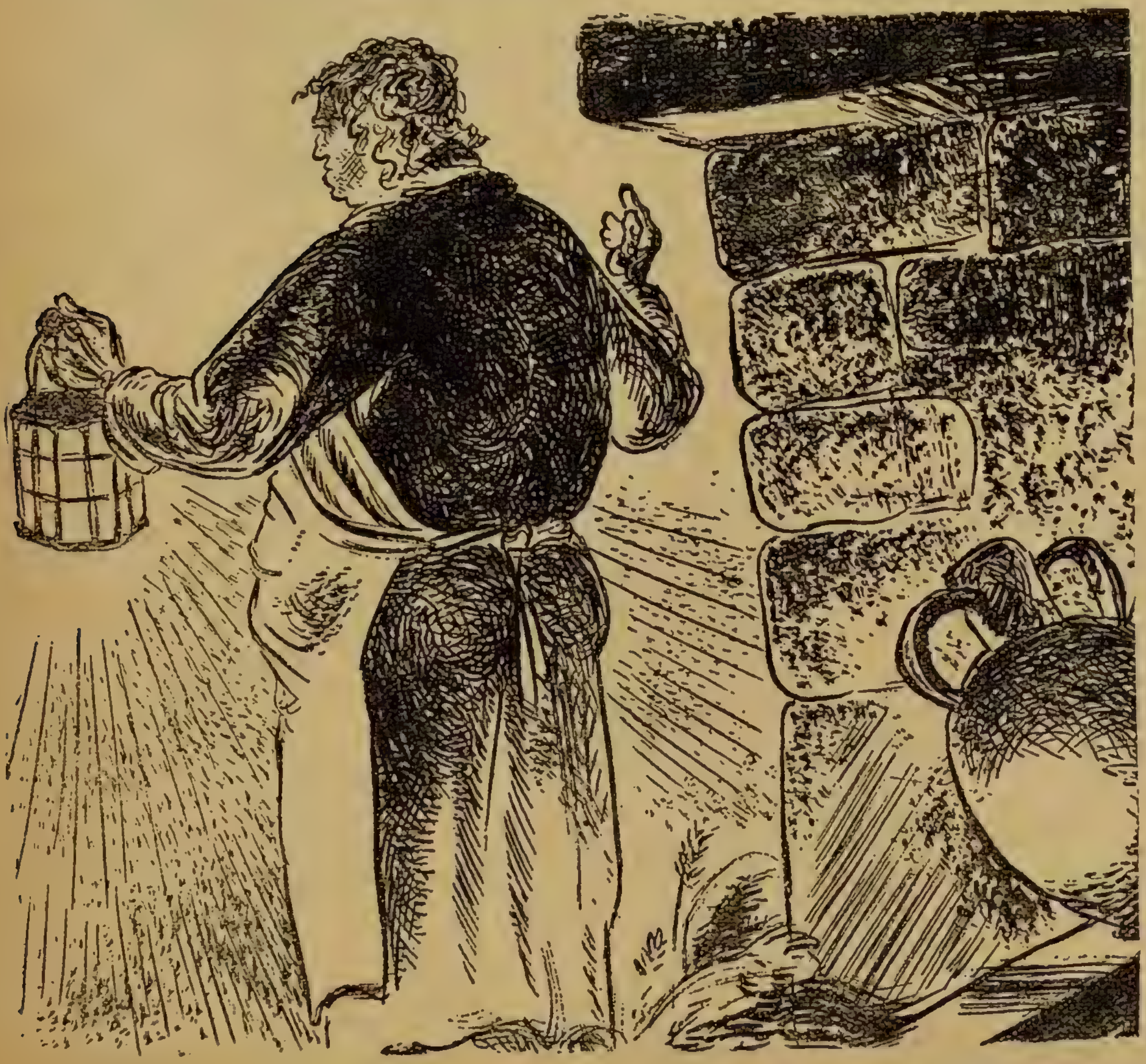
◆

Joseph watched over his young wife with ever-deepening and guardian concern. And Mary, with unresting love for Joseph, cooked his meals and scrubbed and mended his clothes, never tiring of keeping that little house and shop shining and clean.

It had been a very simple wedding in Mary's house; afterward, Joseph led her down the long and muddy street and proudly through the open door. From their first moment alone together they knew perfect companionship. Theirs was a marriage based on the yearning of soul for soul, unbound to the earth. To the town they seemed a normal and ordinary couple.

Then word spread through every street in Nazareth of a new fiat from Rome: there was to be an empire-wide census.

"And for what?" asked the little dyer in his shop down the street from Joseph. "Why? Because they



born." The innkeeper, stout and grumpy, bawled hoarsely: "Sarah!"

are going to increase the taxes and no one must get out of paying."

Get out of paying? Joseph laughed. You could get out of the world quicker than that. The Romans by their land tax took one tenth of every man's corn and two tenths of his grapes and fruit. And then there was the poll tax: one per cent from everybody. And all the other taxes. Now, more!

The people of Israel were to be counted as an all-Palestine group. Each person must be registered in the city headquarters of the tribe to which he belonged. For Joseph, that meant he must go all the way down to Bethlehem.

"Not only you," he was told by one of the elders of the Nazareth synagogue. "Your wife must also go."

"How can Mary go? She is going to have a baby any day."

"What do Romans care about Jewish wives or babies?" the elder returned with a shrug. He did agree, at Joseph's urgings, to make an appeal; to see if an exception could be made in this case. The answer came back swift and certain, "No!"

◆

From Nazareth it is a distance of seventy-five miles to Bethlehem of Judea. For Joseph and Mary and Anna and Joachim—the aged father and mother also had to go down to be counted—that made a three-day journey. The two women rode on stubborn Galilean donkeys, while their men trudged alongside and held on to the reins. Joseph kept praying that they would get safely to Bethlehem. During the steep climb into the town he had noticed a tightening of his wife's hands, a whitening of knuckles.

Now they entered the streets of Bethlehem, and the press of pilgrims was so great that they could scarcely move forward. Five hostelries they tried, but all were filled up. Joseph forced his way through the door of the last tavern and demanded to talk to the host.

"My wife is ill," pleaded Joseph. "Her baby is about to be born."

The innkeeper was a stout and grumpy man. He curled fat fingers around his mouth and bawled hoarsely: "Sarah!"

His wife, just as stout as he was, came shuffling from the back of the house. "What you want?" she demanded.

"Is she having her baby now or is this a scheme to get lodgings?"

The wife leaned forward. "This one," she announced, "is having the baby now. I know. I have had ten.... There is one warm and comfortable place where we haven't put anybody yet. The stable!"

"The stable!" echoed Joseph miserably, and Anna put her arms around her daughter. But the young wife looked gratefully at the innkeeper's wife.

"You are very kind to think of it," she said. "A stable is warm. And it will be like home, because often I slept downstairs with the sheep and the goats."

Joseph held Mary's hand as he led her down twisting stone steps to an earthen floor; in his free hand he held a lantern that threw against the rough walls the magnified shadows of Anna and Joachim and Mary and himself. The stout Sarah came clumping down the stairs behind them, and after her husband, both clasping fresh bundles of straw for a bed. They brought linen and a coverlet and a pillow for Mary's head.

"Why do we have no sign now?" Joseph was asking himself. "Where is the angel?"

Anna briskly exiled Joseph and Joachim through a rear door in the stable, bidding them to stay out until they were sent for. It was dark outside, the night air moist and cold. The hours dragged on. Joseph walked up and down like a man in a nightmare, waiting, praying, until at last and suddenly he heard the sound—a child's first cry.

◆

When Mary had fallen asleep, Anna and Joachim made a bed for themselves, far back in the shadows. And Jesus, the baby, lay asleep in his first bed, which was the food box of the donkeys and the cows—a manger which the foster father had hastily filled with fresh hay and barley oats that smelled sweet and clean.

For Joseph, sleep was impossible. Again he paced in a kind of march around the stable, stopping regularly to see that Mary and her child still breathed, which they did quite naturally. He felt a tender closeness to the baby, deeper and truer than fatherhood itself. But he still felt baffled that there was no further sign.

Presently he heard a low rumble of distant voices, the shuffling of feet outside the house, and at the lower back entrance of the stable, the knocking of a staff. Joseph hurried to the door. Unfastening the latch, he opened the upper half of the door, then put a finger warningly to his mouth. A group of bearded faces were staring in at him. One man held up a lighted lantern.

"Peace!" breathed Joseph. "This is no time to make noise."

"The Lord be unto you," returned one of the men in a low, placating voice. "We are shepherds from the hills. Has a child just been born in this place? Don't be afraid of us, man. We are friends."

"Well, then—yes. A child has been born here."

"Tell me—is it a man-child?"

"It is."

"And could it be possible that you have laid the child in a manger?"

"Yes," answered Joseph. "There was no cradle, you see."

"Then God be praised!" murmured the shepherd fervently, and the others muttered agreement in their beards.

"Listen, man," cried one. "We were all tending our flocks tonight, minding our own business. Suddenly there was a great big bright light in the sky and the shape of it like an angel bigger than the world. And I heard a voice . . ."

"We all saw the light," declared another. "And we all heard distinctly that voice from the sky. It told us not to be afraid. And then it said it brought us great news. The Savior of the world was being born."

On tiptoe they followed Joseph as he led them straight to the manger, where they looked down and then knelt beside the sleeping figure of Mary's son.

Soon they were gone, and Joseph resumed his unsleeping vigil. But now his heart was calmed. The sign had come.

◆

Herod's spies, hearing everything, reported all the gossip, including whispers from the north that a virgin of Nazareth was going to have a baby. So far, Herod did not know that Joseph the carpenter of Nazareth and Mary his wife were the ones he sought, nor that they were still quartered with the child in a Bethlehem stable.

Three wise men from the East had arrived in the capital. They had no caravan; merely four camels, the extra beast loaded with bales and boxes which they kept ever near them. Gossip said they were kings, traveling incognito.

"They are called magi," Herod's spy reported. "Yet these three do not seem to be so very wise. They have gone up and down Jerusalem saying nothing wise at all but instead asking questions of everybody about the birth of a fabulous child who is to take the throne of Israel. They say they have seen his star in the east and have come to worship him."

With armored fists Herod struck the two men down. He ordered them carried out and put to death. Later, when he felt calmer, he decided to talk with Annas, the political boss of Jerusalem. Annas was hated by the people because they knew he had sold out to Herod and Rome. Leader of the forty richest families in the land, he had come to terms with tyrant and invader. He had asked Herod: What does the Empire want of Palestine? Taxes and tranquillity was the answer. Then Annas and his friends hired the collectors and taxed the people almost double, keeping the unjust half for themselves. They had their own secret police to ferret out rebellions and punish upstarts. Annas and Herod perfectly well understood each other.

◆

"Annas," Herod began, "is it true that you have scriptures that predict the coming of a deliverer of your people—a Messiah, as you call it?"

"Majesty, that is correct."

"Do you, as a priest, believe it?"

"No, sire. I am a Sadducee. We don't believe in such things."

"Was there anything said in those old books of yours about where the Deliverer— There was some title for him, too, wasn't there?"

"Yes, sir—the Christ."

"Ah, yes, that's the term I heard. Was there anything said about when or where the Christ was to be born?"

"Yes, there was, Your Majesty, but I am sorry to say I have forgotten it."

"Well, couldn't you have it looked up for me?"

"At once."

No sooner was Annas gone than Herod commanded that the three wise men be brought to the throne room. They told him very simply that they were following a star.

"A star?" repeated Herod. "What do you expect to find under this star?" One of them told him. "A child?" Herod's voice was creamy with interest. "Where do you expect to find him?"

"Bethlehem!"

"Then this is what you must do," Herod dissembled. "Go find the child and then come back and tell me and I will go worship him too."

No sooner were the doors shut behind them than he gave the signal to his spies; they were to follow the Wise Men. But in the darkness of that night the three—Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar—eluded Herod's pursuers. They found the town, the inn, the stable. They knelt, and their eyes were full of worshipful glory as they gazed upon Mary's baby. Having bedded down at another inn, all three Magi went promptly to sleep and dreamed the same thing. Because of that dream, they rose in the middle of the night and got away.

It was a night of dreams powerful in meaning. Once again the foster father of Jesus found himself face to face with the same bright angel that had come to his bedside in Nazareth. This time the bright angel gave Joseph new instructions: "Arise, and take the child and his mother and fly into Egypt; and be there until I shall tell you. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the child to destroy him."

It was a tormented Joseph who stood in the dark stable thus early in the morning, accepting the stern warning of his dream—yet penniless to obey. He saw, moving toward him in the gloom, the bent figure of his father-in-law. Joachim, too, could not sleep. So he had busied himself usefully, unpacking the gifts the Wise Men had left for the child.

"They brought us frankincense, myrrh—and gold," whispered Joachim. "They must have known we would need it!"

"Glory be to God. Praise His Holy Name," gasped Joseph and fell to his knees.

◆

Herod was livid when he learned that the mysterious Wise Men had escaped his clutches.

"In spite of hell I will find this miraculous child!" That was the one frenzied thought that batted around in his brain. Crowded Bethlehem was full of babies. How find the right one?

A horrible notion occurred to him, and for a cautious instant even Herod hesitated. His face blanched at his own scheme. But terror smoked again in his brain, and fright was roaring in his ears. When his captains came, he spoke to them crisply, briefly, firmly.

Those captains had to go out of the palace and lead troops to Bethlehem to do his atrocious bidding. By the order of the king, they cut to death every boy baby in the town. Not one of those holy innocents was spared—only the infant Jesus. And that was so only because Joseph and Mary and Jesus obeyed the messenger and had already left.

◆

Nearly two years passed. Once more the angel interrupted Mary and Joseph's quiet lives with a sign from the other world; one last dream for Joseph, a vision with great news, the angel declaring:

"Arise and take the child and go into the land of Israel. For they are dead that sought the life of the child."

They meant Herod! He was king and spoke plurally of himself as "we" this and "we" that, and of him the angel spoke plurally. With no question in their minds, Joseph and Mary, the most perfect believers in history, obeyed. They decided not to settle near Jerusalem, but to go back to Galilee, back to Nazareth.

There, sitting on the floor of the synagogue, Jesus was taught from the beginning the Scriptures and the prophets of His people. In His home teaching Mary and Joseph proceeded with awe-filled and secret care. They depended on the grace of God to show them how to bring Him up. He must be taught His lessons, His manners, His skills.

When the boy was twelve, Mary and Joseph decided to take Him on a visit to Jerusalem for the Passover. There Joseph explained to Him about money in the Temple. Because Judea was a prisoner state and occupied by legions of the Imperial Army, only empire money, coins bearing the head and sign of Caesar, could be used for buying and selling. But the older Jewish coins, by special concession, could be (and must be) used within the area of the Temple. When one came to the ancient promontory to worship God, one carried with him the coinage of Rome, but while one was still in the outer area of the Gentiles, the forecourt outside the sacred precincts, one must make an exchange of that silver into Jewish money.

"And," the gentle Joseph added sadly, "a man invariably loses money on the transaction. For this Roman piece he gets less than half in the people's own money, because he has to pay the agio, the premium for changing cash; that is how the money-changers around the Temple get rich! Men like Annas and his friends!"

In the Temple the boy was gripped with the spectacle of color and noise and movement. He watched the people kneel and worship and heard the phrases of the priests and the intoned responses of the congregation. But why did they burn the animals?

Why did the poor have to spend their money to buy animals?

Seized suddenly with a great warm rush of zeal and a surge of such questions, Jesus stood up, while Joseph remained praying with closed eyes. Burning with eagerness, the boy from Galilee strode into an offshoot shelter of the inner Temple where the Fathers of Israel sat. His tongue was on fire with the questions He now put to them. He seemed eager to learn from these sages, but they recoiled from His honest inquiries. Who was this radical child that dared to question and challenge the established order of a thousand years? And why did He seek to bring these scholarly minds back to the troublesome problems of human behavior?

◆ For eighteen years, until Jesus was thirty, He lived in Nazareth. In that long period of obscurity Joseph died, and so did Mary's parents, Joachim and Anna. For His mother and Himself Mary's son earned a living carrying on the work in the carpenter shop.

Suddenly a strange word came to Nazareth—word of a strong man from the wilderness of Judea, a man who was preaching in various towns down south and blessing people by dipping them in the water of the Jordan River; a new man named John.

"That John," the widow Mary told Jesus, "is your own cousin; he is the son of Zachary and Elizabeth."

And the same John was telling great crowds that he was the forerunner, preparing the reception for the Savior of the world!

It was when He heard these tales of John that Jesus sighed, laid down His carpenter tools, and after a tender farewell to Mary started off alone, on foot, going from Galilee to the wilderness— to see for Himself.

For the first time since boyhood the cousins were face to face: John hulking, vociferous, sweating with earnestness; Jesus, taller, gaunt, and pale, in perfect tranquillity. Jesus said that He had come to be baptized, and when the simple ceremony was over, He pressed John's hand in farewell.

He made His way alone back into the wilderness. He was both led by the Spirit of God and driven by it. On a hillside He found a cavern and there He made His solitary camp. He must become acquainted with human suffering and temptation. He had to know them at first hand. He must overcome temptation Himself—as a man, not as God—before He advised other men what they must do.

For forty days He remained there eating nothing. The little home at Nazareth and the blessed face of Mary His mother seemed very far away. Why not abandon His great mission to help the suffering people? Why not think, instead, of Himself? After all, did the Son of God have to go on with this unnecessary farce? Why remain a lonely, obscure man, a carpenter about to turn wayside preacher? If the miraculous signs of His birth were to be trusted, then He had the power of God, and all the world would have to serve Him.

Now Jesus, who in addition to being really God was also a real man, had experienced the torments that come to men. And He banished the temptations by the example of sheer devotion.

When the torturing forty days were over, haggard Jesus walked slowly toward the Jordan River.

His cousin John He found preaching to crowds even greater than before. That day and the others that followed Jesus lingered, watching John and listening to his speeches and talking with him in lonely walks at night. But soon came a bright morning when the two were to part, never to meet again in this life. That was when John was standing with two friends, a young man with the Greek name of Andrew and the other a good-looking northerner, also called John. These two Galileans rented boats in a fisherman's guild at Capernaum on the inland sea.

◆ The ragged Baptist pointed over their shoulders, where Jesus was walking toward them; he whispered to the two bewildered fishermen: "Look! There is the real Lamb of God!"

He prodded the two young men to follow this stranger, now walking past and on toward the end of town, if they wanted to learn the true meaning of life. To this pair of confused men Jesus spoke with bold directness, explaining that He was planning a tour of all the Palestinian region—a long series of roadside discourses to the people. He would need helpers immediately. From the twilight of the crow to the twilight of the dove, as dusk and dawn were called, the three sat together, and never before had John and Andrew heard talk like His.

"Master," said John, "we shall go with you in this undertaking."

Later Andrew confided that he had a brother, Simon, that he would like the Master to meet, and ran off to find him. Meanwhile Jesus and John discovered that they, too, were blood cousins.

It was dusk when Andrew returned with his brother, a bald and bearded fisherman. Jesus embraced him enthusiastically, exclaiming:

"You are Simon, son of Jona! But you shall be called Peter."

◆ The long trek up the stony northern roads had hardly begun when their number began to grow. The first recruit was a friend of Andrew, a wayfarer like himself with a Greek name, Philip. He enlisted another friend who was named Nathanael Bartholomew.

With His five new followers, Jesus came back home to Nazareth. Eyes shining, the gray-haired mother gave them all a welcome. She suggested they all come with her to the wedding of a friend's daughter. So, although the newcomers were a little weary, they all walked five miles more down the highroad from Nazareth, until toward sunset they came into Cana of Galilee.

Jesus did not often attend parties of this kind; He was too thoughtful, too studious, too solitary for such festivities. But tonight He and the five disciples enjoyed themselves like everyone else at the happy affair. The fun was at its height when Mary beckoned to her son.

Quietly the mother whispered a story of their hosts' sudden embarrassment. More guests had come than had been expected—Jesus and His five friends among them!—and now the wine was about to give out, just when the festivities were at their peak; the caterer was in despair.

Jesus took His mother's hand, His face full of a meaning tender and intimate. There was a note of challenge in His voice as He addressed her in the respectful phrase of that day:

"Woman! What is that to me? And to you? My hour is not yet come."

Do you realize He was really saying to Mary, What will it mean if I do as you ask? You are asking me to show before the eyes of men and women, merely for the success of this convivial affair, the unlimited power of Almighty God. If I do what you ask, if I show this power, do you know what will happen? The story will fly over the land. All privacy, all quiet, all further time of preparation will be gone. My ministry must begin immediately. And when that happens, I take my first step—and you go with me—to the cross. All this that wedding guests may have more to drink?

She knew His thoughts, she who kept so many things in her heart. Their handclasp tightened; then she turned away, and went to the waiters, and told them:

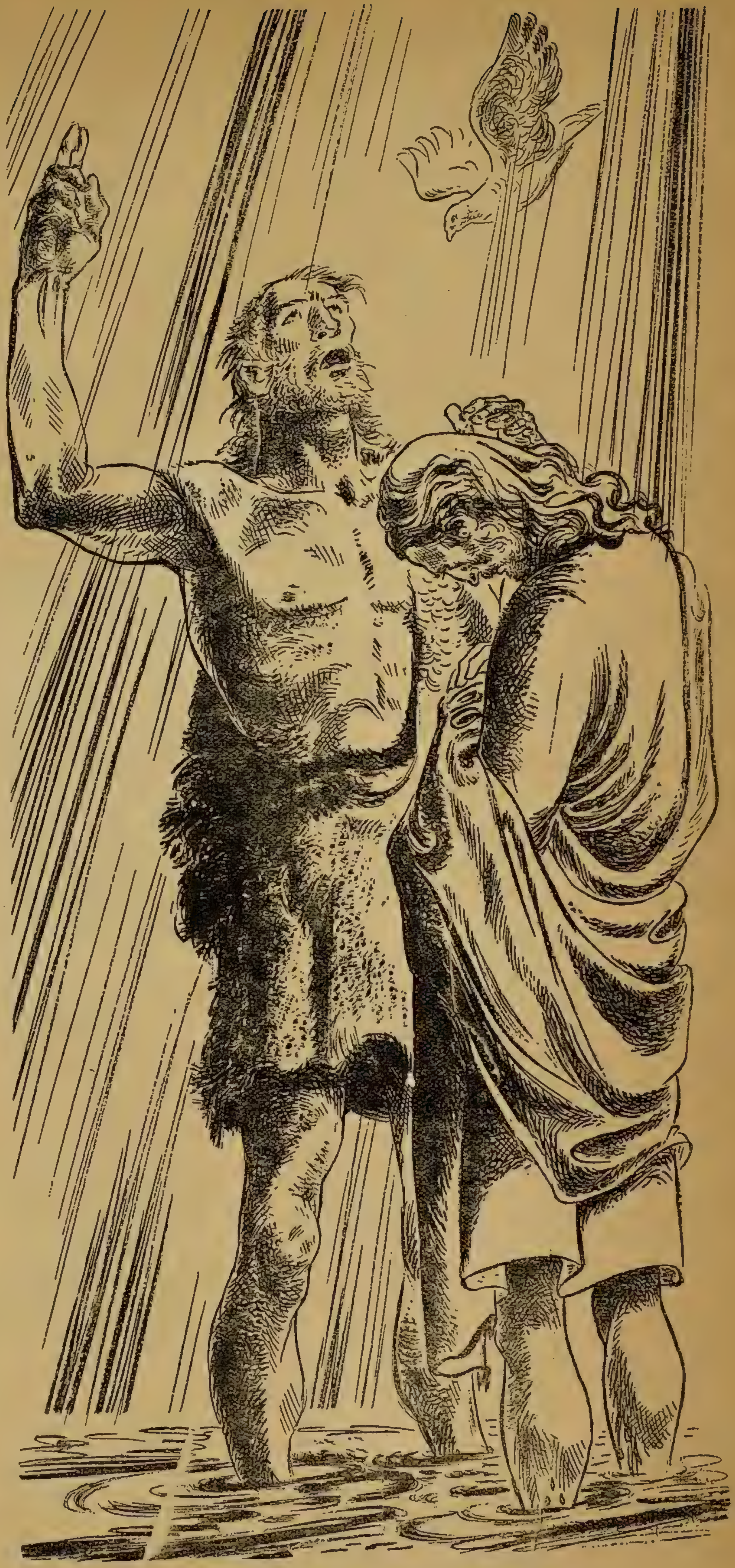
"Whatever He tells you to do—do it!"

Jesus turned and walked to the back of the room. There He found the six stone water pots which were a part of the furnishings of every well-appointed home where frequent religious purifying ceremonies had to be held. Beckoning the attendants, Jesus asked them to fill the jars with water. Next, at His direction, they dipped up some of the fluid in a ladle. The color had changed! The water was red! Indeed, it was no longer water at all—it was wine!

◆ The following day Jesus and His mother set out with His disciples to visit their home town of Capernaum and meet their relatives and friends. It was a town rich, busy, and corrupt, one of the chief stations o the great route from Damascus to the Mediterranean ports of Egypt. The city was called the Queen of the Lake, the Majesty of Galilee. In rich glory it stood below desert mountains of yellow limestone.

Most important, Jesus perceived that this crossroads of the east and west worlds was a strategic place from which He could speak to humanity. Here in this metropolis of travelers, where men were forever in the midst of excitement and talk of new tricks of government, great events of war, crimes of Rome, and scandals of Jerusalem, here was a perfect platform from which to utter a message that would be carried to the farthest places. He would make it His own city, the home center from which He would carry out His Father's work.

Yet, having made this decision, He did not at once settle there. Presently they must start back all the way to Jericho, for there were rumors that John the Baptist was getting himself into serious trouble. Day by day word of what John was telling the crowds was being brought to Herod, the tetrarch and puppet ruler of Galilee. And day by day John's hints about the tetrarch's marriage made his adulterous queen more



Jesus said that He had come to be baptized.

enraged. Finally one afternoon John thundered:

"It is not lawful for him to have his brother's wife."

When she heard about this, Queen Herodias demanded of the king that John at once be tortured and put to death. Herod dillydallied; he was politically wise enough to realize it would be folly for him summarily to execute so popular a man as John had become. But he had to do something or lose his stolen wife, so a few days after Jesus and His followers reached the desert, the king's soldiers rode up and seized John and dropped him into a dungeon.

And then the little Herod Antipas—dissolute, drunken, and singularly free from decency as he often was—began to take a curious interest in his prisoner.

Once John was arrested, Jesus and His five friends started back to Galilee; and finally, with Mary happy to be with Him again, Jesus came home to Nazareth. Not to the carpenter shop now but to the synagogue. He came there to recall to people who had known Him all His life ancient doctrines, especially the hard, strong advice of Isaiah, the troubled servant of the Lord, who praised the constructive power of suffering—truth so hard for anyone to understand. And then, with a feeling of peace, Jesus and His five disciples walked the long road back to Capernaum.

He became the principal topic of conversation. Women, picking lentils in the field, praised His kindness to all who told Him their troubles; hucksters sitting at the market place just within the city gates; day laborers sitting idly in the shade and waiting to be hired—all sorts of men and women admired and trusted Him. All Capernaum, at its daily jobs, talked about Jesus. The tales of His healings were carried into Samaria and Judea, and He was already being talked of as far south as Jerusalem.

The first five disciples were constantly at His side, serving and helping when He would let them. They saw Him heal and exorcise and teach until they feared He would faint with fatigue. At such times He would invariably go off by Himself to a desert spot; from such brief sessions of solitary prayer He would come back invigorated, as if within the space of an hour He had concentrated the benefit of a rest cure or a whole summer's vacation.

The five friends could not restore themselves. They were tired out when finally Jesus had completed His tour of the lake cities, but He came back to Capernaum the very image of strong, magnetic health.

He now added a sixth man to His little band of followers—and chose for the honor the most unpopular man in Capernaum, a functionary everybody loathed—the publican, collector of the Roman taxes. There was no personal reason for the people of Capernaum to hate a poor and good-natured man like Levi, but they did; they felt bound to despise and to detest anybody connected with taxes. Jesus passed the tariff booth one morning and looked attentively into the sad eyes of the publican.

"Follow me!" He said suddenly.

The publican stood up in an obedience that was instantaneous and complete. Not a moment's question! The neighbors saw how proud he seemed to be with Andrew and Philip, James and John and Nathanael that afternoon. At last he had friends! Prouder still to be told by the Master he would no longer be called Levi, but from hence he was to be known as Matthew. Proudest of all to bring the famous Jesus to his own despised house, and then to bustle out and buy provisions with spendthrift hand and scurry back home to prepare a feast; how glad Matthew was to bring in what rag, tag, and bobtail people he knew to meet and break bread with Jesus.

Back from Jerusalem, to spy on Him once more, the Temple agents stood gleefully in the moonlight outside the house where the publican and his friends were eating and drinking.

As some of the companions of Jesus sauntered out for a breath of air the agents from Jerusalem accosted them.

"Look here," one blustered. "Why does your Master eat and drink with publicans and sinners?"

In the lighted doorway appeared the teacher from Nazareth, calling to them: "They that are well have no need for a physician, but they that are sick. . . . I love mercy and not sacrifice! And I am not come to call the just but sinners to repentance."

The agents drifted off into the darkness. They would be up most of the night, trying to find fault with what He had meant.

◆

In his prison den in the palace gardens John heard reports of the works and sayings of his cousin Jesus; events like the healing of a demoniac on the floor of the Capernaum synagogue; reports, too, of a greater wonder—the healing from long distance of a Roman's servant. Strange, indeed, to have power over life and death—and yet even John the Baptist was aware of doubts among his disciples; perhaps even in himself.

"Do what I ask," he had just been told by Herod Antipas the king, "and I'll set you free. Today! But refuse—and I shall have to behead you, John. My wife gives me no peace about you."

"Majesty, will you permit me to consult with some of my followers about all this?"

"You have only to name them, John, and I will send for them this instant!"

◆

That was how it was that two emissaries straight from John himself again came down to Galilee and confronted Jesus with the question they had been charged with: "Are you He that is come? Or look we for another?"

With His hand moving toward a blind man's eyes, in the midst of many healings, the Master answered:

"Go relate to John what you have heard and seen. The blind see. The lame walk. The lepers are made clean. The deaf hear. The dead rise again. And," he finished with an ironical smile, "the gospel is preached to the poor!"

Two nights later Herod came in the moonlight to look down into the pit at John. The prisoner stood up briskly and politely; for all his confinement he had never known depression of body or lassitude of mind.

"Well, Baptist. Your messengers have returned! Will you recant—unsay it—about my wife and me? And go free?"

John had but one answer: "No!"

That night in celebration of his birthday, fat and pursy little Herod Antipas had invited all the bigwigs of Galilee—princes, tribunes, important officials—to come and sup. There was hardly one sober head at Herod's table when, at the height of the feast, the damask curtains parted and the king's stepdaughter came mincing in for the principal performance of the evening.

She was the daughter of Herodias, this Salome, full-bosomed and shapely, with shocking young eyes full of inviting hints. In the transparency of a diaphanous robe she began to dance. At a final *chassé* movement she would have run off, but Herod made a rammish grab; then set the panting young one on his knee.

She looked at him appraisingly. That female demon, her mother, had trained her for this.

"Whatever you shall ask, Salome, my sweet, I'll give you—though it be the half of my kingdom!"

She remembered her instructions and ran off to the queen, who waited in another apartment.

"Mother, Mother, what *shall* I ask for?"

The mother told the bacchante child quickly enough. A little disappointed, Salome ran to the king.

"Well, Salome, what will it be?"

"I will that immediately you give me in a dish the head of John the Baptist."

His eyes were sobered with unexpected horror. The guests watched him with sheer, gloating delight; in his quandary he was making good sport for them. They made bets on whether he would dare fulfill his own oath or be forsworn before them all. None could guess that there was something more than political concern in Herod's heart, that the conscience of the king had been beleaguered by this rugged giant from the wilderness.

But the king knew there was no chance for a temporary delay, and so he called for the cross-eyed steward of the feast.

"Fetch the executioner," he said miserably, pulling a fold of his robe over his paunch.

And when the dripping head in a deep dish of gold was carried to Herod, the king gave it to the hands of the child.

Now, as Salome started back to her mother, at her very first step the harpists smote their strings and the drummers beat with their sticks, and almost unconsciously the girl fell into the old writhing of her dance, the dish held high in her little-girl arms.

John's disciples buried the headless body and, riding night and day, brought the grisly news to Capernaum.

Now, once again, Jesus retired to privacy and communion, His heart opened to the infinite. When morning came He was ready to take two radical steps.

◆

The first step was to complete the selection of His principal followers, who would be trained to carry forward His work when He would have to leave them. Back in Capernaum He sent out Peter and James to bring to Him ten others whom He named from among the throng that helpfully and for months had followed Him wherever He went. An hour later He ranged the Twelve in a circle around Him, as they stood on an unfrequented part of the pebbly shore of the lake.

The newcomers were that other, younger James; the even younger Jude, his brother—Jude, who was called also Thaddeus and Lebbaeas; Simon Zelotes, a brother of young James and Jude. Thomas, surnamed Didymus, but better known as doubting Thomas; and at the end of the list was the son of Simon of Kerioth. His name, Judas Iscariot, meant Judas of Kerioth.

For a long time the thirteen stood in silent prayer, then started back along the shore. Jesus healed many along the way, until the press of people grew so large that He took refuge in a fisherman's boat.

After hours of sailing they beached at a desolate part of the shore, below a towering mountain of black volcanic rock. The thirteen climbed up the steep path until they reached a shelter overlooking the inland sea. Here Jesus took His second major step.

◆

The time had come to make one speech to these Twelve that would sum up all His teachings, a complete and formal statement of His message, which the Apostles would learn by heart.

There were only eight rules one had to follow. Not that He promised them security against the misfortunes of the world; He had no guarantee against pain, loss, grief, or disgrace. All that Jesus had to offer was happiness. That was a state of mental well-being by which a man could remain tranquil and yet with an eager zest for life, no matter how poignant his loss, how deep his sorrow, how excruciating his pain. The eight rules, the Beatitudes, were simple and wise but admittedly difficult to follow.

The sun vanished behind the waters, the gloaming came and deepened, and a little scimitar moon began to rise as He told them that only by prayers could a man find the strength to live a life like that. Remembering always that God the Father already knew the needs of His children, the form of their prayer therefore should be:

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven . . ."

That was the Sermon on the Mount.

◆

The Master's talks were delivered in synagogues all over the countryside, miracle traveling hand in hand with doctrine. The pentecostal feast of the year 29 found Him in Jerusalem, at the health-restoring pool of Bethsaida, near the sheep's gate. Here, at the basin below the Famous Five porches, He found a frustrated old cripple who for twenty-nine years had never been able to scramble down to the pool in time to be there when "the angel troubled the waters," as the people said. Yet in the capital of His enemies Jesus promptly made the old fellow well in spite of the fact that it was the Sabbath.

Ah, the Pharisees lamented to one another, we have done wrong to allow this yokel Messiah to get as far as He has. But the real rulers of the Temple authority, of course, were Annas, the former high priest, and his sons. And Annas laughed at the small fry who were afraid of Jesus.

The lesser officials were too aware of Annas's complete political domination openly to disagree with him. Nevertheless they decided that they would deal with this presumptuous charlatan and stop His blasphemies, one way or another. But because Jesus was so popular, they would have to have a complete case against Him before they pounced.

So when Jesus returned to Galilee, in June A.D. 29, the Temple agents were on His trail.

The real danger to the safety of Jesus and his disciples began to be visible at the Feast of the Tabernacles. That was a great holiday.

Together the thirteen started the dangerous journey to Jerusalem. All the long way hostility seemed to meet them. The spies from the Temple had been very busy spreading their canards. A few of the disciples traveled on ahead, and two kept coming back to tell of animosity sowed in people's minds.

At the suggestion of Jesus the disciples entered Jerusalem alone. His time was not yet come when He should enter with them, provoke a demonstration, and so cut short His active ministry. However, He did enter the capital that night alone, and in secret He moved among the throngs while His enemies in a huddle behind the Temple sat up to discuss ways and means to take His life. Finally one bleary-eyed conspirator had an inspiration.

"If you will listen to an old man,"

he wheezed, "I can tell you how to trip this fanatic into His grave—and all quite legally too."

They listened and rejoiced at his cleverness. Here was a plan that looked like a certainty. And so simple! Thus the next morning, when Jesus sat in the Temple, teaching busily, a delegation of men suddenly appeared with an adulteress by the arm. They shoved her in the open space between Him and His listeners and one guard stood forward as interrogator. He spoke with deep respect, suave, indignant, and with every appearance of sincerity:

"Master, this woman was even now taken in adultery. Now Moses in the law commanded us to stone such as she. What do you say?"

Having looked at all the guards and Temple scholars one by one, eye to eye, the Master leaned forward on His knees and with the nail of a lean brown forefinger wrote in the dust. There were those who said afterward that what He wrote was a list of women—intimates of the members of this outraged delegation.

When Jesus looked up again over His shoulder, He said calmly:

"He that is without sin among you—let *him* cast the first stone."

And stooping down again, He resumed His mysterious writing in the dust.

Each man there knew about the improprieties of the others. And they could all read the writing in the sand. And so they hurriedly went out. The woman lay there, groveling on the stone pavement. Jesus sat back, relaxed, and smiled at her.

"Woman, where are those that condemn you? Has no man condemned you?"

"No man, Lord."

"Neither will I condemn you. Go!"

And she was almost out of earshot when He called after her:

"*And*—sin no more!"

◆

The time of the Passover came, the greatest of all celebrations in Israel. From the sea and from over the caravan routes of mountains and deserts, by ships and camels and walking barefoot, travelers by thousands and scores of thousands turned weary and sweaty faces toward Jerusalem.

Jesus walked with His disciples up the stony road to Jerusalem on the Sunday before the Pasch or Passover. All the highroads were thick with pilgrims, noisy with their psalms. At the foot of that green Mount of Olives Jesus called two of His disciples and gave them curious orders. They were to press on to a suburb of Jerusalem, and they would find, tied to a hitching post, the colt of an unbacked ass, foal of a beast accustomed to the farmer's yoke. Yet no man, woman, or child had ever ridden this youngster donkey. The two disciples were to loose the ass and bring him back to Jesus.

The convoy, returning, was greeted with shouts and cheers as if, without being told, the crowd not only knew the unbacked colt was for Jesus, but also remembered that an ass's colt was the royal equipage, full of symbolism for the kings of Israel.

Lurking agents of the Pharisees, always near, watched with narrowed eyes what followed—the general, spontaneous adulation of the multitude. They cast their robes for Him to ride over, while others turned to cutting down boughs from the trees of balsam, acacia, and tamarisk, and green branches of the palm trees. Running far ahead they strewed the ground before Him.

On He moved amid that sudden general ecstasy of love and utter trust. Through the city gate, where mobs of the narrow streets came spilling and mingling with the arriving crowds of pilgrims who escorted Him. Who comes? This is Jesus, the prophet; from Nazareth of Galilee! The blind and the maimed followed Him as close as they could until He reached the courts of the Temple, and there, in the very shadow of the altar of the Most High, He healed them.

It could not be allowed to go on much longer!

◆

The next day was the day before the Pasch; the celebration of the Feast of the Unleavened Bread would begin at sundown. Strangely, that fateful morning when Jesus resumed His preachings in the Temple there were no spies waiting to debate with Him. Why had Caiphas called off his crew? As a matter of secret fact, for some days the high priest's agents had been paying increasing attention to the disciples rather than to their leader. Later one of these spies talked confidentially to the high priest.

"We are almost ready!" Caiphas exclaimed. "There is only one more big hurdle. That's my father-in-law, Annas."

Caiphas was very much pleased with himself. He had found one of the Twelve who would sell out. He had never known any man who did not have at least one disloyal friend.

◆

Annas was now very old, but he was still the political boss of Jerusalem. For years he had served his people as high priest. When he felt he had held the post long enough, he passed on the fringed blue robe and stately headdress to his eldest son, and then, in turn, to six of his other sons. Now that his own seed was used up, his son-in-law Caiphas got the job—he was the visible authority, under the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, but he was also privately under the firm governance of Lord Father-in-Law!

Fearing neither radicals nor Pharisees, Annas had taught his sons and son-in-law that everybody in the world was a hypocrite and a liar, and could be bought at the right price.

It was a dark spring evening, in the year of our Lord 30. Annas was sitting loftily by a fire of coals. Against the high red wall opposite him in his private chamber stood a younger man, gorgeously attired and with an elaborate black beard. He was Joseph Caiphas, bending toward his father-in-law and fixing him with a myopic squint.

"You have not heard what happened in the Temple," Caiphas was saying. "Did you know that this harmless Galilean fanatic, as you have called Him, entered the Temple, kicked over the tables of our money-changers, and drove our dealers out with a whip?"

"Attacking our dealers?" Annas was instantly scandalized.

"He said, 'Make not my Father's house a place of merchandise.' "

"*His* father's home? And He scourged our changers! And people are listening to this man, you say?"

"They greeted Him with palms last Sunday, and called hosannahs to Him. There is not one of the inns in Jerusalem tonight where they do not debate if He is or is not the Messiah, the Christ!"

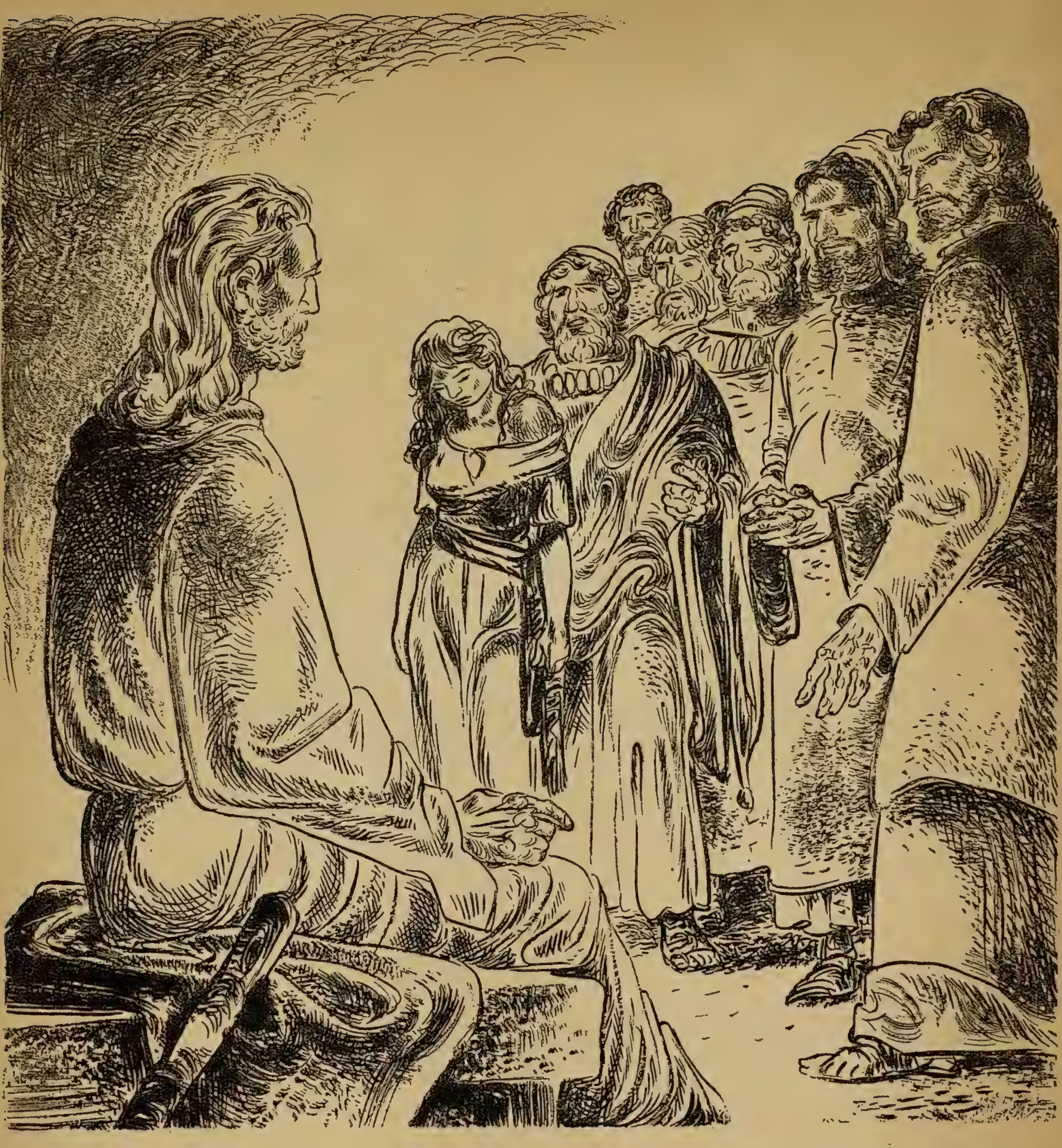
"We must raise our own counter-rabble!" decided Annas.

"To denounce Him?"

"Of course! For blasphemy! And treason. The first to worry the poor pious fools of the Pharisees. The second to worry Pilate."

"Lord Annas," exclaimed the high priest, with a noisy exhalation of his breath, "you understand at last!"

There was in this moment an inexplicable fear in Annas. He knew his son-in-law to be a thoroughgoing



When Jesus sat in the Temple, a delegation of men appeared with an adulteress by the arm.

scoundrel. Here Annas was, for the first time, giving up his own judgment to Caiphas. There was something terrifying in that simple fact.

"You don't believe this Jesus has any real miraculous powers, of course? Any gifts our learned scholars have not yet discovered?"

"Why do you jest with me, Lord Annas?"

"Something makes me hesitate to enter on this business. So hurried an arrest—a trial under conditions unprecedented in all our history..."

"But, Lord—"

"Peace! My practical good sense tells me I am justified in agreeing to your plans. It is only inside of me..."

"Your soul?" mocked Caiphas.

"If I believed in a soul, that would, no doubt, be it. Yet look at it this way, Caiphas! I sincerely believe that with fanatical crowds, commoved and unsettled, cheering on a revolutionary leader in the streets, the patriotic folly of our people may lead them to excess. It could easily happen at any time during the next few days. Pilate would then have to order Roman troops to take action. That would certainly mean resistance, riot, bloodshed, death! It might also increase the restrictions laid upon the whole people by the Romans. Is it not logical to act to prevent that, Caiphas? Furthermore, I am anxious to show the Roman authorities how sincerely I want to co-operate. And so—"

"And so, Lord," urged Caiphas, "we can convince the full council that it is expedient for them that one man should die for the people and that the whole nation perish not."

"You have made definite plans, I suppose?"

"I don't have to tell you that the practical and legal difficulties were enough to discourage even a man of action like myself," returned Caiphas. "Getting the court to agree to assemble in the dead of night—and to keep their clacking tongues quiet beforehand—that in itself was no simple task. But they realized now there is an emergency! Arranging for witnesses is not proving to be easy, either, let me tell you. No one seems to want to talk against Jesus. I have worked harder on this . . ."

"But what about ratification?" interrupted Annas. They both knew perfectly well that while the Sanhedrin could pronounce the death sentence, before it could be carried out Pilate, the Procurator, had to agree to it. "Can you secure Pilate's approval of the death sentence in time? You must kill this man before the crowds find out what you are doing! If you don't . . ."

"I know, Lord. There *may* be mobs rioting to save Him. The whole plan is carefully laid out up to the door of Pontius Pilate . . ."

"And then?" Annas's voice was like the croak of a raven.

"And then we all draw back. We leave Pilate to you. You are the one man in Judea who knows how to handle him."

◆ The flattery was not lost.

"So," Annas sighed benignly, "you set out to save the nation and wind up by asking me to save you from your own folly. Very well, since it is necessary, I will do it. Send out and arrest Jesus!"

"Sorry, Lord Annas. We don't know where to find Him tonight. He constantly eludes our spies, as if He were a sorcerer with power to change His shape, or disappear. But if you will permit, there is a man outside . . ."

"An informer?"

"One of His own men. He will talk only to you."

"Do we really need him?"

"Those who could tell us where He hides for the night all seem to be His friends," answered Caiphas with an exasperated air. "Only this one man seems to be amenable."

And going to the outer hall, he called softly:

"You may come in now—Judas Iscariot."

◆ At sundown of that same day thirteen men had met to celebrate the Passover in a great gray hall, an upper room in a house on Mount Zion, northeast corner of the height of Jerusalem. In the tall-roofed chamber with heavy beams holding up the ceiling, the only furnishings were rattan divans and a long oaken table on which tall candles were burning. The flickering flames played upon the sturdy figures of the Apostles.

In spite of the warnings Jesus had given the Twelve, none of them realized, or was willing to believe, that this would be their last meal together.

In an unbroken and bewildered quiet, Jesus poured water from a a pitcher into a basin. Then He knelt and washed his disciples' feet.

"He that is washed needs but to wash his feet but is clean wholly. And you are clean—"

He paused and looked at Judas.

"—but not wholly!" He added, with a sigh.

Then He sat at the table surrounded by the twelve familiar faces. His eyes were lowered and He looked at no one. After a long silence He lifted His voice in one of the psalms of David, which all sang feelingly. A cup was passed and blessed. Then they ate the Easter lamb, and drank a third cup, which, as good and religious Jews, they all knew to be the cup of blessing. It was then that Jesus lifted up His hands.

"Know you what I have done to you?" He asked them. "You call me Master and Lord. And you say well, for so I am. If I then, being your lord and master, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so you do also. I say to you, the servant is not greater than his lord. . . . I tell you, before it comes to pass, that one of you that eats with me shall betray me. . . . He it is to whom I shall reach bread dipped."

They were like frozen men as the Master dipped a morsel of bread in the dish and then very quietly held it out toward Judas. As John wrote later, Judas received the morsel and then fled from the room. As they looked at the door closing behind him, they told themselves, with the same fatuity with which good men always doubt the existence of abomination, that Judas must have been sent out on some business mission. After all, he held the purse; perhaps Jesus had sent him off to buy supplies for the festival day, or on some urgent errand to give money to the poor.

◆ Annas scribbled on a piece of parchment with a goose-quill pen, and while continuing to write, pursued his examination of Judas.

"How long have you been a friend of this Jesus of Capernaum?"

"Jesus of Nazareth, Lord—I have been His friend for three years."

"How did it happen that you, a good man from Kerioth, took up with one of these wild Galileans?"

"I believed in Jesus," replied Judas.

A flash of anger came into the old man's bright eyes; then he clucked his tongue and exchanged a rapid glance with Caiphas.

"Then why do you offer to betray Him now, in His hiding place for the night?"

"Understand me clearly," exclaimed Judas in a voice deepening with indignation. "I am not a common informer. What I do, I do—and why, is my affair and I do not wish Him to come to any harm."

Old priest and young priest remained silent.

"You do not intend any harm to Jesus, do you?" persisted Judas.

"Do you doubt the mercy, the justice, or the wisdom of the judges of Israel?" demanded Caiphas.

"No. I believe in the Sanhedrin as the true judges of the Lord."

The eyes of Judas were filled with a flickering light as he said these words.

"I believe," said Annas acidly, "that you are a revolutionist. Do you know that I could send *you* to prison?"

"No, Lord Annas! You have no evidence against me."

"I found evidence enough only yesterday against a conspirator called Barabbas! Another fellow trying to stir up trouble and bring us all to ruin. You have been foolish, my son, if you have harbored thoughts of revolution. What did you do all these three years with Jesus?"

"I carried the bag; I was His treasurer; that is how much He trusted me."

"Did you have much money to handle?" asked Annas.

"A few pence at our most prosperous time. We trusted to God for what we ate and where we slept."

"Are you sure Jesus didn't keep some back for Himself?"

"Yes, I am sure of that!" shouted Judas. "How can you—"

"Judas!" snapped Caiphas. "You forget yourself."

Judas stopped his mouth with the palm of his hand, then bowed low.

"I am truly sorry," he muttered. "Please forgive me. I must try to forget Him and all His works. I was under His spell—that was it—and now the scales have fallen from my eyes and I see Him as He really is. He charms you, and the thoughts He puts into words sound wonderful. But these are violent times, and He talks soft words. If anybody slaps you on a cheek, turn your head around so he can slap the other one. Give in to everybody. Never resist anybody."

"I think I begin to see," nodded Annas. "You thought the important thing was for Him to rally our people. Well, He had His chance. He had it last Sunday, when He rode into this city and the whole multitude fell at His feet, with hosannahs and acclamations. Why, He could have done anything to that mob He wanted. What *did* He want?"

"Nothing. He was preaching some pacifist madness about the Kingdom of God. He needs to be placed under arrest—"

"Protective arrest — for His own good?"

"Yes, Lord."

"I believe you told the high priest that tonight above any other time was the best to take Jesus. Why was that?"

"Because it is the only time He would let you take Him, Lord Annas. Jesus could escape from your guard, disappear before your very eyes, if He had a mind to. I saw Him do that when the mob tried to kill Him in His home town of Nazareth. The man is invulnerable. He is not capable of being wounded or seized if He does not wish to be. But He expects to be taken tonight. He keeps saying He must die to save the world. Take Him now—while He is in that mood—and He will not resist."

◆

Annas and Caiphas talked together in low tones. Annas suddenly stood up.

"Get for us their certain plans for where they will spend tonight. That is important, my son—we must not take this man until Jerusalem is asleep, and we must be through with Him before Jerusalem wakes up."

Judas saw that the old man was counting out money. "I am not doing this for hire!" he blurted out.

"Hire? Hire a patriot? Don't be foolish, Judas. But I have had too much experience in life ever to take anything for nothing. Tomorrow you will not come back to me with new demands—you will be paid off now. Thirty pieces of silver!"

◆

It was well after nine o'clock and quite dark when Judas, ready for his traitorous job, emerged through the back doorway of the house of Annas and descended to the alley. Loitering before the steps was the posse of the Temple guards; though forbidden to carry arms, they had picked up staves and cudgels. Standing off from them were six Roman soldiers with an officer; they carried lanterns and torches, clubs and staves.

Judas led the way through the gate and still farther down, until they reached the brook Kedron that flows between Jerusalem and the Mount of Corruption. They hastened on toward the Mount of Olives.

The soldiers kept grumbling—they were brave men, but who would not be anxious about a fugitive with such powers as Jesus'? Well, Judas reassured them. Jesus, he reported, was actually waiting for them to come and get Him in a farmyard, an oil press called by some the Garden of Gethsemane.

What were they doing in the Garden? Judas did not know. It did not matter anyway, he expostulated again and again, as he trudged beside them. The silver coins in his bag made a soft jingling noise.

A little doorlike opening had been cut in the hedge that otherwise completely enclosed the olive garden. Judas waved back the guards while he leaned in and peered. Dimly he began to make them out. He counted eleven, all asleep. Their leader was invisible. Somewhere off in the deeper foliage Jesus of Nazareth was on His knees. Judas could hear the suffering voice:

"My Father! If it be possible, let this cup pass from me!"

"Afraid?" Judas murmured. "He is afraid! He is praying to be let off—to escape—"

"Nevertheless, not as I will, but as you will."

The Master wanted life, yet if the Father to whom He prayed insisted, knowing what was best, then He would obediently take death. The contradiction stirred a deep resentment in the listening Judas. This humbleness was unbecoming to a man. At the altar, from ancient times, the people had struck the best bargain they could. Do this for me and I will do that for you, O God!

Out of the dark and walking by starlight the white figure of Jesus appeared, moving toward a sleeping disciple. Judas could see Him clearly now—tall, robed, walking barefoot across the chilly field. Jesus bent over the snoring man.

"Peter! . . . Rise up. Let us go. He that will destroy me is at hand."

Peter scrambled to his feet and bared his knife. Judas waited for no more.

The sound of rough voices and the clank of steel, the sight of the fires, brought all the drowsy disciples to their feet. Judas strode forward until he stood directly in front of Jesus.

"Hail, Master!"

Jesus moved toward Judas and seized him by the shoulders. Then the arms of Christ drew Judas to Him and the disciple kissed the Master on the cheek. At the prearranged signal, the Roman soldiers came forward, weapons in hand. But Jesus did not at once let Judas go. He held him tightly, eyes lifted, as if asking a favor of the invisible. Then at last He released him, and as Judas stood back, the prisoner brought His hands together and held them out as He approached the Roman captain.

That was more than the panic-stricken Peter could bear. There was a moment's tussle, and then the ironic voice of Jesus:

"Peter, Peter, put up your sword!"

And Peter's fishing knife fell at his feet.

A little soldier from the Temple scurried forward with a handful of ropes and began to tie the wrists of Jesus. Peter and all the others were overwhelmed with fear for their own safety. Stampeded, like wild creatures, they scampered off into the night. They left Jesus, the captive, alone.

◆

The door was flung open and the captain of the guard stood at attention before Annas.

"Lord," he said, "we have done as you commanded. We have taken the man prisoner. Behold Him at the door—Jesus of Nazareth!"

The political boss of Jerusalem was jolted at his first sight of the captured Jesus. He blinked and looked again. No outer detail seemed important—this tall, fettered man in the white robe and sandals; what was it in Him that was like to a blow over the heart?

There was in that long glance of His from the face of Joseph Caiphas back to the face of Annas almost a bemused compassion for the political and judicial problems that confronted them in their conspiracy against Him.

Annas, letting the silence stretch almost unendurably, seated himself again with determined aplomb, to listen to the reports. It was good news that the prisoner's band of followers had deserted Him and fled. Annas had no suspicion of the presence in the doorway crowd of two of those very Galileans. One was a stout fellow, woolen robe belted with a frayed old cord; beard turning white, pate turning bald; a rough and fusty fisherman with freckled nose and lacking in city manners. He was Simon called Peter, but Annas did not know about him. Close by, but ignoring Peter as if the two had never met, was also another fisherman, John, one of the sons of Zebedee—a young man with anguished face.

Annas beckoned impatiently for Judas, hovering in the rear.

"You promised there would be no resistance," he said with some choler. "I have been told children's tales about an ear restored again on a soldier's head."

"I know not about the ear, Lord. There was a good deal of excitement and shouting at the time. Perhaps so! But Jesus can do more wonderful things than restore ears when He wishes to."

The glance of the sharp old eyes leaped quickly to the prisoner.

"Jesus, you are called a blasphemer!" he began. "Are you?"

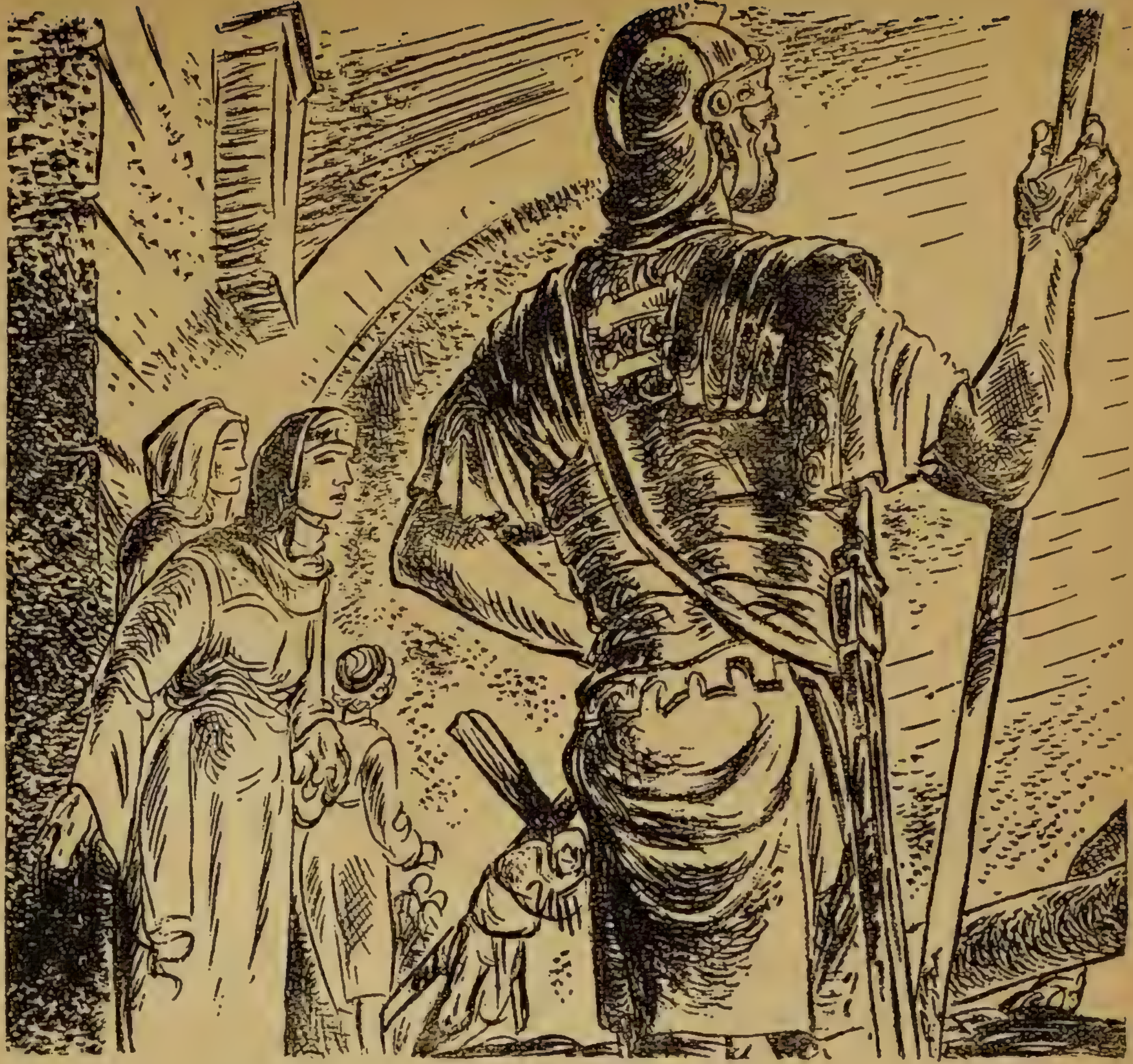
There was in His well-mastered tones the country accent of a Nazarene: "I have spoken openly to the world. I taught in the synagogue and in the Temple, where all the Jews come together—and in secret I spoke nothing. Why do you ask me? Ask them that have heard me!"

A reluctant glitter of admiration came into the scornful eyes of Annas. This self-assured prisoner was shrewd. Annas and his crew would have to prove those charges by witnesses in a court of law; that was the technical, legal meaning of Jesus's answer.

"I see!" murmured Annas, milking his beard. "You demand proof? Very well, Jesus of Nazareth, I hold you for trial. For immediate trial. Blasphemy!"

From Judas came a strangled cry. "No, you promised—"

A guard clapped a hand over his mouth. His tortured eyes sought the face of Jesus; but the soldiers had turned Jesus around and were already escorting Him out to the next stop on His dark journey.



Jesus tottered, swayed, and fell but they yanked him to His feet. Only

Jesus was led directly to the home of the high priest which adjoined the Temple. The journey, which on foot took less than twenty minutes, was made in silence. Outside the priest's front door they waited for orders from Caiphas—the mob surging around Jesus who, wrists bound, stood erect between two soldiers. Not once did the luminous dark eyes turn; had He looked left, He might have seen a stout figure warming tough old hands nervously above a pan of coals. Peter!

A young woman carrying a bucket stopped suddenly before him: Huldah, one of the favorite servants of Caiphas; she studied Peter.

"You were also with Jesus, the Galilean."

"I don't know what you are saying," stammered Peter, uneasy at a lie.

"You *were* with Him," Huldah insisted, stamping her foot.

"Woman, I know Him not," said Peter, and shook his head.

Another maid joined Huldah, crying shrilly, "Surely he is one of them."

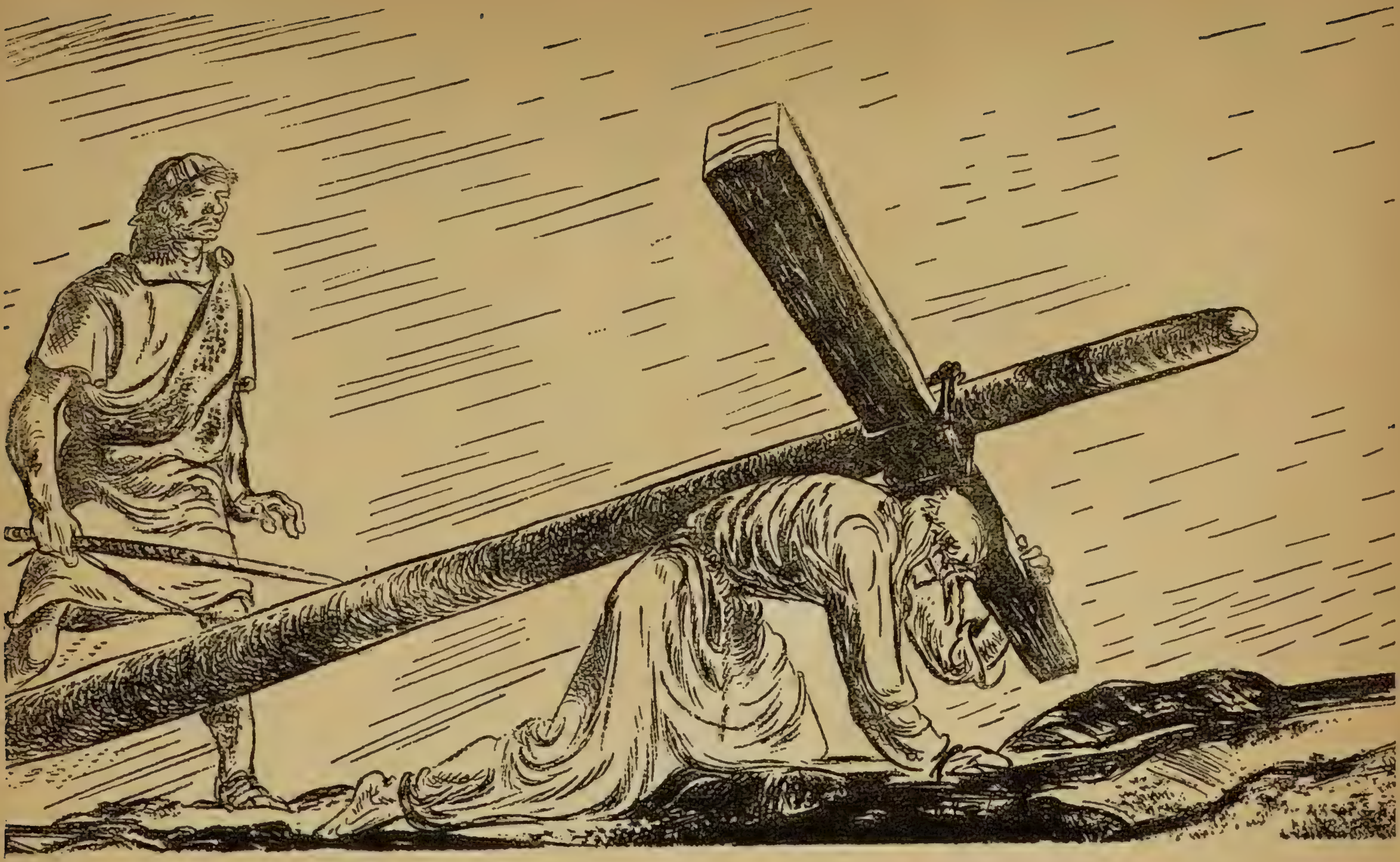
Then Peter uttered an oath and swore: "I don't know this man you are talking about."

The lying words had no more left his lips than Peter heard the shrill crowing of a cock. And when Peter turned he was looking into the eyes of Jesus, and it was the compassion in those eyes that made the fisherman weep bitter tears.

◆

In the dark and early chill of Friday, April 7, Pilate was waiting. Because of what was going on in the Hall of Hewn Stones, he had to remain up all night. He must be ready for the official hearing he would soon be called upon to give the Nazarene prisoner. By now the first and second sessions of the Sanhedrin had been held; messengers had been keeping well informed the brusque Spanish giant, called by the people Lord Pilate; reports of all the legal quibbling over small points while a life hung in the balance; he even knew about the insults and mockery of those who stood in a sniggering and drunken ring around the prisoner during the intermission between the hearings.

Pilate felt a persecuted man himself. The Roman governor, a warrior and a most distinguished soldier, hated the mean fate that had sent him to rule a poor colony like Palestine. In the present turmoil he knew that while he was facing a local sit-



a few minutes later He saw in the crowd that lined the street the face of His Mother.

uation, it nevertheless had explosive political aspects, dangerous to his own interests. Unhappily for him, Annas and Caiphas held him actually at their mercy. One more complaint to Rome, one more uprising in Palestine, and he would be out of the imperial favor. His position enraged him; if he could help Jesus, he would, just to frustrate Annas.

Pilate shivered a little as suddenly he heard a fanfare sounded on a Flemish horn, a quick succession of brassy notes, signal that Annas and his prisoner were at the gate.

The procurator had agreed that he would hear the case out of doors, beyond the gates of the Praetorium, as a concession to the religious immunities of the people. Because this was the Passover feast, they had a ceremonial objection to entering the domain of a Gentile.

Annas and Caiphas stood a little to one side. The prisoner was pushed forward so that He stood with them before the still-closed gates. The prisoner had been ill-used, one could see that. One tanned cheek, gleaming in flickering torchlight, showed a red splotch where someone had struck Him; His left eye was bruised and the skin under the lower lid was turning color. Loosely around His throat hung a napkin knotted at the back; it had fallen there from His eyes; they had blindfolded Him, as loafer after loafer struck Him, crying: "Prophesy now! Who is it that struck you?" His beautiful seamless robe was stained where many had spat upon Him. Yet the open eyes were still serene.

While they were waiting, a few yellowish streaks appeared in the eastern sky. As if the fragile glow were a signal, the Praetorium gates fell inward. There was Pilate sitting in his chair of ivory and bronze on the high platform.

Jesus, bound and delivered, lifted His keen face to meet His new judge. Pilate, well robed against the morning chill, cast Him a brief but appraising glance, then stopped. He had an insane impulse to lift his hand in the salute and greet Him as a friend. He turned to Annas.

"What accusations do you bring against this man?"

"We have found this man perverting our nation and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar and saying that He is Christ the King."

"Take Him, you," Pilate suggested, "and judge Him wholly according to your own law."

But Caiphas shouted back angrily: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death. You know that."

Of course Pilate did know that. These elders of Jerusalem had acted as a grand jury and all they could do was return a true bill. He turned to the accused.

"Are you the King of the Jews?"

Jesus returned his smile and answered: "You say it."

Pilate looked down at Jesus, and this time it was a long scrutiny. He made a brusque motion; the prisoner was to go inside; Pilate would talk with Him alone.

The big, heavy-breathing official, with his clinking bracelets, led the way boldly inside, and with a rough, almost threatening motion of his arm, bade Jesus be seated, facing him. Now the expression on Pilate's face was that of man to man.

"Are you," he repeated with a gleam of amusement that emphasized their privacy, "the King of the Jews?"

A soldier appeared between the drapes of the farther door and gave Lord Pilate a perfumed note from Procula. Scowling, the Roman read what his wife had written:

"Have nothing to do with that righteous man; for I have suffered many things this day and dreamed a dream because of Him."

Pilate stiffened. No woman could tell him what to do.

"Are you," he repeated truculently, all chuckle gone from his voice, "are you the King of the Jews?"

"Say you this of yourself?" asked Jesus calmly. "Or did others tell it you concerning me?" In effect, Jesus was asking Pilate: "Do you ask me this, fearing that I am an earthly pretender to an earthly crown and hence an enemy of Caesar's empire, or do you want to know if I claim to be the Messiah?"

Pilate's answer was thus most explicit when he scornfully shouted: "Am I native?" No, he was not; he was a Roman conqueror and very wary of any radical with kingly pretensions.

Then Jesus replied: "My kingdom is not of this world."

"What I want to know is—are you, then, a king?"

To this question Jesus made an answer for the ages:

"You say that I am a king. To this end was I born and for this cause I came into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth. Everyone that is of the truth hears my voice."

And Pilate, all mockery gone, asked in a deep whisper: "What is truth?"

◆

Pilate was not jesting, but he did not stay for an answer. He read it in the eyes of the prisoner. He rose from his chair, bent over Jesus, and said pleadingly: "Look in how many things they accuse you. Do you answer nothing?"

Jesus answered nothing.

"Don't you know that I have power to crucify you—as I have also power to release you?"

Then Jesus answered: "You should not have any power against me, unless it were given to you from above. Therefore he that has delivered me to you has the greater sin."

Pilate's eyes gleamed with the joy of a wholly irrational relief. This man understood. Why, He even forgave!

Past the torches of the guards they marched, the accused and the judge, and out again into the open courtyard. Without a glance at Annas or Caiphas, nor yet at Jesus, Pilate announced: "I find no cause in this man!"

Roman jurisprudence had done its task; it had acquitted Jesus Christ.

"He stirs up the people!" gasped Caiphas, while behind him the hired mob began obediently to rumble: "He stirs up the people, teaching throughout all Judea, beginning from Galilee to this place. . . ."

"Galilee?" Pilate's hoarse voice broke in. He smiled affably. It was a question of jurisdiction; it was Herod's problem, and Herod was even now in Jerusalem!

"Take him to Herod!"

◆

Herod Antipas was staying in the ancient Jerusalem castle of his family, just opposite the Temple. There at dawn he sat under festoons and decorative garlands, still carousing before the remains of a gluttonous meal, when Annas and Caiphas came leading a condemned prisoner.

Even they were outraged at Herod's alcoholic frivolity. They listened while he tried to joke with the prisoner, cajoling Him to do just one miracle. Jesus would answer nothing.

Then the priests told the tetrarch of the threefold allegations: causing sedition among the people, refusing tribute to Caesar, and claiming to be Messiah, King of the Jews. Their vehemence brought Herod to his political senses. Uncertain in the fumes of his wine, he made a mock and wobbling obeisance.

"Hail, King! Slaves, bring me a royal white robe! . . . Hail, Wonder-Worker King! Put it on! What? You stand stiff and straight and look me in the eye and neither answer nor plead for mercy? You're like your cousin, then! Like John the Baptist. I cut his head off! And they put it on a plate! Salome danced with it. No more of that. . . ."

The captive Jesus was led to the door in the white robe of mockery. But he left Herod Antipas as frightened as Pilate.

◆

Pilate knew what the returning clamor in the outer courtyard meant. Herod had not risen to the bait. Again Pilate confronted the pale, bruised prisoner. Serene as before He was, even in the new royal robe of white with golden fringe which Herod had draped over Him in drunken mockery.

Pilate turned to Annas: "I find no cause. I will chastise Him, therefore . . . and then I shall release Him!"

Caiphas turned quickly and spoke two words into a dirty ear lowered to his beard. The words ran quickly to the very core of the mob and there rose a sudden piercing cry:

"Crucify Him!" Soon it was a rhythm and a chant—"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

Now Pilate, making a last effort, put two names before the mob—this prisoner of Nazareth and another prisoner, the notable revolutionary leader—Barabbas. Then, obedient to signals from Caiphas, the crowd screamed: "Away with this man! And release unto us Barabbas!"

The clamor was deafening.

Pilate gave an exhausted growl and made a sign. The crowd screamed with joy as Jesus was led off to His fate.

It was then that the guards took Jesus and beat Him within a gasp of His life. Over His back, streaming blood, they laid again His own robe. Two idle soldiers had plaited wild thorns that grow in scraggly hedges around the farms to keep out fox and wolf. On His head they pressed this crown.

Pilate meanwhile had returned to his wife, Claudia Procula. He told her brusquely what had happened.

"I warned you to have nothing to do with that just man!" wailed Procula.

He bent over her, but she thrust him away. He rose with an oath.

"Very well," he snarled. "I will go out and try again."

◆

Once more the prisoner and His judge stood before the mob. Forcing himself to jest, as if to ask the whole race if they were in fear of this bedraggled figure, Pilate roared, "Behold your king!"

He could not cajole the hirelings, paid to be implacable. They yelled: "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him!"

In a panic of forced jesting Pilate cried: "Shall I crucify your king?"

"We have no king but Caesar!"

Pilate heard that shout—and lost. He lifted his face sidewise to heaven and cried in a broken voice, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man."

Barabbas, cocky, laughing with an I-told-you-so smugness, accepted the raucous welcome of the crowd as a tribute no more than his due.

For Jesus, the cross was waiting.

It was a crude thing of wood—not much of a carpentry job; the workman from Nazareth could have made a better one than that. He must kneel in the street. A part of the crossbar would be hooked over His shoulder. Then He must stand up again with the weight of the cross on His back and He must put one foot in front of the other, dragging it alone, down the stinking, festering streets. This was a slave's punishment—two thieves shared His fate, carrying their crosses in the same procession.

Jesus tottered, swayed, and fell, but they yanked Him to His feet again and pushed Him on. Only a few minutes later He saw in the crowd that lined the street the face of His mother.

How she had got there, all the way up from Galilee, what impulse urged her, no one knew. But Mary, who could not get in to the trial, stood in the street and watched, as, bent and breathing hard, He pulled His cross along. Their eyes met, and all the years were in their glances. Then she was lost to His sight as the howling tatterdemalion mob clotted around Him.

Among the onlookers was Simon, a pilgrim with his two small sons from the beautiful city of Cyrene, in upper Libya. Suddenly a guard pointed a finger at him, snarled an order, and the burly Cyrenian, seething with his bad luck, bent to help Jesus carry His cross, his two little boys following him in tears.

Through the gate called Porta Judiciaria by the Romans He passed outside the wall of the city, into the open country and within sight of a gloomy hill. There the women of Jerusalem surged into the road, elbowing aside all the savage crew that followed the cross. Unafraid, these housewives, daughters, and widows fought their way to the Master's side, lamenting Him.

His eyes took on new strength as He cried to these decent women: "Daughters of Jerusalem! Weep not over me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

Even with the strength of Simon the Cyrenian—who suddenly found himself taking a mysterious liking to this convict—Jesus felt His knees buckle under, and for the third time He fell down. But His tormentors were not so worried now. Here was their destination; He had only to lug the cross up that final stretch of steep hill and there He would be!

Calvary!

It was a quick business; the three victims were tired out, inert, incapable of resistance.

◆

So at last the will of Annas and Caiphas was fully done. Jesus was crucified between two thieves, the three gaunt crosses with their suffering human beings uplifted upon them, making sharp, bleak silhouettes against the paling sky.

At mocking Pilate's orders—strange commands of a strange man who meant the priests to be confronted with a reminder—a sign was nailed up on the cross over the head of Jesus, an inscription in three languages: Latin, Greek, and Aramaic:

"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews!"

When he heard that this was being done, Caiphas had himself carried in a litter back to the palace. He came storming into the small room where Pilate received his visitors.

"Why do you do such a thing as this to us? Don't write 'King of the Jews'; if you must write anything, write, 'He said, I am the King of the Jews.' "

"What I have written I have written," said Pilate, and stalked back to his wife.

"I feel like a vaticide!" he was reported to tell his wife. "I have killed a prophet."

"Perhaps," lamented his wife, "you are a deicide—perhaps you have killed a god."

On the hill of Calvary the crowd of watchers was growing constantly.

Jesus, turning from the tapestry of faces, murmured to the sky:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Moving slowly forward through the crowd, coming ever closer to the cross, were three women—three Marys close at hand. Mary, His mother, stood at the foot of the cross. And Mary, the wife of Cleophas, His mother's sister, knelt beside her. Mary of Magdalen, out of whom He had cast seven devils, was prostrate on the earth.

And who standing beside His blessed mother? John, the well-beloved disciple.

◆

With a sudden access of strength Jesus called out: 'Woman, behold your son!"

And then, turning to John, the drops of sweat glistening on His neck and forehead and cheeks, He summed up all the concern and compassion in His heart in these words to His dear follower:

"Behold your mother!" And from that day on John would be like another son to Mary. But his devotion was a symbol of a greater service, for Jesus had spoken to mankind, had showed all living the symbol of motherhood.

There were some who noticed that as the darkness deepened a small light shone behind His head, and that it grew more luminous as death came ever nearer.

Even the most vociferous of the paid mob began to feel a germ of fear. The sun was lost behind the thickening nimbus overhead.

It was close upon three o'clock in the afternoon when, for the fourth time, they heard Jesus speak:

"Eloi, Eloi, Lamma sabacthani!"

Had they heard clearly? That strange mixture, that sentence, a compound of Hebrew and Aramaic Chaldee? Some, far in the back, thought that in delirium He was calling on the prophet Elias. And some of the mockers again brought the vinegar sponge and stuck it on a long reed, and thrust it up at Him, while they cried:

"Let be! Let us see whether Elias will come to deliver Him!"

But Jesus had not called upon Elias. His mother knew and understood. So did all good and pious people gathered there, and even the hypocrites, if they remembered their Scriptures.

What Jesus had said was: "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

Standing near the foot of the cross, Caiphas, hearing those words, gave a hoarse chuckle.

"First He says He is God, then He asks Himself why He has forsaken Himself."

◆

There was a terrible peal of thunder. But presently Caiphas heard the voice of Annas, despondent and disheartened: "You complete and utter ninny and fool!"

"Lord Annas, did I hear you . . ."

"You did. You are high priest, Caiphas, but you do not even remember your Scriptures. Especially the Twenty-second Psalm, which begins: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' and goes on to prophesy perhaps what happened here today—even to the parting of his garments."

"Father-in-law, you're not going—"

"I am going home," sighed Annas, and turned his back on his son-in-law.

Jesus of Nazareth died, about four o'clock in the murky air of Good Friday afternoon, April 7, A.D. 30.

Men told strange stories afterward: tales of how the veil of the Temple was torn into two pieces—the rainbow veil that hung at the Holy of Holies and hid the innermost altar from the eyes of all except priests, rent and ripped, from top to bottom, although no man's hand had touched it. Tales of a trembling of the earth and rocks crashing from hillsides; graves ripped open, their white domes splitting wide.

Those at the cross who loved Him beat their breasts and sobbed. The

Roman officer who had given all the orders for the execution of the death sentence turned to one of his lieutenants and gasped:

"Indeed this man *was* the Son of God."

◆ The old man Annas sat in his great room and fanned himself.

"And now," said Annas, "the followers of your executed impostor are back in town and only this week they made three thousand converts!"

"Five thousand! The danger of revolution is even greater with Jesus dead than alive," complained the priest.

"Are you sure that He is dead?" asked Annas lightly.

"You saw Him die."

"No, I did not wait. But, Caiphas, what *do* you suppose happened to His body?"

"It was buried. Do you know where they laid that cadaver? In the tomb that Joseph had built for himself!"

"Joseph? Of Arimathea?"

"Exactly. One of our own kind, but a traitor to his class. He went to Pilate and asked permission—and got it."

Annas lowered his fan, folded his arms, and gave a toothless grin. He had talked with the gardener, and with the Roman soldiers, and even with Christian witnesses.

"The guards say there was an earthquake. Some talk about an angel with shining face coming down and the soldiers falling unconscious with fear. Anyway, a woman came into the garden. Her name was Mary, she came from Magdala, and she used to have a dubious reputation. Before dawn—her grief for this Jesus was poignant quite evidently—she came to the tomb with more spiced ointments for the corpse. She ran back into town to tell this new leader of theirs—I've talked with him; a fiery fellow who won't back down — Peter of Capernaum. She told Peter that she feared robbers had stolen the body of their Lord!"

"Rubbish!" grumbled Caiphas.

"Most mysterious rubbish! Pretty soon there were two other women called Mary in the garden. One was His mother, from up in Nazareth, and the other His aunt, the wife of Cleophas. They, too, were astonished when they found the stone gone. Now, Caiphas, as one man tells the story, they found two angels in the tomb. I hear, too, that they found a young man sitting on the right side of the tomb, as one enters the place. The young man, who was wearing a white robe, told them not to be frightened; I think I have the testimony of what he said here."

Annas picked up a thin scroll and read:

" 'You seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. He is risen! He is not here! Behold the place where they laid Him. But go, tell His disciples and Peter that He goes before you into Galilee; there you should see Him; as He told you.' "

Caiphas stood up and assumed a dramatic pose.

"Are you going to tell me Jesus of Nazareth *did* rise from the dead?"

"I don't know," grinned Annas uncomfortably. "I wish I did, but I don't. I don't know. The women went back and told Peter, whom I mentioned, and another, younger disciple—a decent enough young man called John. I heard them tell the story—to me—and I cross-questioned them severely. No, I could not make a breach in either man's testimony.

"There is a little village called Emmaus," Annas continued, "about seven miles from Jerusalem, and there is a repeated report that Jesus appeared and ate with a family there."

"What rubbish, rubbish—"

"It is not so easy to jump on the next report. That is when He is said suddenly to have appeared in the midst of His friends, right here in Jerusalem. He nearly scared them into sickness. He showed them the wound in His side," Annas went on. "He ate with them. He bestowed on them some mystical blessing of the Holy Ghost, whatever that may be; the whole business is beyond my comprehension. But it did have something to do, Caiphas, with the forgiveness of sin."

"That," said Caiphas, "was blasphemy *again!*"

"He seems to go right on committing that sin," Annas mused.

◆ "The reason I came here tonight," explained Caiphas, "is that we shall have to agree on a strong policy."

Annas clucked his lips.

"But I thought you had already started on this sort of thing. Haven't I heard that you had a young man named Stephen brought up on charges? Wasn't he a follower of Jesus?"

"We condemned him, too."

"Yes, and you stoned him to death, and the followers of Jesus now declare that he is a martyr—the first from among themselves. Would any man be willing to die—in a heroic, glorious martyrdom like this—for some conjurer's trick involving the stealing of a corpse in a hoax, a sham? No! He was one of the men present when they say Jesus showed them hands, feet, and the wound in His side.

"On the night before we killed Him, you remember two of His disciples followed Him into Jerusalem, but one of them denied Him three times and both kept themselves hidden. What happened to the other nine? They went back to Galilee where they came from, and glad enough to get there. Why? Because they were afraid. They had pretended all along to themselves that they believed He was the Messiah—and maybe they did—but when they came to face danger they lost faith and ran."

"Cowards as well as fools!" fleered Caiphas.

◆ "But what makes them brave now?" asked Annas sternly. "How is it a man can die so willingly? All the others, preaching today on the streets of Jerusalem, know that their ultimate fate is violent death. They know what they stand for and what you stand for, Caiphas, and they know this world will always be a place of fear, of want, of war, of all kinds of suffering, as long as those two conflicting points of view exist. The world will be a better place, Caiphas, only when their side wins. And they *will* win. We can only kill them; but they can conquer us."

"Lord Annas," said Caiphas, "the tales of rising from the dead are comical. The views taught by the followers of this man are not comical—they are subversive. I propose to stamp these people out. There won't be a Christian left in the world!"

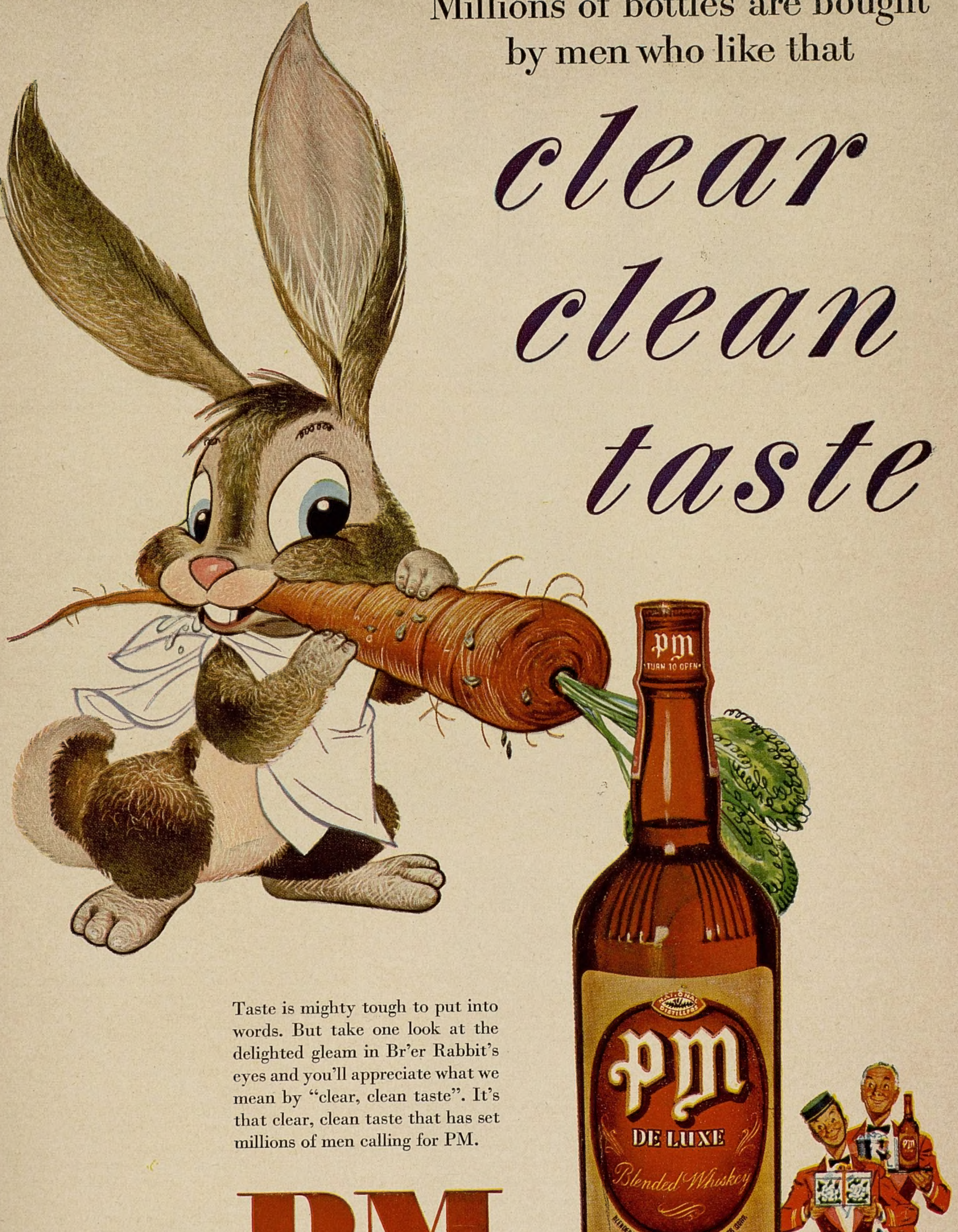
"Very well," said Annas. "Do as you will do anyhow. But, Caiphas, these roots are deep and spreading. I have a horrible feeling that we have blundered. History may blame us. Worse, history may blame all our nation, all Israel, for the guilt that belongs so much to you and me and our rich and powerful friends—who were afraid of the truth."

"What is truth?" Caiphas was sarcastic. "Pilate asked *Him* that. Do you know the answer?"

"No. But now I believe it is truth itself that we nailed to the cross and then buried—and truth, as usual, rose again. . . . I am old and sleepy," he muttered. "Good-night, Caiphas." He moved toward his bedroom. ◆ ◆

Millions of bottles are bought by men who like that

clear clean taste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TURN TO OPEN
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BLENDED WHISKEY

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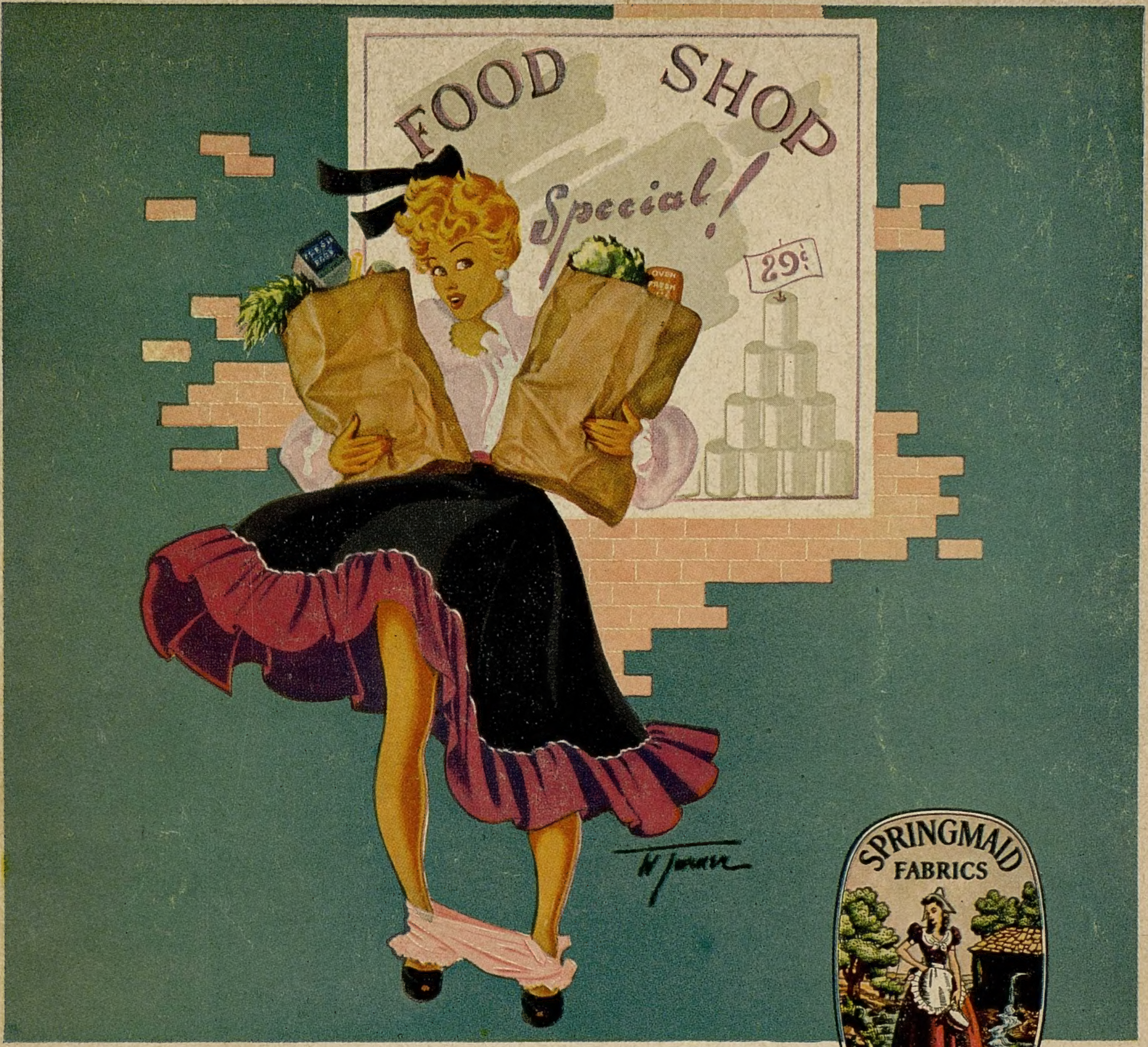

WATCH THE BUTTER FLY

During the war, The Springs Cotton Mills was called upon to weave a special cotton fabric which was bleached, coated with emulsified rubber, cut into strips, put on rolls, and shipped to hospitals all over the world for use as adhesive tape. In all, 600,000,000 yards of tape were delivered between Pearl Harbor and Hiroshima, and the looms are still running. This cloth, known to the trade as *STICKER*, is now available to the false bottom and filibust business, and is woven 40½" wide, 74 x 86 count, and weighs 2.80 yards per pound before coating. It comes in tearose, nude and white.

Don't depend on buttons and bows, but switch to *STICKER* and let the SPRINGMAID label protect you from the consequences of embarrassing accidents such as pictured above.

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ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, *president of The Springs Cotton Mills, has written another book, "Clothes Make the Man," which was indignantly rejected by every editor and publisher who read it. So he had it printed privately and sent it to his friends for Christmas. After they read it, he ran out of friends, so there are some extra copies. It contains a veritable treasury of useless information, such as how to build cotton mills, how to give first aid on Park Avenue, and how to write advertisements.*

If not available at your local bookstore, send a dollar and postage to us.

He has also designed a sport shirt with 16 SPRINGMAID *girls printed in 6 colors on* SPRINGMAID *broadcloth. It is made small, medium, large, and extra large. Send us $3, and we will mail you one postpaid in the United States. Children's age sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 are available for $1.25. Or, if you want to make your own, send $2.50 for four yards of material 36 inches wide.*

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